The Saturday Evening
POST
December 3, 1955 · 15¢

THESE MEN DIED WHILE DREAMING
BY DR. NILS P. LARSEN

THE NEW BANK-ROBBERY WAVE
BY BEVERLY SMITH

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HANDY NEW 5-BULB PACKAGE of G-E Christmas Lamps. You can see at a glance that the bulbs are G-E, and be sure of the colors inside. Comes with both C-6 series bulbs and C-7½ multiple bulbs . . . in single or assorted colors. Saves you time, too . . . there's no need to have these bulbs tested. They're guaranteed to light!

GREEN SHADOW is created by placing G-E Projector *Flood* with green filter-cap on far side of drive, while G-E Projector *Spot* puts shadow of Santa cut-out on door.

Make your home a lighted Christmas Greeting

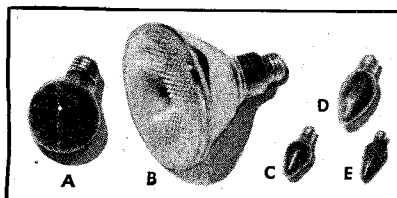
. . . SO EASY WITH G-E CHRISTMAS LAMPS

It costs little to give your home a holiday smile with sparkling, colorful General Electric Christmas Lamps. Let these friendly, welcoming ideas help you. Use them this year to say "Merry Christmas" to all who pass.

SPACE BULBS CLOSELY... it's more pleasing. Easy, too; use two strings and overlap to alternate bulbs. Add greens for daylight value and use handy G-E all-weather Projector Spot or Flood for extra sparkle.

GROUP COLORS TOGETHER in your strings of G-E lights. Makes decorations more attractive, more effective. And be sure to use G-E multiple lamps; when one burns out—rest stay lighted.

ADD LIGHTED DEVICES to G-E Christmas lights and hail the Season's joy. Stars behind candle were positioned on chicken wire, and wire hidden by greens. Try one or more of these ideas for a "Merry Christmas."



A. 25 watt colored lamps for doorway or hall
B. 150 watt weatherproof Projector Spot or Floods
C. Multiple C-7½ lamps; color will not chip, fade, peel
D. Multiple C-9½ outdoor lamps
E. Indoor C-6 lamps for series strings

C, D and **E** come in red, blue, green, orange, white. New color, "Holiday Pink", in C-6 and C-7½. **A** in 9 colors.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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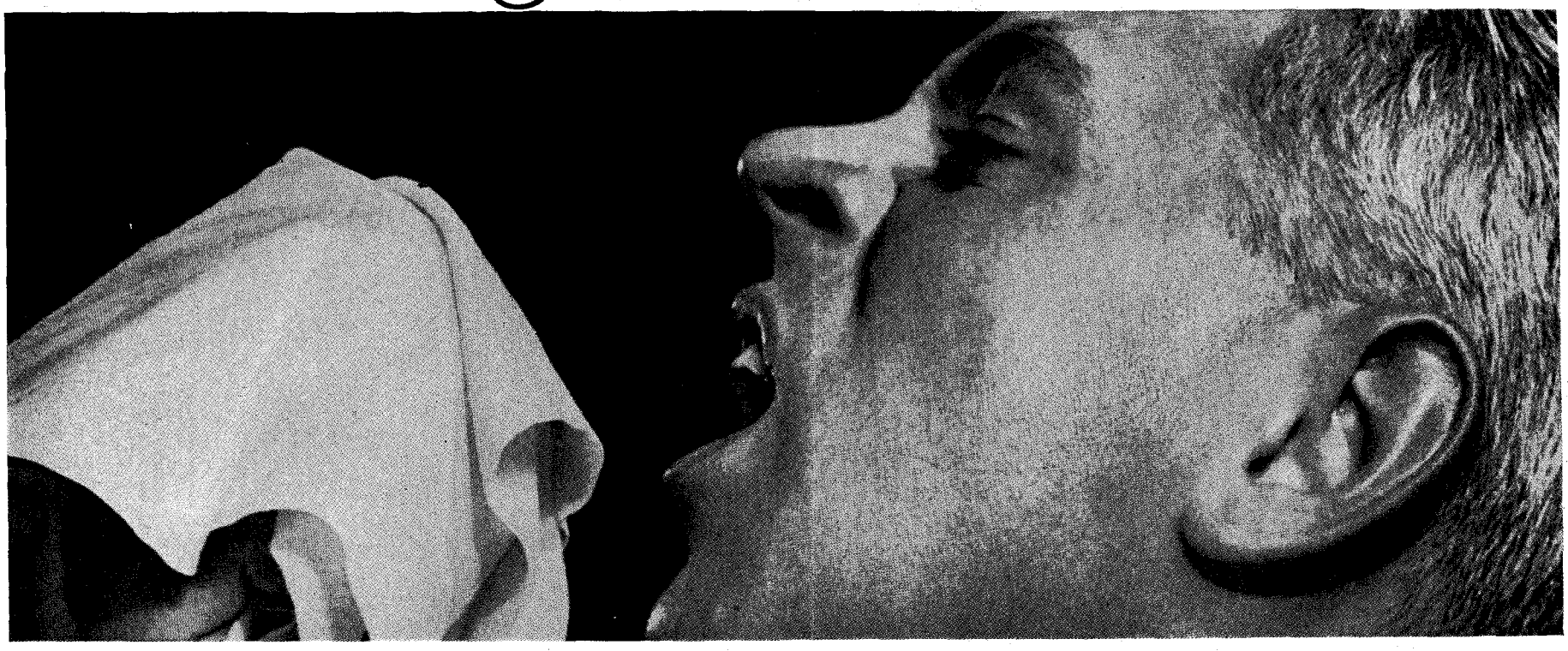
Catching Cold? Take Bufferin!

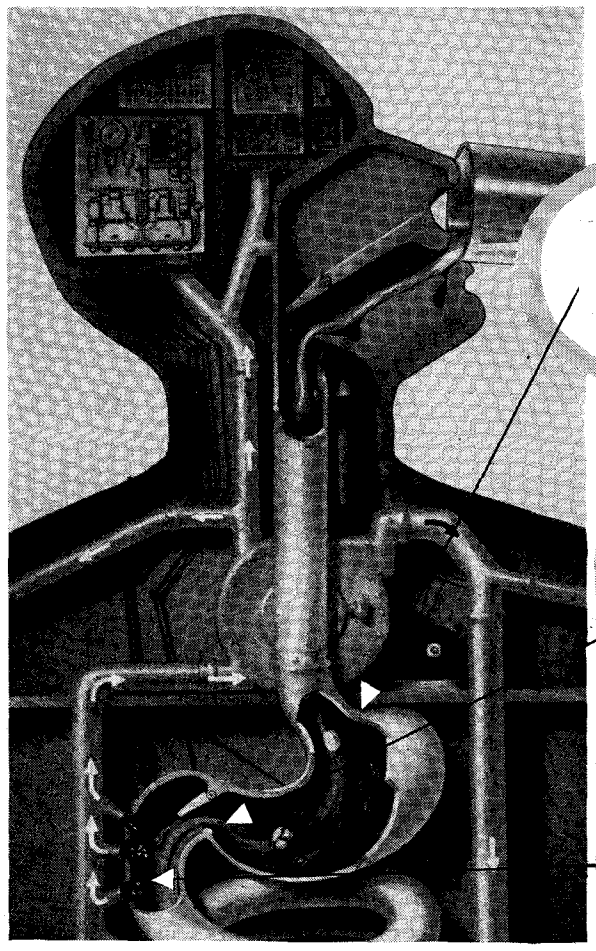


Get faster pain relief from cold miseries, headaches, muscular pains

BUFFERIN®

Acts twice as fast as aspirin!

Won't upset your stomach!



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN.

Ask your own doctor about Bufferin's remarkable ability to relieve pain, about its freedom from harmful ingredients.

8 years of continuous medical research in hospitals and clinics have established Bufferin's effectiveness and speed of action. Bufferin has met the same rigid tests a doctor demands of medicines used in his own practice.

Most people take two Bufferin tablets as the normal dose.

NOTE: BUFFERIN was first made available to the medical and dental professions in October, 1948. Since then, EACH YEAR, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE have switched from aspirin to BUFFERIN for faster relief from pain without stomach upset.

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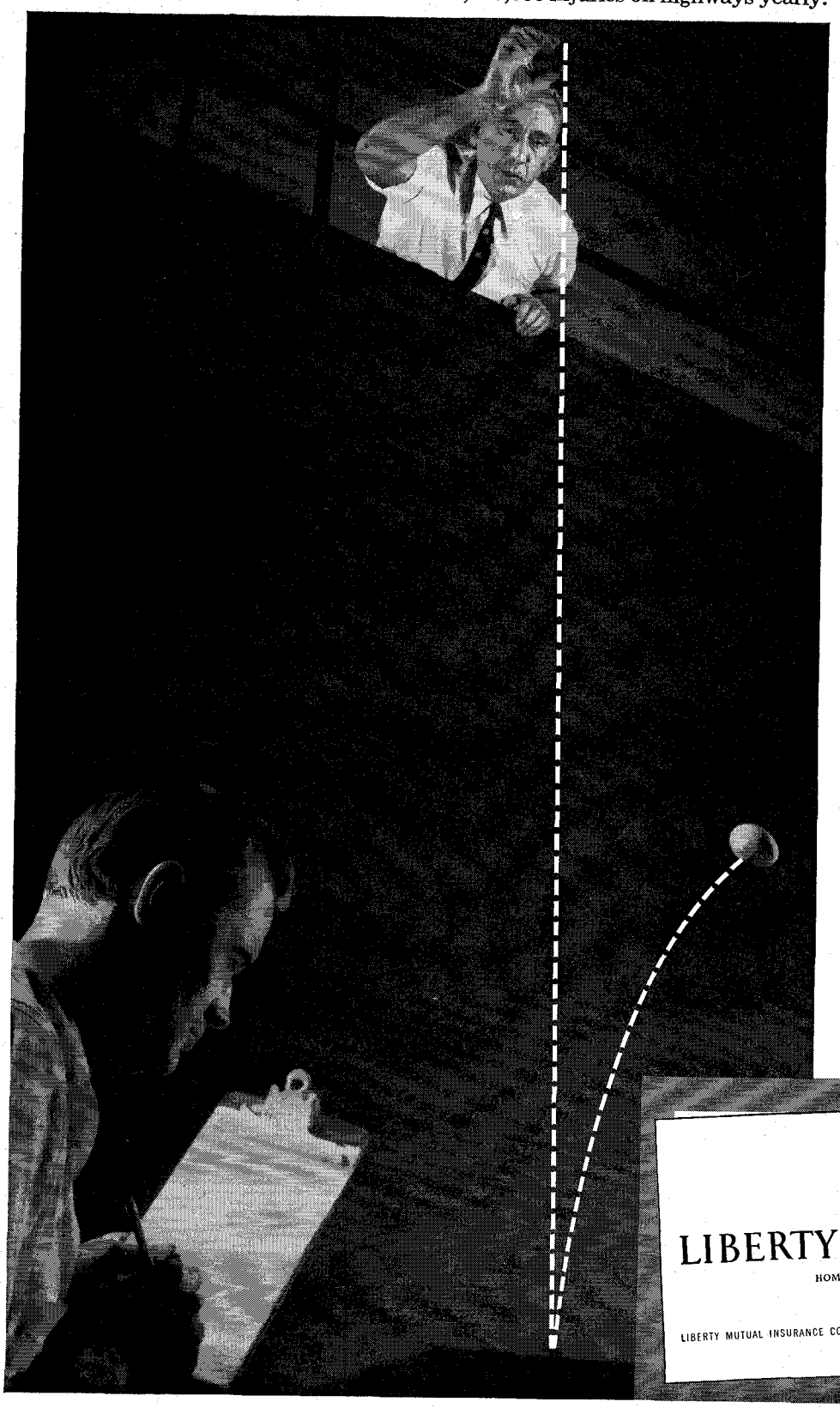
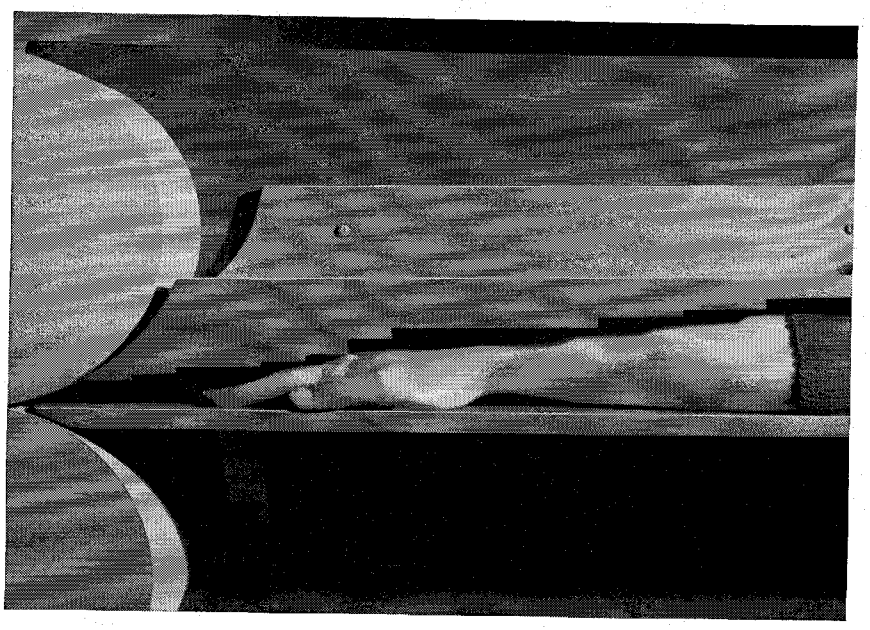
LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

THEY BOUNCED EGGS TO SAVE YOUR SKULL!

This is a demonstration of padding material for places inside a car (*the dashboard, for example*) that you might strike with your head. 75% of auto crash fatalities result from head injuries. Eggs were used for this experiment because they're much like human skulls. Some padding absorbs energy so well that eggs have been dropped as far as 50 feet without breaking. Automobile Crash Research, sponsored by Liberty Mutual and performed by Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, shows how to reduce the 35,000 deaths and 1,500,000 injuries on highways yearly.





WHEN IS A HAND IN DANGER? For the first 1½ inches away from the danger line in a factory machine — no opening of more than ¼ inch can be considered "safe" in a machine guard. This basic fact is only one of many findings that came out of an exhaustive study of guard designs conducted by Liberty Mutual loss-prevention engineers. A test fixture is shown above. Liberty Mutual constantly carries on research to keep workers safe and keep down the cost of compensation insurance.

"LOOK OUT, JIM!" A letter from a Liberty Mutual policyholder tells of his accident as pictured here . . . a sleepy driver . . . a narrow escape from death. The only thing that saved him from disastrous financial loss was advice he'd gotten from a Liberty Mutual salesman. In getting automobile insurance you can rely on the Liberty Mutual man because he works full-time for *your* company. And Liberty Mutual claims service is available 24 hours a day in the U. S., Canada and Hawaii.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY · LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

ARE YOU GETTING INSURANCE PROTECTION LIKE THIS?

If you're a policyholder with Liberty Mutual you get your service direct from the company. This means you're served by trained people. Trained to watch after your interests. That's one reason why Liberty Mutual is called *the company that stands by you.*

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IN THIS ISSUE

December 3, 1955 — *Vol. 228, No. 23*

4 Short Stories

The Mysterious Cargo . . . . . *Norman Reilly Raine* 26
Morals Squad . . . . . *Norman Katkov* 30
The Overconfident Male . . . . . *Steve McNeil* 34
Señorita of Minnesota . . . . . *Hugh B. Cave* 37

Novelette

Maggie and the Magnificent Man . . . . . *James Charles Lynch* 22

11 Articles

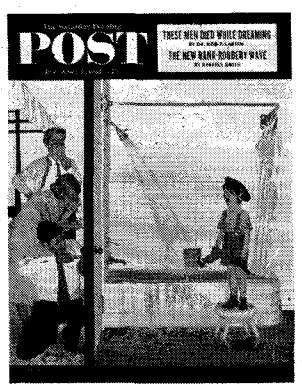
He Sparked a Revolution . . . . . *Joseph Alsop* 19
The Men With Deadly Dreams . . . . . *Nils P. Larsen, M.D.* 20
The Face of America: Under God's Sky . . . *Photograph by F. V. Rahner, Jr.* 24
Down in Old Mexico . . . . . *Joe Alex Morris* 28
Uncle Sam's Ark . . . . . *Bill Wolf* 31
Return of the Bank Robber . . . . . *Beverly Smith* 32
This is My Story (Fifth of eight articles) . . *Arthur Godfrey, as told to Pete Martin* 36
There'll Always be Water Wheels . . . . . *Neil M. Clark* 38
How to Keep a Home Running . . . . . *Don Murray* 42
Boss of the Behemoths . . . . . *W. C. Heinz* 47
They Deliver the Goods—and Fast! . . . . . *Richard Thruelsen* 49

2 Serials

The Burning Hills (Second of five parts) . . . . . *Louis L'Amour* 40
Death in the Wind (Conclusion) . . . . . *Edwin Lanham* 50

Other Features

Letters . . . 4 — Remember When? . . 17 — Verse . . 62, 69, 118,
Editorials . . . 10 — Post Scripts . . . 44 — 125, 138, 142, 166, 173
Keeping Posted 180



THE COVER

Children get into the drollest situations, which their parents remember for years afterward and, beginning about the second year afterward, are able to laugh at. Well, what's to be done about the little sailor on the wrong side of the bulkhead? Maybe after papa has run out of panicky ideas, he will just walk down cellar and turn off the water where it comes in from the water company, causing the child to cease his infernal noise so he can be told how to open the door and come out of there. More likely the fire-department boys—if they are not rescuing a cat from a tree—will have to hasten here and make with a ladder or an ax. Memo to John Falter: in the future, please don't paint bathrooms with newfangled locks—just stick an old slide bolt six feet up on the door.

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49-56 or June 2, 1956; 10-56 or September 8, 1956. You always count from the previous July first.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 203 — The greatest star of the screen!

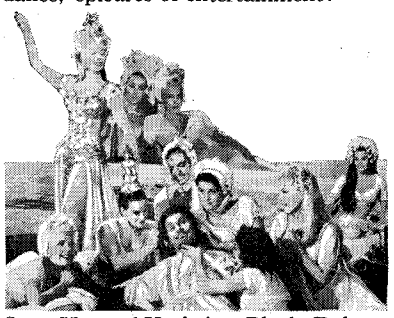
Allah be praised for the perfect musical. M-G-M be praised for "Kismet!"

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M really rolled out and let fly its most magical carpet to welcome Broadway's most sumptuous and exciting extravaganza to the CinemaScope and Color screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

And what a ride's in store for all dreamers of love, devotees of song and dance, epicures of entertainment!



Stars Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Dolores Gray, Vic Damone are some of the many reasons why from here on, "Kismet" will always mean both "Fate" and "Great!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Keel as handsome, poetic Haaj is irresistible as he sings his vagabond way through romantic adventure amid the storied splendors of a fabled land of mosques, minarets and not-very-veiled maidens.

★ ★ ★ ★

A casting coup brings Ann Blyth, lyrical and lovely, as Marsinah for whom a smitten Caliph turns colorful Bagdad upside down and sunny-side up.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dolores Gray, sinuous in silks, pours out great songs in the racy role of LaLume, No. 1 wife of the wonderful Wazir, played by Sebastian Cabot.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the dashing young Caliph, Vic Damone lifts you to the skies as he sings the beautiful love song "Stranger In Paradise."

★ ★ ★ ★

Omar the Tent-Maker is re-created by Monty Woolley, the Laugh-Getter who is ably abetted by a gay cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

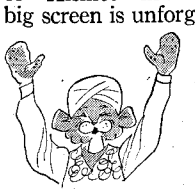
All the radiant and romantic excitements have been tastefully wand-waved into being by producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli, the Academy-Award team of "An American in Paris."

★ ★ ★ ★

The brilliant screen play was written by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis which they adapted from their own famous musical play. Founded on "Kismet" by Edward Knoblock Songwriters Robert Wright and George Forest wrote the music and lyrics. The music was adapted from themes of Alexander Borodin.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Pool of Love, the Oasis of Delightful Imaginings, the Harem and its beautiful young girls are just a few of the sights, as songs like "Baubles, Bangles And Beads," "This Is My Beloved" and others caress the ear. The magnitude of "Kismet" in Eastman Color on the big screen is unforgettable.



★ ★ ★ ★

Here is ecstasy of song, spectacle and love. So don't be a stranger to Paradise —that's "Kismet."

—*Leo*

P. S. All the hit songs available in the M-G-M Records Album.

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Bright new Christmas Star!

Sparkling New

EUREKA

Super Roto-Matic With Zip-Clip Swivel-Top

Merrily it rolls along

on its 4 rubber wheel ball-bearing

Roto Dolly!

FREE for Christmas $10.00 Roto-Dolly

Special Christmas offer! The sensational new $10.00 Roto-Dolly will be given FREE with your new Eureka Super Roto-Matic. See your Eureka dealer today!

NO LIFT! NO CARRY! Rolls easily. Won't tip. Won't mar polished floors.

RATED NO. 1 BEST BUY!

ZIP-CLIP Swivel Top empties easily

ZIP it's open! QUICK it's emptied! ZIP it's closed!

Exclusive ATTACH-O-MATIC Clip-On Tools

always handy ready to use—no carrying or storage problem.

SUPER-POWERED

—full ⅞ H.P. motor—super suction cleans better, cleans faster. Purr quiet.

NO DUST BAG TO EMPTY of course!

EUREKA Roto-matic

Special for Christmas!

$69.95

with deluxe tools and Free $10 Roto-Dolly!

Only $89.95 Tools Available

You Save $30 to $40 Over Comparable Cleaners

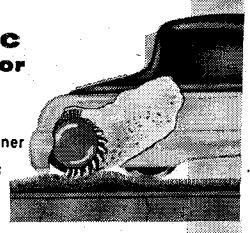
NO DUST BAG TO EMPTY!

Introducing the New EUREKA Super Automatic with motor driven Dirt Disturbulator

– IT BEATS! – IT SWEEPS! – IT SUCTION CLEANS!

all in one automatic action. You merely guide the cleaner

Specially designed for Carpets and Big Rug Areas



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Letters

O'Donnell, Take a Bow

Dear Sirs:

Your thorough and thought-provoking articles, THE WORLD'S NEWEST ARMY by James P. O'Donnell [Oct. 1—8], were enjoyed by all who read them here. They certainly catch the spirit of our 7th Army and project some of our problems as readily as they reflect our adaptability and readiness.

This spirit and these details could not have been captured by a lesser craftsman than O'Donnell. We watched him work on this assignment. He was indefatigable, and I must say, a probing interrogator. We are looking forward to further visits from Mr. O'Donnell.

GEN. A. C. MCAULIFFE
Commander in Chief
U. S. Army, Europe

Typical Boys' Room

Dear Sirs:

Just can't resist the temptation to give George Hughes a pat on the back for his cover of October 22. Boy! Oh, boy! is this a boon to motherhood. . . .

MRS. L. J. BEILMAN
East Hampton, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

. . . My 10-year-old daughter doesn't do any better. . . .

MRS. EARL BOWMAN
Peru, Indiana

Dear Sirs:

. . . Bless all your artists who draw life's trivial problems so we can laugh at them.

MRS. FLORENCE HUBLITZ
Maspeth, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

My six-year-old daughter, Jill . . . saucily said, "Well, old doll (that's me), looks like I'm not the only one who leaves a messy room! Dum—de-dum-dum."

MRS. EVELYN H. VOGEL
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

How did the mother ever get her younger boy to wear short pants when his apparently not too much older brother was wearing long?

MRS. JOHN SANDERS
Midland, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I failed to note a single item of Davy Crockett equipment. . . . Does this mark the end of an era? I, for one, sincerely hope so. The Post is to be congratulated on contributing to such a worthy cause, if such was the intention.

LT. EDITH N. STRAW
Fort Sill, Okla.

● *The Davy Crockett gear is under the bed next to the window. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

. . . Where are the milk glasses, chicken bones, orange peel and apple cores that were always under the beds every morning?

MRS. TED WARREN
Somerset, Ky.

● *Under the other bed.—ED.*

The Golden Journey

Dear Sirs:

Upon reading the first two installments of THE GOLDEN JOURNEY by Agnes Sligh Turnbull [Oct. 1—Nov. 19], I find it to be the most tender, passionate, beautifully written story of two people in love that I have ever read.

I must read it *after* I have read all other Post articles, because once I have spent ten wonderful minutes with it, nothing else seems worthwhile to read. The warm feeling follows me around all day.

MRS. TED SMITH
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

. . . One of the most contrived pieces of writing I have ever read in the Post, and I have been reading stories in it for the past twenty-five years. . . .

The author should confine her literary efforts to letters of advice to her grandchildren or to speeches for Vice-President Nixon. . . .

If Agnes Sligh can get away with such stuff, maybe this is the time for me to try my hand at a story. . . .

TOM MCNAMARA
San Rafael, Cal.

● *Maybe so. Mrs. Turnbull recently sold film rights to her story for $100,000. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

. . . Here is competent craftsmanship, with the delicate cadences, the fine nuances and the flowing smoothness of style that mark good writing.

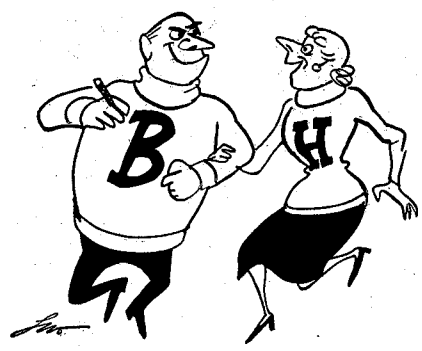
Please accept my congratulations for presenting to your readers a story which appears to be in harmony with the best Post traditions.

CHAS. L. SKELTON
Springfield, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . There are at least five characters whose names begin with H, and four of those names have the same rhythm: Hartwell, Halsey, Hackett, Hawley.

I should think a writer, when choosing names for characters, would skip around in the alphabet and mix up the rhythm.



I have an odd habit of seeing letters and even numbers as distinct personalities. For instance, B is a big bold man, H is a middle-aged

(Continued on Page 6)

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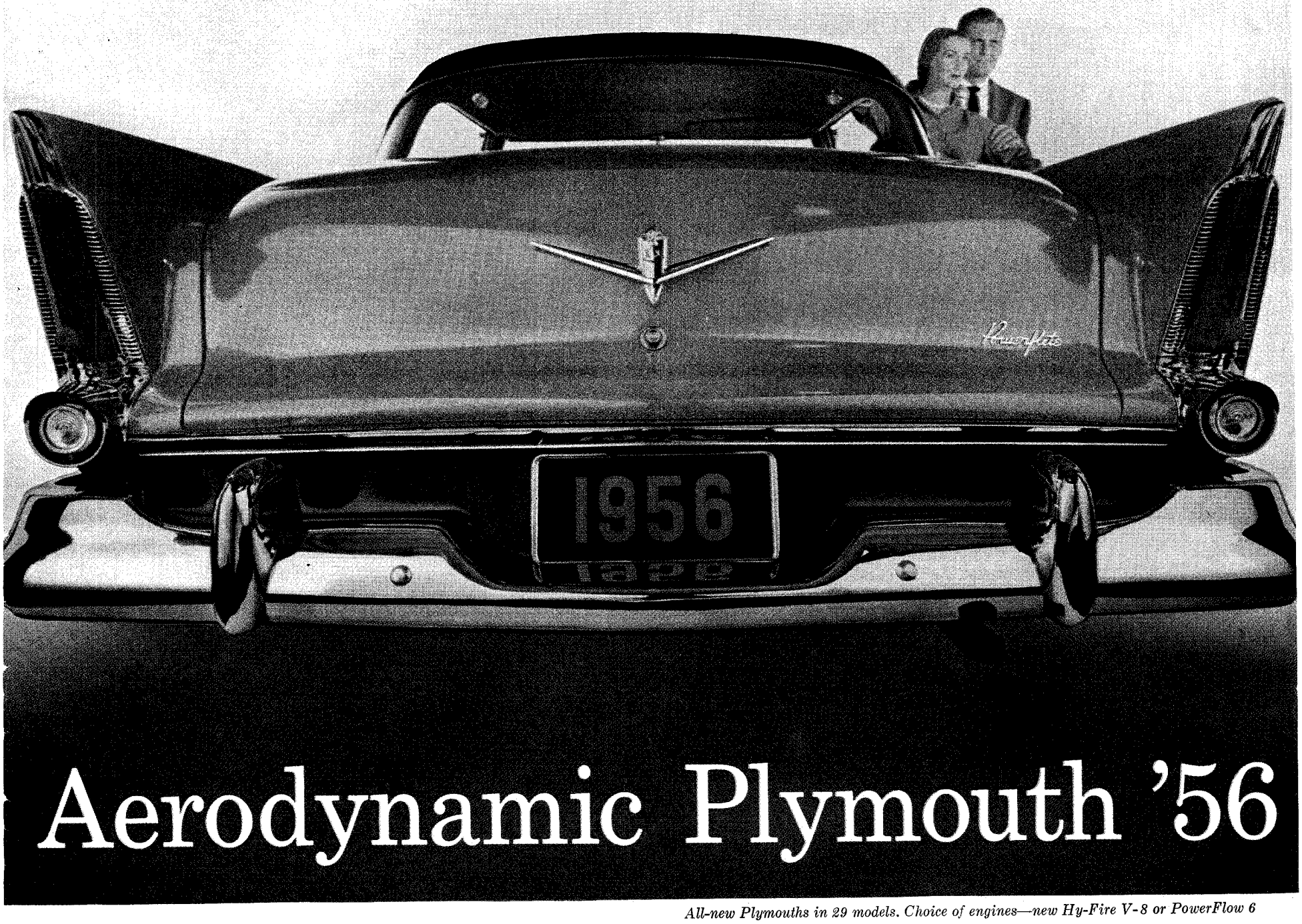
The car that's going places with the Young in Heart!



Aerodynamic Plymouth '56

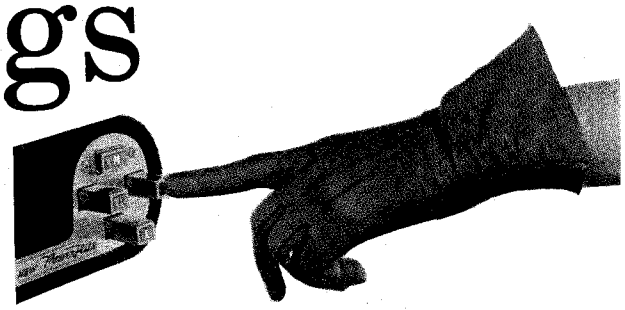
All-new Plymouths in 29 models. Choice of engines—new Hy-Fire V-8 or PowerFlow 6

Driving Takes Wings

Settle yourself behind the Push-Button controls of the all-new Plymouth '56. Look proud, because every eye is turned on this big, beautiful triumph of jet-age design. . . . Then a gentle toe-touch on the throttle! Feel that forward push against your back . . . see how Plymouth leaves other cars behind?

That's Plymouth's magnificent new Hy-Fire V-8 . . . plus *90-90 Turbo-Torque* getaway and PowerFlite, for top thrust at take-off . . . swift, safe passing. Or, for maximum economy, choose the new, increased-horsepower PowerFlow 6.

Get the news: PLYMOUTH NEWS CARAVAN with John Cameron Swayze, NBC-TV. SHOWER OF STARS and "CLIMAX!" CBS-TV.



PUSH-BUTTON DRIVING

What it means to you. First on Plymouth in the low-price 3! A touch of a button selects your driving range. Easy as pressing a light switch. Then PowerFlite fully automatic transmission takes over. Here's new driving ease!

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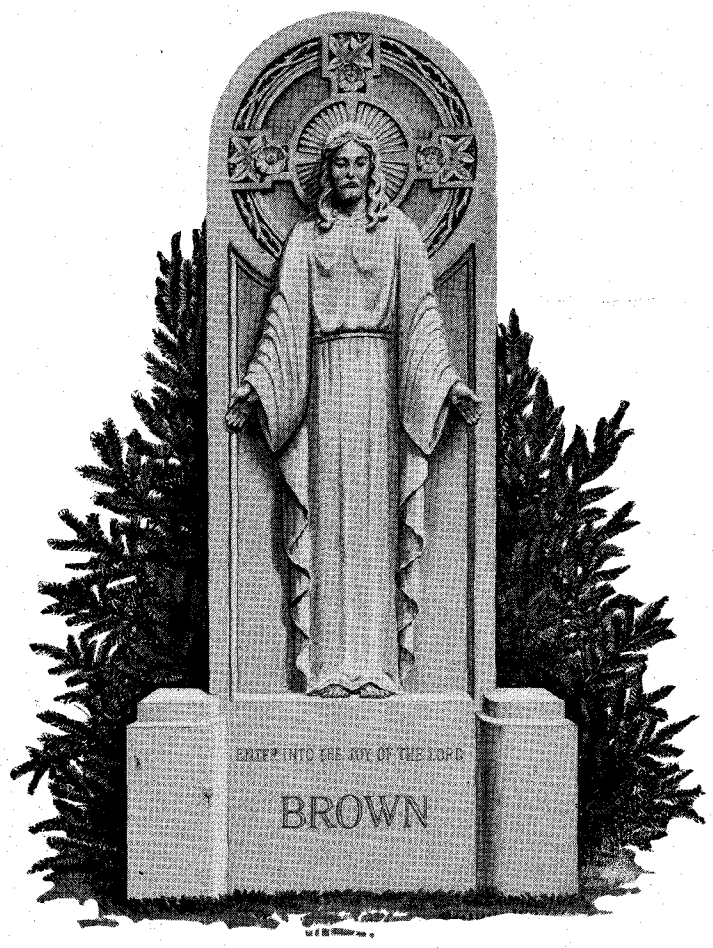
The PERFECT GIFT
For The Gift-Giver of Yesteryear



This year when the family gathers for Christmas, will there be someone missing who can never again be with you? Someone to whom the family has not yet erected a memorial?

What an ideal time to do it! What more perfect gift than a monument of marble or granite suitably inscribed with your sentiment! Ever beautiful, always visible, it will stand for Christmases eternal as a tribute to and symbol of a person who was so much a part of your Christmases past.

for Expert Advice and Prompt Delivery See A Monument Dealer Who Displays This Emblem

MONUMENT INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

MONUMENT INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC., 282 DELAWARE AVENUE BUFFALO 2, NEW YORK

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

woman, homely, hearty and hippy. Maybe that's why I'm confused by the horrendous number of Haitches.

MRS. THOMAS J. DUNFORD
Norwalk, Conn.

Sorry, Wrong Numbers

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article EVERYBODY FLIES IN IDAHO (by Philip Gustafson, Oct. 22).

You no doubt will hear from some of the Fly Gals of the Idaho Chapter of The Ninety-Nines, Inc., for calling them "Forty-Niners." The Ninety-Nines, Inc., is an international organization of women fliers.

You came close tho, for the "Forty-Nine-and-a-halfers" is an organization composed of the husbands of the "Ninety-Nines."

VIVIENNE D. SCHRANK, *Chairman*
Montana Chapter of the "99s"
Jordan, Montana

Dear Sirs:

. . . Murphy, Idaho, appears to have the fastest-growing population of any town in the United States. In a picture on page 33 it said, "Murphy, a desert hamlet with a population of 50." By the time you get to page 89, however, you read, "Murphy has a population of about 100."

More power to Idaho, say I. Those air strips are doing wonders.

A. M. STEBBINS
Elmhurst, N.Y.

● *About 100 Idahoans have their mail sent to Murphy—but only 50 or so live in Murphy proper. Admittedly, we should have settled on one of the two figures.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . was without doubt one of the finest I have read in the past forty years. . . .

A. KIRCHHOEFER
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed your article. . . . Only recently I completed a thoroughly enjoyable assignment at SAC's Mountain Home AFB, Idaho. Influencing my feeling most were the excellent flying accommodations found throughout the state. Those of us in the service who owned our own planes were able to find the true picture of Idaho and her wonderful people. . . .

FRANK H. SNAPP
1st Lt., USAF
Washington, D.C.

The Veteran Problem

Dear Sirs:

Found Stanley Frank's article on the veteran problem [WE LICKED THE VETERAN PROBLEM, Oct. 29–Nov. 5] most interesting, but trust he got all his information a bit more accurately than the following paragraph:

"Under present regulations, any veteran who is more than sixty-five years old and is supporting a wife or minor children on an income of less than $2700 a year is eligible for a monthly pension of $78.75."

According to a veterans' service officer, this is not strictly true. In order to qualify for this monthly pension the veteran must not only fulfill the above requirements, but he must also have a 10 PER CENT PERMANENT DISABILITY.

That makes quite a difference!

ALEG C. HOOD
Las Cruces, N.M.

● *Reader Hood is correct. Also, veterans must be able to show that their disability renders them unable to follow "substantially gainful employment." Only Spanish-American War, Civil War and Indian War veterans are eligible for pensions on the basis of age alone.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

. . . While I am in full accord with the idea to give those crippled veterans—no matter how—all that is needed to bring them back as nearly as possible to normal, I object to the billions that have been thrown away on college degrees and the like. . . .

Why is not some mention made of the fact that veterans of World War I have been the "Forgotten Men" in pouring out the above-mentioned billions? . . .

HARRIS M. CAREY, M. D.
Freedom, Maine

Dear Sirs:

Your recent article on the veterans of World War II is really a good one . . . the GI Bill was one of the best laws Congress has ever passed. Certainly the men who received a college education from this bill had a chance to improve their own personal fortunes. And I feel that our own society as a whole will benefit from the number of doctors, ministers, lawyers and other professional people who received their training under this bill. . . .

F. J. MILLER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . has some very good comment on some veterans' affairs, BUT when he comes to quoting statistics he is simply using some old anthropoid stuff (monkey business) that every critic of veterans' benefits has used. . . .

Quote: "The original cost of the Spanish-American War has increased six-fold." The TRUTH is the S-A War paid the United States millions of dollars in land values, so that the ultimate "cost" was less than nothing, and it also acquired holdings in the Far East which history states were beyond value in winning the World War II. . . .

E. L. CLARK
Providence, R. I.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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COME INSIDE* AND SEE WHAT'S NEW FOR CHRISTMAS

Your Guide to Aluminum Value

WE CHOSE
ALCOA
ALUMINUM
MILL PRODUCTS
ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

If you're like most of us, and you face the prospect of Christmas gifts with a big question mark, may we offer a suggestion? Make it an Aluminum Christmas.

For the hurried giver, the many new, exciting gifts made of Alcoa® Aluminum save time in choosing. For the practical giver, the lasting qualities of aluminum gifts are their outstanding virtue. For the cheery giver, the luster of aluminum gifts outshines the sparkle in Santa's eyes. For the thoughtful giver, the lightness of aluminum gifts eases household chores and adds to leisure fun.

Leading stores are featuring "Christmas Creations of Aluminum." For the special names on your list, make it an Aluminum Christmas, and really get fun out of giving.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 2196-M
Alcoa Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

See "Alcoa Day on NBC Television", Tuesday, December 6.

*PLEASE TURN PAGE

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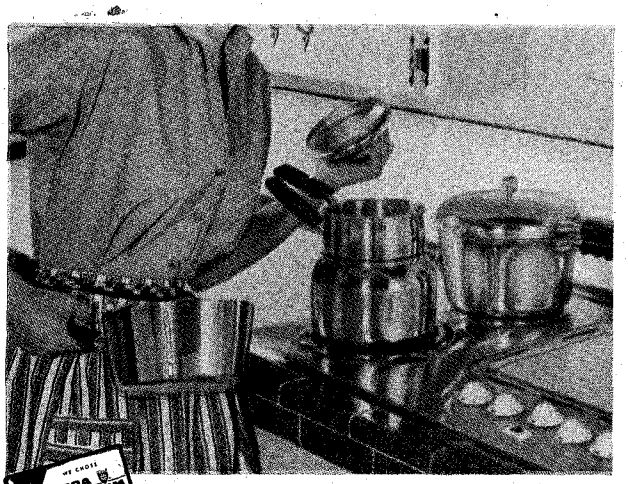
CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

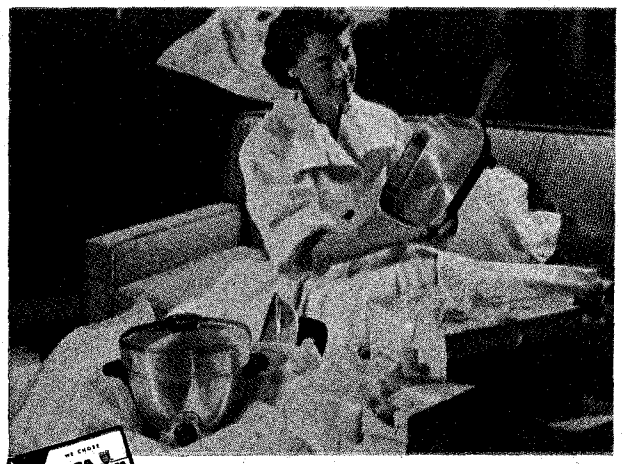
OF LIGHT, LASTING, LUSTROUS ALCOA ALUMINUM



IT'S MEALTIME MAGIC the way cookware of Alcoa Aluminum heats quickly, evenly on bottoms, sides and lids. Food-friendly aluminum cleans easily, stays attractive.

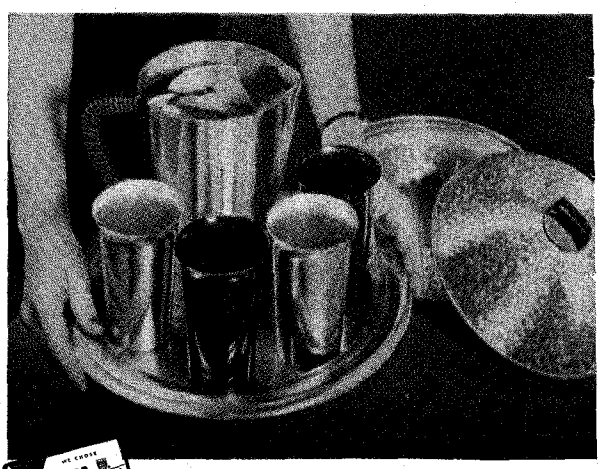
MORE POWER PER POUND from outboard motors made of Alcoa Aluminum! Aluminum outboards stay new looking with little maintenance. A perfect companion for an aluminum boat.

WHAT LITTLE GIRL wouldn't love this te set? What little boy doesn't want a real ga engine and plane? Alcoa Aluminum makes all toys la longer, look better, more fun to play with.

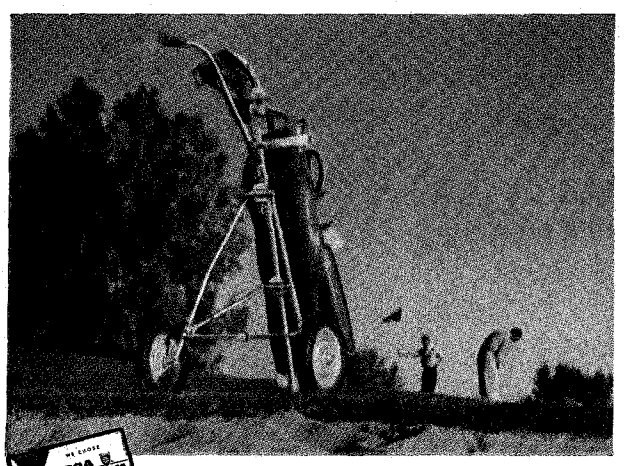


COOK AT THE TABLE is the news this season with handsome electric frying pans and deep fat cookers of light, bright Alcoa Aluminum. They clean in a jiffy.

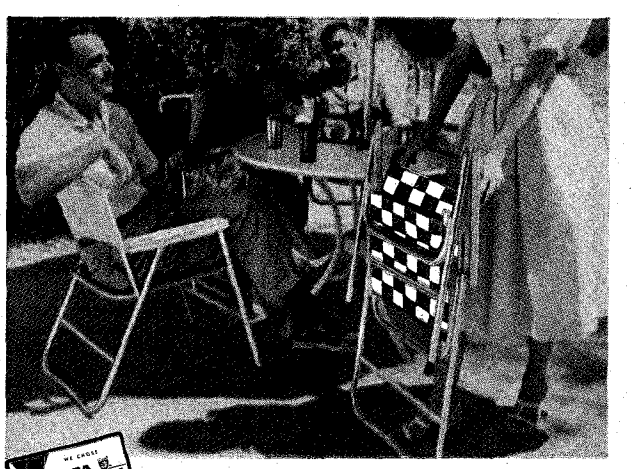
HEAT NOT WEIGHT does the ironing when electric irons are made of Alcoa Aluminum. Aluminum soleplates heat faster. Steam won't mar their bright finish. Easy to carry!



GIFTWARE of Alcoa Aluminum gaily re flects the holiday season in hammered o rich satin finish. Never cracks, peels or tarnishes. Available in rainbow colors.



EASY ROLLING golf carts of Alcoa Aluminum trail effortlessly after you. Stay smart looking in spite of weather and hard use. Stow quickly, handle easily.



STRONG, COMFORTABLE AND PRACTICAL, outdoor furniture of Alcoa Aluminum is easy to move, easy to clean. Does double duty in game room in wintertime, provides extra seating for parties.

FINE CAMERAS AND ACCESSORIES gain precision and smart looks from Alcoa Aluminum. Their lightness makes them fun to use. Their corrosion resistance makes them easy to care for.

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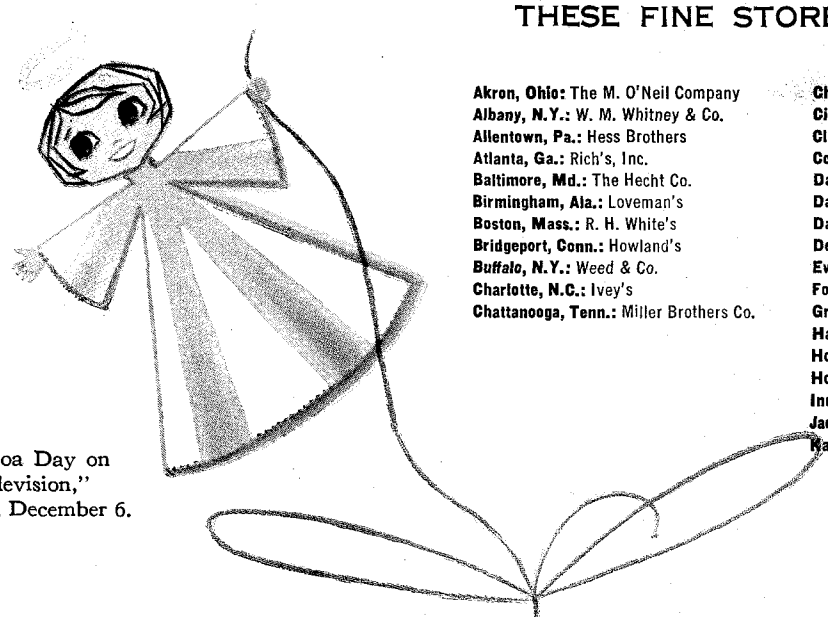
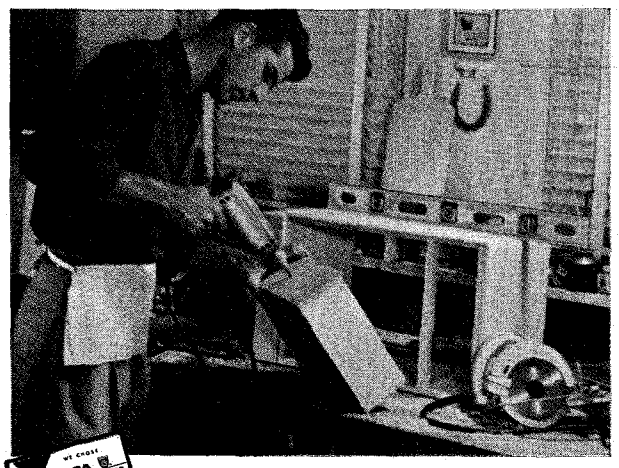
THESE FINE STORES ARE SHOWING CHRISTMAS CREATIONS OF ALUMINUM



"Alcoa Day on
C Television,"
sday, December 6.

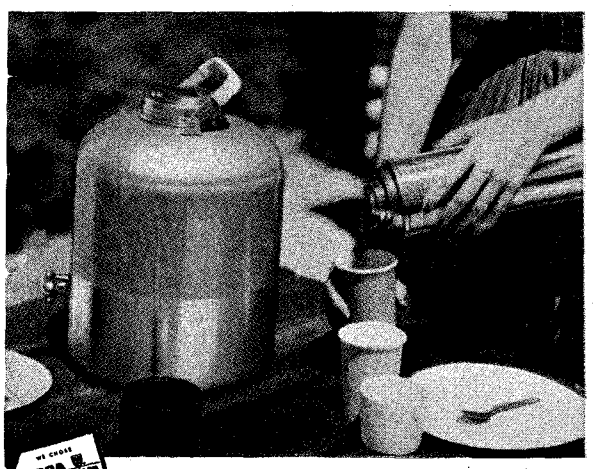
Akron, Ohio: The M. O'Neil Company
Albany, N.Y.: W. M. Whitney & Co.
Allentown, Pa.: Hess Brothers
Atlanta, Ga.: Rich's, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.: The Hecht Co.
Birmingham, Ala.: Loveman's
Boston, Mass.: R. H. White's
Bridgeport, Conn.: Howland's
***Buffalo*, N.Y.:** *Weed & Co.*
Charlotte, N.C.: Ivey's
Chattanooga, Tenn.: Miller Brothers Co.
Chicago, Ill.: The Fair
Cincinnati, Ohio: Pickering Hardware Co.
Cleveland, Ohio: The Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio: Moore's Stores
Dallas, Tex.: Titche-Goettinger
Davenport, Iowa: M. L. Parker Company
Dayton, Ohio: The Rike Kumler Company
Denver, Colo.: Denver Dry Goods Company
Evansville, Ind.: *The Evansville Store*
Fort Wayne, Ind.: Frank's
Grand Rapids, Mich.: Herpolsheimer's
Hartford, Conn.: Brown Thomson, Inc.
Houston, Tex.: Braes Hardware
Houston, Tex.: Joske's of Houston
Indianapolis, Ind.: The Wm. H. Block Co.
Jackson, Mich.: L. H. Field Company
Kansas City, Mo.: Emery, Bird, Thayer
Knoxville, Tenn.: Rich's, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.: The Broadway, So. Calif.
Louisville, Ky.: J. Bacon & Sons
Memphis, Tenn.: Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla.: Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis.: Gimbels
Minneapolis, Minn.: Donaldson's
Montclair, N.J.: Hahne & Company
Montgomery, Ala.: *Loveman's*
Newark, N.J.: Hahne & Company
New Orleans, La.: D. H. Holme's
New York, N.Y.: Gimbels
Oakland, Calif.: Capwell's
Oklahoma City, Okla.: John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Nebr.: J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Peoria, Ill.: Block and Kuhl Company
Philadelphia, Pa.: Lit Brothers, All Stores
Pittsburgh, Pa.: Joseph Horne Company
Pontiac, Mich.: Waite's
Portland, Oreg.: Meier and Frank Company
Providence, R.I.: The Outlet Company
Richmond, Va.: *Miller and Rhoads*
Rochester, N.Y.: McCurdy & Company
St. Louis, Mo.: Stix, Baer, & Fuller
Salem, Oreg.: Meier and Frank Company
San Antonio, Tex.: Joske's of Texas
San Francisco, Calif.: The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.: Ernst Hardware
South Bend, Ind.: *Wyman's*
Springfield, Mass.: Forbes and Wallace
Spokane, Wash.: The Crescent
Syracuse, N.Y.: E. W. Edwards & Son
Tampa, Fla.: Maas Brothers
Toledo, Ohio: La Salle's
Washington, D.C.: Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita, Kan.: Innes
Worcester, Mass.: R. H. White's
York, Pa.: The Bon-Ton Department Store
Youngstown, Ohio: The Stambaugh-Thompson Co.

DAD and junior, too, can clean walks in a jiffy with feather-light snow shovels of Alcoa uminum. Sturdy enough for wettest snows. Stay bright d clean for years.



TOOLS are really portable when made of Alcoa Aluminum. They handle easier, run cooler, require less maintenance—help any handyman do finer, faster work.

EXPERIENCED FISHERMEN praise the new, lighter, sturdier tackle made of Alcoa Aluminum. Moisture won't rust these handsome tackle boxes, rod cases, reels and nets.



EASY-TO-CARRY, easy-to-handle picnic jugs and vacuum bottles are made of Alcoa luminum. They keep their good looks because solid uminum won't tarnish or peel off.

A PORTABLE OVEN for holiday meals! A coffeepot that you set and forget! Alcoa Aluminum makes roasters and coffeepots easy to handle, a pleasure to keep clean.

RELIABLE flashlights and lanterns are made of Alcoa Aluminum. Easy to handle because aluminum is light. Stay clean and bright inside and out because aluminum resists corrosion.

ALUMINUM LADDERS weigh less than ordinary ladders, are easier to move and andle. They won't rot, warp or swell. No splinters to urt your hands.

OUTDOOR COOKING is a pleasure with a rust-resistant grill and a light portable icebox of Alcoa Aluminum. You'll enjoy them season after season because aluminum lasts.

GIVE EVERY PRESENT that extra-special sparkle with an attractive gift wrapping of aluminum foil. Easy to fold, strong and durable. Available plain and embossed in every color of the rainbow.

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Editorials

Perhaps the G.O.P. Worries Too Much

Republican politicians have got so in the habit of accepting the judgment of Democrats and "liberal" columnists that they frequently yell "*Kamerad!*" before making a really intelligent survey of their own strength. Thus, when President Eisenhower's heart attack appeared likely to eliminate him from leadership of the 1956 campaign, many G.O.P. statesmen were tempted to accept without analysis the cheerful estimate of the opposition that the only thing to be decided was whether Adlai Stevenson or Averell Harriman would be the next President of the United States.

Actually, although President Eisenhower would undoubtedly be an enormous asset to the party if he were able to endure the trials of a campaign and a second four-year term in the White House, there is no real reason for Republicans to assume that all is lost. In a recent issue of the Wall Street Journal, Samuel Lubell, one of the most astute political analysts extant, expressed the view that the country is at present in a conservative mood. "They don't want 'more' so much as they would like to keep things as they are. Nobody wants war; nobody wants a depression. Few people even want reform."

If this is true—and Sam Lubell is one of our most industrious doorbell ringers—the Republicans would appear to have the edge as of now. Mr. Lubell feels that "the Republicans for the last few years have been underestimating their own strength. They were beaten so often by the Democrats that they have lost confidence in themselves. In 1952 I think any Republican would have won the presidency. Taft could have won. He would not have won by as big a margin, of course, as Eisenhower did. Still he would have been elected." Since 1952 there has been a tendency in G.O.P. circles to accept the view of the Democrats—namely, that Eisenhower was elected solely because of his personal qualities and not at all as the candidate of the Republican Party. Mr. Lubell, at least, thinks this is a mistake.

Another propaganda device by the Democrats is to add together the votes polled by congressional candidates in 1952 when the total Democratic vote was somewhat ahead of the Republican vote. However, as Raymond Moley pointed out in his syndicated column recently, the picture is quite different if the congressional districts in the solidly Democratic South are eliminated. In seventy-five of these districts the Democratic candidate was unopposed. Leaving out these districts, and a few districts in which Republican candidates were unopposed, the figures show that 26,936,801 votes were cast for Republican candidates, as against 23,654,283 votes for Democratic candidates. Inasmuch as many of the Democrats elected in Southern states can be counted as conservatives, the net result as far as the complexion of Congress is concerned should be generally satisfactory to a country which is in a "conservative mood."

As a rule, the pundits who expatiate on the hopelessness of the Republican position have little to say about the divisions which exist in the Democratic Party. Although commentators usually divide the field between Stevenson and Harriman, occasionally mentioning Senator Kefauver as the probable winner of the Davy Crockett vote, other influences can be detected which make the problem of the Democrats considerably more complicated. Within the past few weeks Senator Russell, of Georgia, and Senator McClellan, of Arkansas, have toyed with the name of Gov. Frank Lausche, of Ohio, as a possibility for the Democratic nomination. The Ohio governor, who is generally regarded as a conservative and frequently expressed admiration for the late Senator Taft, has also been favorably mentioned by Tammany Leader Carmine De Sapio, who is supposed to be supporting Governor Harriman. If Democratic leaders as astute as these detect a conservative mood in the country, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that we may yet see the Democrats attempting to prove that they are the true conservatives.

In any event, it is difficult to understand why the party in power during an unprecedented boom, when unemployment is almost nonexistent, and the threat of war appears more distant, should be howling in despair.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Real Four-Power Tools Needed on This Job.

Red China Has No Time for Hungry "Peasants"

The Red hierarchs in China have announced the new and staggering population figure of 582,603,417. But a rise in population only complicates one problem which has bedeviled China for years—food. It has been only by robbing the farmers and keeping the townspeople on short rations that the Chinese communists have been able to export food to Soviet Russia, India and Ceylon. Collective farming was the bureaucrats' answer.

The response to this is a flight from the land. Census figures reveal that the urban population had increased under communism, between 1950 and 1953, by 40 per cent. Peiping's English-language propaganda magazine left the reader to assume that the Mao regime's promotion of new industries was creating opportunities for employment in the cities. But refugees testify that swarms of hungry, idle rustics have been moving into the cities because of the mess which communism has made of agriculture.

Many months ago the Reds published an account of the measures taken by police and soldiery stationed outside Tientsin to turn back the desperate men, women and children who were abandoning their land. Refugees reaching Hong Kong explained that the farmers were fleeing their ancestral acres because there was little food in the villages. They also resented steps toward collectivization.

Last summer, the Red regime undertook to deal drastically with the unemployable and food-consuming rustics in the cities. Shanghai's official Red party organ made no bones about the program there. One million wretched parasites of rural origin, who had deserted productive land to become city beggars, were to be rounded up and driven back into the countryside at gun point at the rate of 30,000 a day.

Early in September it was admitted that the authorities were not fulfilling their (Continued on Page 12)

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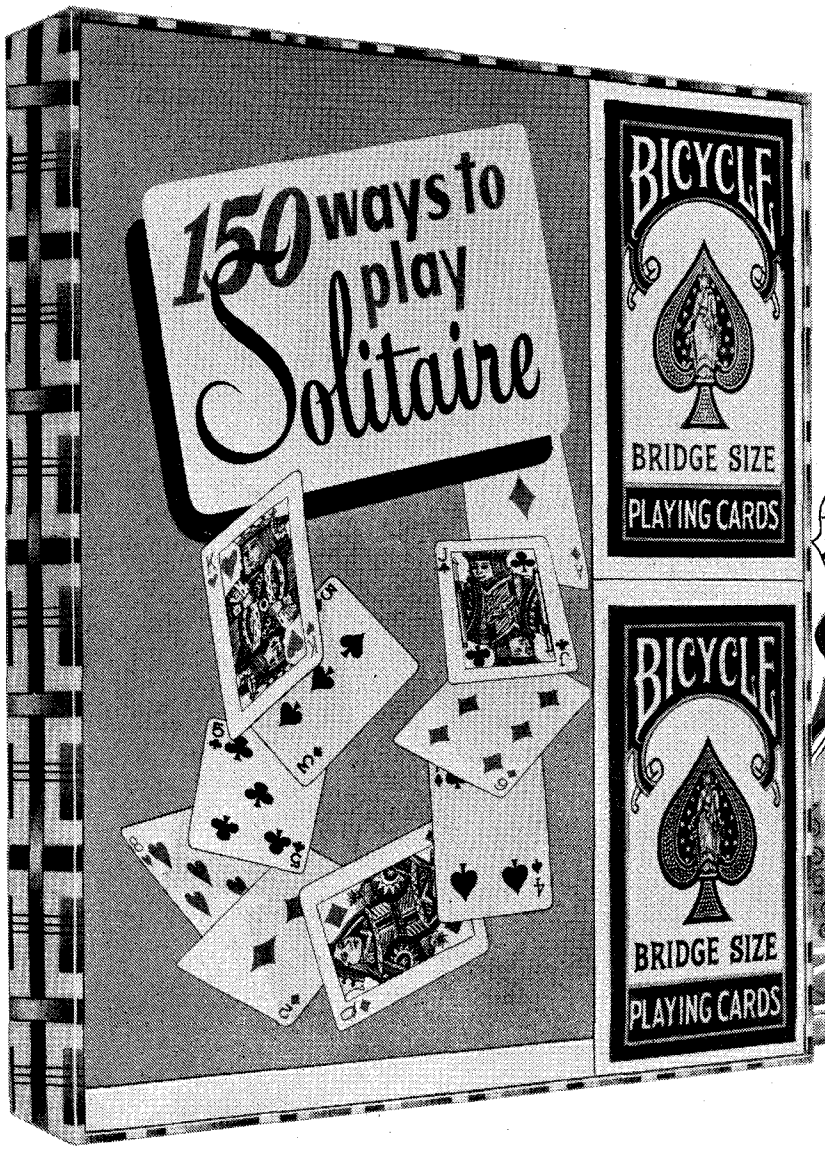
You are never alone when Cards are your Companion!

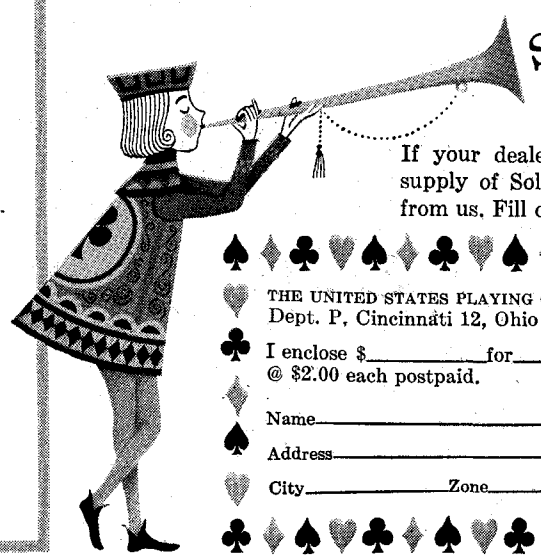


- Block Solitaire
- Baroness
- Pyramid
- Monte Carlo
- Betrothal
- Accordion
- Hit or Miss
- Idiot's Delight
- Perpetual Motion
- Eight-Day Clock
- Sir Tommy
- Puss in Corner
- Double or Quits
- Thirteen Down
- Queen's Audience
- Thumb and Pouch
- Will o' the Wisp
- Simplicity
- Canfield
- Beleaguered Castle
- Streets and Alleys
- Chessboard
- Shamrocks
- Baker's Dozen
- Little Spider
- Grandfather's Clock
- Poker Solitaire
- Cribbage Solitaire
- Knockout
- Sultan of Turkey
- The Fan
- Odd and Even
- Gavotte
- Mount Olympus
- Matrimony
- Stag Party
- Miss Milligan
- Rank and File
- Indian
- Napoleon's Square
- British Square
- Father Time
- Deuces
- Parisienne
- Queen of Italy
- Blondes and Brunettes
- Plot
- Box Kite
- House in the Wood
- Empress of India
- Golf
- Royal Flush
- Clock
- Tam O'Shanter
- Four Kings
- Klondike
- Whitehead
- Aces Up
- Spiderette
- Four Seasons
- Storehouse
- La Belle Lucie
- Flower Garden
- King Albert
- Good Measure
- Bisley

The United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio.

There's many a happy evening wrapped up in this handsome package . . . two famous long-wearing Bicycle Packs and a detailed instruction book telling you how to play Solitaire 150 different ways—games to play by yourself—games to play with a partner.

And where could you find more pleasure for so little money? In fact, it's the world's greatest entertainment value.



Sets at your Dealer now!

If your dealer does not now have a supply of Solitaire sets, order directly from us. Fill out coupon below.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
Dept. P, Cincinnati 12, Ohio

I enclose $_____ for _____ Solitaire Sets @ $2.00 each postpaid.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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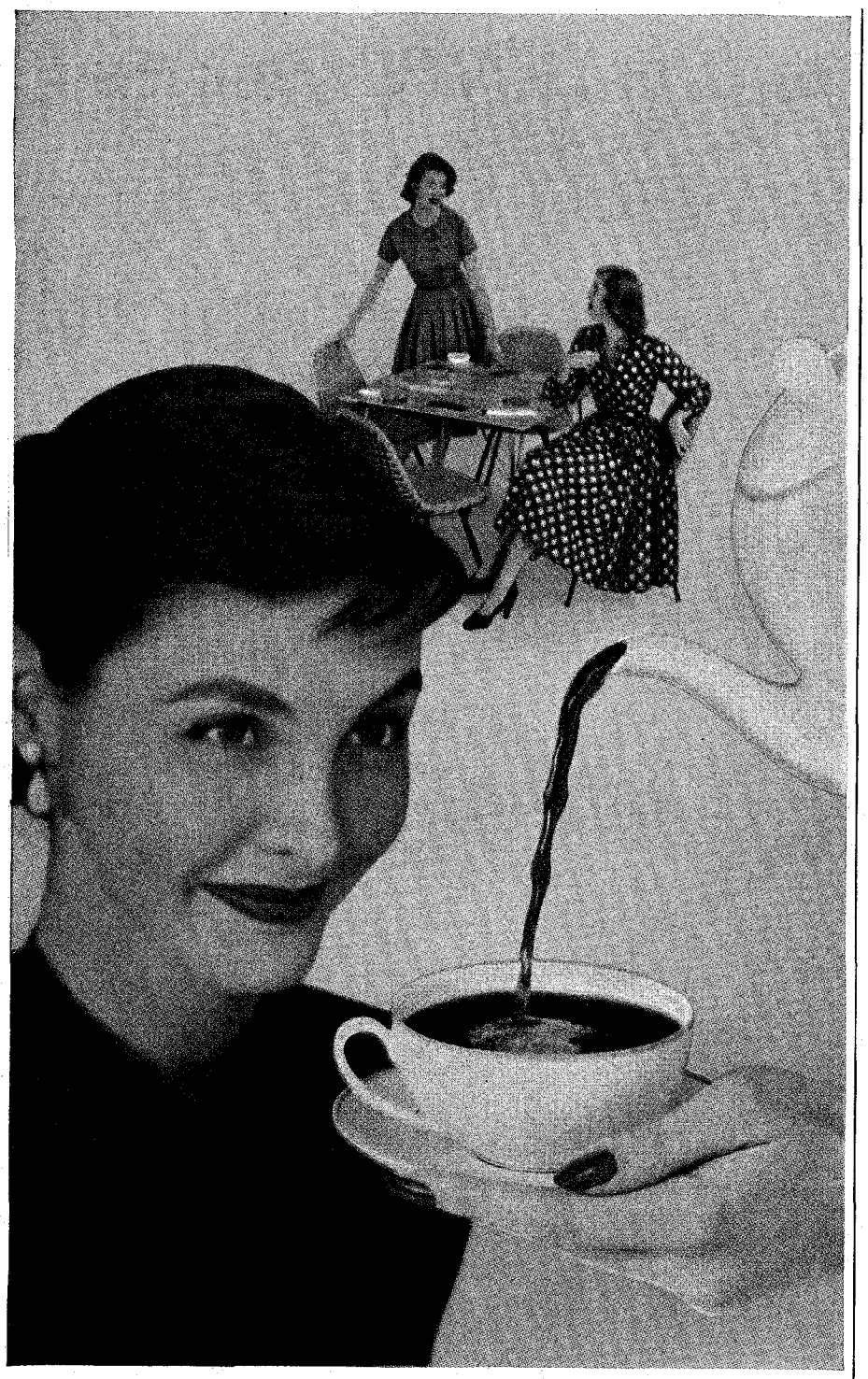

Now! Satisfy Your "COFFEE HUNGER" with NESCAFÉ®

—tastier coffee made the modern way!

Try this recipe...
When guests are "played out" after bridge or canasta, revive them with delicious Nescafé! For each serving, put a teaspoonful of Nescafé (more or less, according to strength desired) and a coffee cup of boiling water in your coffee server. Cover for a moment before serving. *Mmm!* This is *truly* "company" coffee!

all coffee nothing but coffee!

© 1955 The Nestlé Company, Inc.

When you're hungry for tastier coffee, try Nescafé

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

"norms." Only 200,000 had been hounded out of town in August. A partial explanation of the slowdown was given by a woman of British nationality, a Miss M. J. Sinclair, who arrived in Hong Kong from Shanghai on September first. She revealed that during the last two weeks in August the drive had met with some resistance and had also resulted in an epidemic of suicides. The eviction rate dropped to 10,000 a day.

These tragic events adequately illustrate the attitude of the Red Chinese regime toward the masses of the Chinese people. To assert normal human rights is to be an "enemy of the state." Is this a regime which free nations should accept as an equal?

Britain's Socialists Mystified by Defeat

The lights of socialism are fading all over the world, and nowhere is the flickering more obvious than in Britain. All was confusion at the fifty-fourth annual meeting of the British Labor Party in October. Small wonder. The party had been soundly defeated at the polls earlier this year, and the Laborites were trying to figure out why.

They didn't get far at the party's get-together in Margate. Various cliques spent a lot of time belaboring each other. Left-wing, United States-smearing Aneurin Bevan was temporarily defeated, and level-headed Hugh Gaitskell got the coveted party-treasurer post.

But the Labor boys never did face up to what's really happening in Britain these days. They still tried to out-socialize each other. The party's No. 2 man, Herbert Morrison, rather pathetically tried to prove how good a socialist he is by listing all the things the Labor Party so disastrously nationalized before it was voted out of office back in 1951.

The plain fact is that socialism is out of date in Britain, just as it is losing ground everywhere else in Europe. Dr. Edith Summerskill, one-time Minister of National Insurance and conference president, confessed that the new generation of Britons does not rally "to the old emotional appeal of the socialist party."

From Bevan's corner there issued loud whistles in the electoral dark—demands for nationalization of the steel industry, shipbuilding, engineering, textiles, chemicals, building, shipping and finance companies. There was no enthusiasm for such dreams. But the meeting broke up with the Labor firm still doing business at the same old stand, the windows filled with unwanted, shopworn ideological merchandise.

James Griffiths, who was Colonial Secretary in the Labor Cabinet, admitted that his party will have plenty of time to look around for new wares to put before the reluctant electorate. Assuming that Labor would have at least three years to "adjust our thinking and to apply our ideals and our principles of socialism," he promised a study program to which "we will be able to devote a great deal of time in the course of the next three conferences—1956, 1957 and 1958."

Algebra is Now Done by Telephone!

People who pay the telephone bills in Holyoke, Massachusetts—and probably all over the Bay State—received with their October account a newsy company pamphlet containing the following timely item: "So again, until another summer, students' homework and chitchat will be on the telephone lines. It's a time to remind the junior telephone users of Massachusetts that conversation on party lines should be with consideration for the needs of others who share the use of the line."

The chances are, of course, that this gentle admonition will have little direct effect on "junior telephone users," except possibly to provide them with an additional amusing subject for extending their chitchat. It could, however, spur parents on to establish some domestic rules and regulations for young marathon talkers. It is probably true that unless these regulations approach the inflexibility of the laws of the Medes and Persians, and are implemented with something resembling a baseball bat, the kids' telephone gabfests will go on and on and on as usual.

A number of states have already enacted formal legislation to deal with "line hogs," but none of this is specifically designed to curb the juvenile delinquents who regularly tie up party lines for hours at a time. It may be that the telephone company itself is the right party to do something constructive about these junior public nuisances. It might be possible for company research laboratories to come up with some electronic device that would automatically administer a shock to teen-age line hogs, perhaps at the expiration of forty minutes of treble "home work" chitchatting and boying-and-girling.

This shock, would, of course, have to be fairly violent to have any salutary effect on these insensitive youngsters—but it should stop somewhat short of electrocution so that the kids would be able to put the receivers back on the hooks and clear the lines for somebody else.

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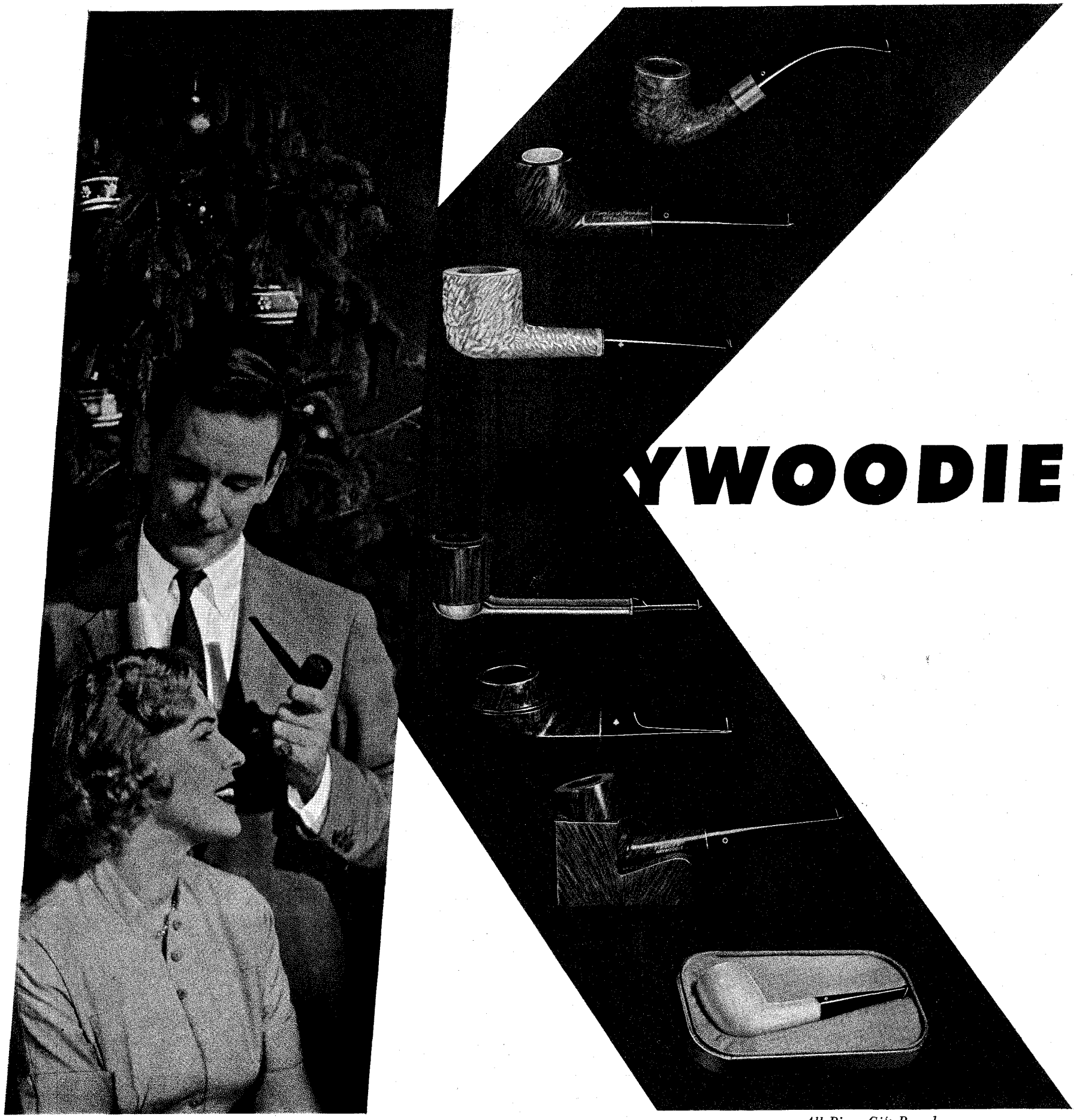
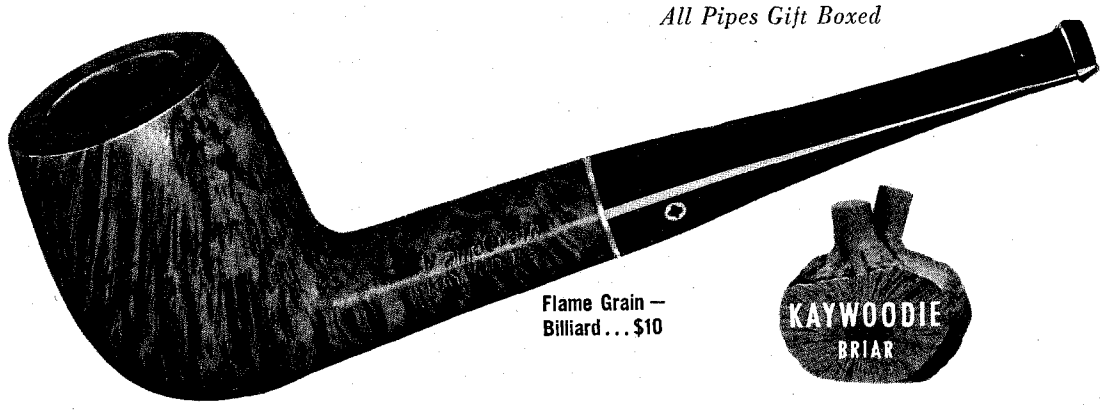
YOU GIVE MORE THAN A PIPE WHEN YOU GIVE

KAYWOODIE



All Pipes Gift Boxed

It is Christmas morning. The man pictured above has just received one of the handsomest of pipes—a Flame Grain Kaywoodie. The close-up at right portrays the rare perfection of grain, the distinctive markings you'll find in the actual pipe. *All* Kaywoodie briars are noted for their beauty. All are equipped with the exclusive Drinkless Fitment which screens irritants, condenses tobacco tars, prevents clogging. That's why every Kaywoodie draws so easily. When you give Kaywoodie, you give the finest!



KAYWOODIE

Send 25¢ for illustrated color Catalog 22 showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.50 to $100; gift sets $7 to $125. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22 • World's Finest Pipes Since 1851

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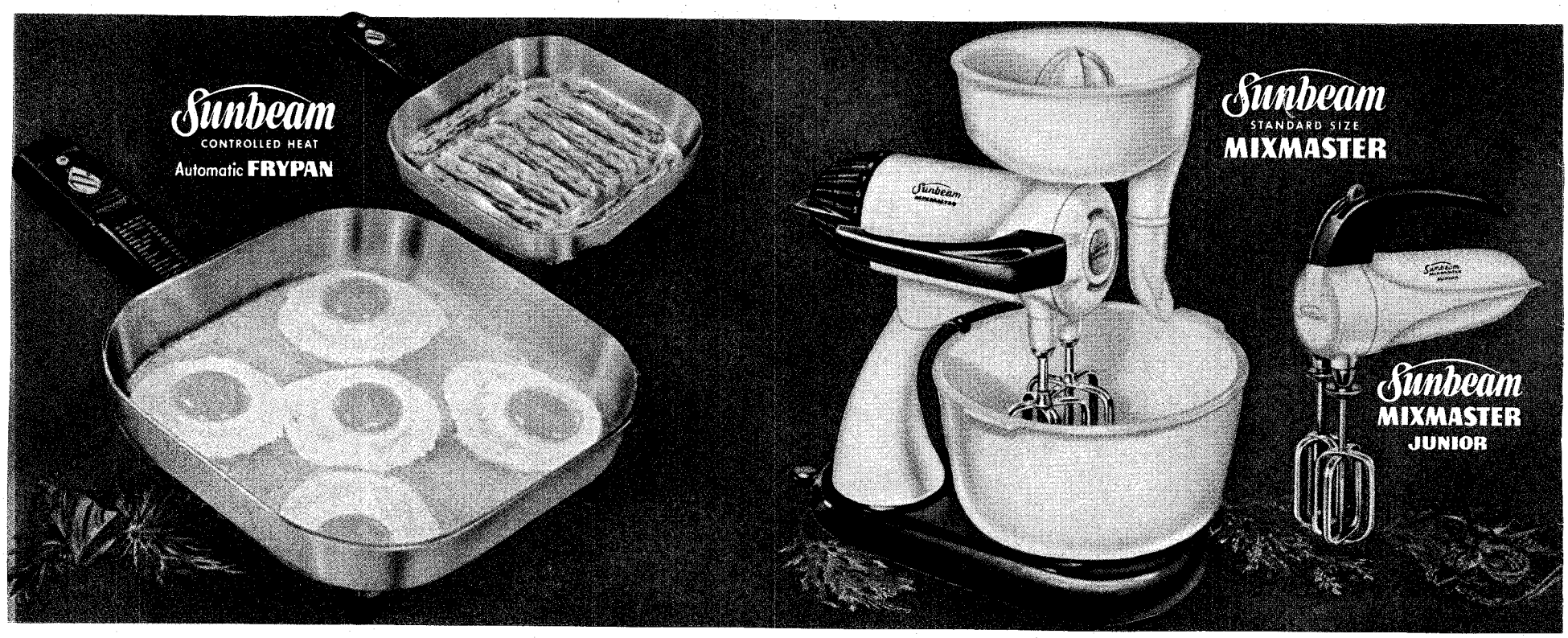
Whenever a Sunbeam appliance goes into a home, it isn't long before others follow. That's because each Sunbeam appliance gives that extra measure of satisfaction that creates sincere enthusiasm and confidence. Whether it's a Sunbeam Mixmaster, Coffeemaster, Cooker & Deep Fryer, Toaster, Iron, Frypan, or a Sunbeam Shavemaster, one Sunbeam appliance will always recommend another. We know that you will also find this to be true just as it has been true in 30 million American homes that are now enjoying Sunbeam appliances. Give Sunbeam and you give the finest.



Everyone wants the sensational automatic Sunbeam Frypan. It has the exclusive square design that cooks 20% more. You get perfect results with controlled heat for bacon, eggs, pancakes, chicken, meats, potatoes, etc. Has exclusive WATER-SEALED element for easy washing. You set the dial for the heat you want—and no more cooking failures. Model FP10 (10½-inch size) $19.95. Also available in 11½ and 12½-inch sizes.

America's most popular food mixer. There is only one MIXMASTER—the Sunbeam. The new Model 11 Mixmaster, as shown above, $47.50. Also available in chromium finish.

Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior, the best junior-size mixer made, $19.95. Also available in chromium finish.

The Sunbeam Steam or Dry Iron steams longer and holds more water than most irons, yet is lightweight, weighs only 3 lbs. Thumb tip control, wrist-resting handle. You can switch from steam to dry, and dry to steam instantly. $17.95.

The ideal Waffle Baker and Grill for BOTH perfect waffles and toasted sandwiches, as well as bacon, eggs, pancakes, etc., because it has exclusive Sunbeam Radiant Control. Also has the easiest-to-change grids that enable you to convert it from a waffle-baker to a grill quickly and simply. Smart, distinctive styling and gem-like chrome finish. $32.50.

O N E S U N B E A M A P P L I A N C E

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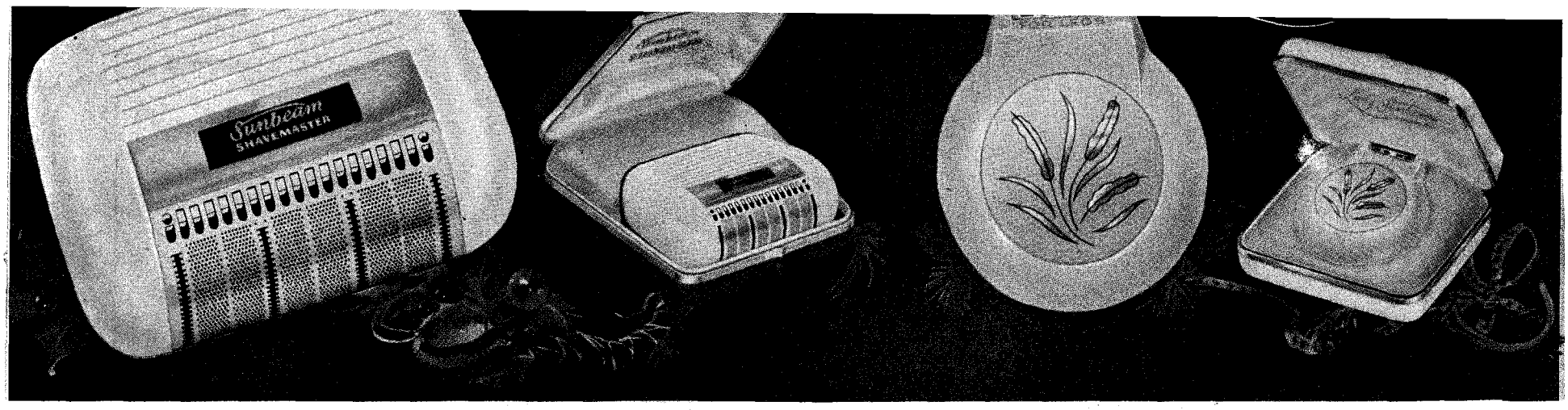


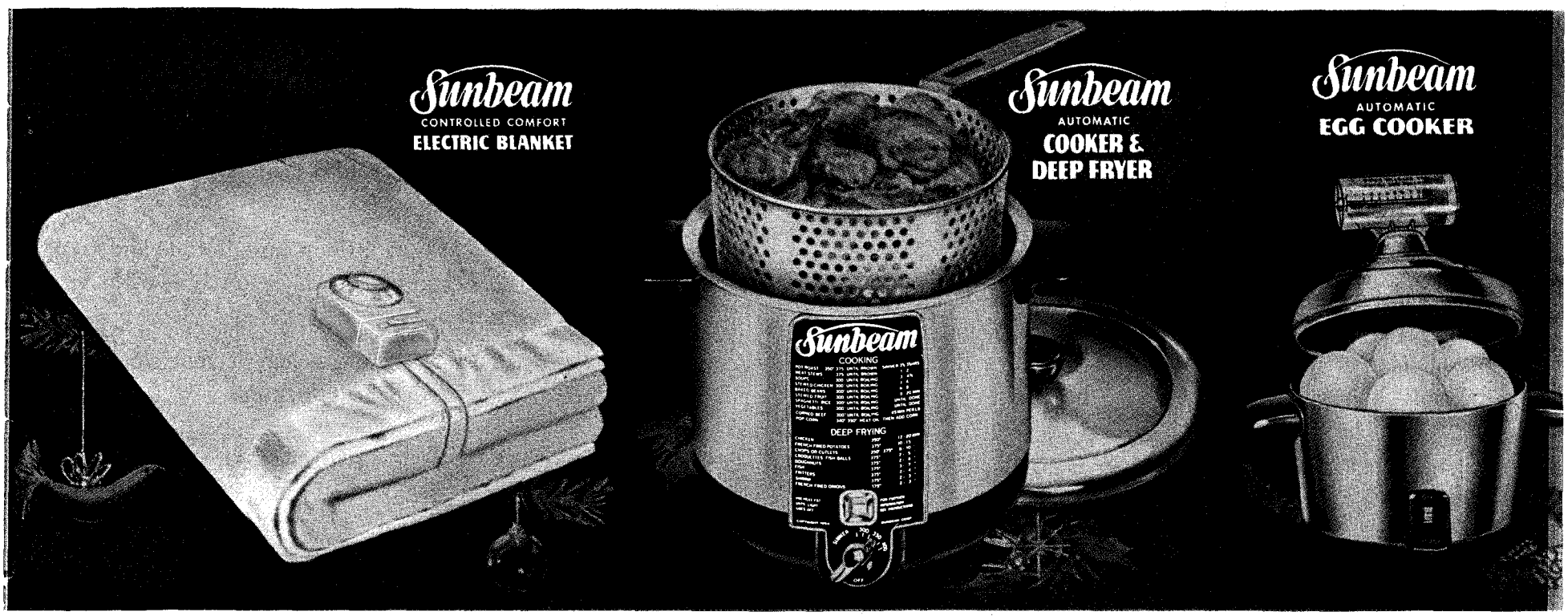
Only SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER has the big SMOOTH, single head that shaves closer and faster than any other method, wet or dry. Completely different from all other electric shavers and preferred by men who have tried them all. 5 YEAR FREE SERVICE GUARANTEE on Shavemaster's 16-bar armature REAL motor. Model W Shavemaster in compact travelling case $28.50. Available in deluxe gift case shown.

The new and sensational Lady Sunbeam, the only electric shaver designed exclusively to meet the needs of women. One side of the head for legs; the other side for underarm use. Small as a compact, safe, sure and convenient. Your choice of six beautiful colors. Model LS only $14.95. Also available in a rich deluxe gift case shown.

Automatic Beyond Belief. Has exclusive RADIANT CONTROL that "adjusts itself" automatically to every kind of bread, fresh or frozen, rye or white, thick or thin. Completely automatic—bread lowers itself without a motor, and toast raises automatically without springs. No levers to push. No popping or banging. $27.50.

Whatever kind of coffee you like—vacuum, percolator or "instant"—Sunbeam has it! The famous Sunbeam Coffeemaster (left) is a favorite of millions. It makes coffee the vacuum way and has the loveliest of servers. $37.50.

Sunbeam Percolator (center), 8-cup size, $26.95, and 10-cup size, $29.95. Sunbeam Instant Coffee & Tea Maker (right) heats up to 10 cups of water fast, yet will not boil over. Holds water *at correct temperature—at just the heat you want.* $24.75.



The SUNBEAM ELECTRIC BLANKET has the dependable "big dial" bedside control and automatically maintains the same gentle, restful warmth during all changes in room temperature. All nylon binding, shrink resistant, moth and allergy proof. Choice of 4 colors. Single control, $34.95. Double Control, $41.95.

Preferred by women everywhere because it does more things better. Deep fries potatoes, chicken, doughnuts. Also the perfect cooker, chafing dish, casserole, steamer, bun warmer, and it blanches vegetables for home freezing. Has exclusive COOK-GUIDE that tells you temperature and time for your cooking and deep-frying needs at a glance. $24.50.

The SUNBEAM EGG COOKER cooks 1 tc eggs just the way you like them eve time without watching. It's all automat $13.95. Also has poacher attachme

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So, see the wonderful new styles and colors at your store now. Give carpet or have carpet this Christmas.

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Buy carpets designed and made for the American way of life by these American manufacturers Artloom • Beattie • Bigelow • Downs • Firth • Gulistan • Hardwick & Magee • Hightstown • Holmes Karastan • Leedom • Lees • Magee • Masland • Mohawk • Nye-Wait • Philadelphia Carpet • Roxbury • Sanford • Alexander Smith **CARPET INSTITUTE, INC., 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.**

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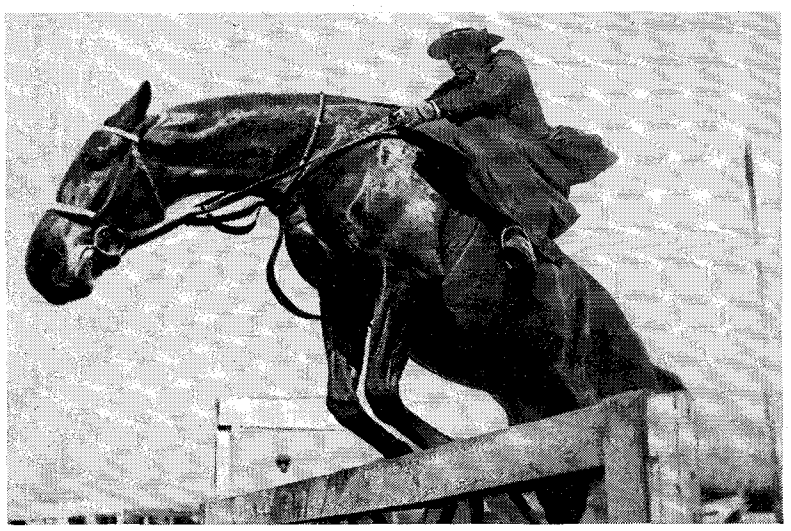
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?

REMEMBER the "starving Armenians"? The phrase became a byword for anyone in need. To aid the Armenians (World War I DP's) Jackie Coogan jammed New York's Times Square in a 1923 Near East Relief drive. Posing prayerfully behind the child star is his dad—whether praying for the Armenians or the Coogans, no one knows. Jackie, who earned $4,000,000 as a boy, later needed cash himself. Now 41 and married five times, he stars on TV. V. OLAJECSKI

REFUELING at sea or in the air is commonplace now. But it wasn't easy in World War I with coal-burning battleships like USS Massachusetts, which I photographed taking coal from the collier Jupiter. The coal was swung over in leather bags. Coal dust settled everywhere. The battleship was anchored, but once dragged anchor and was so damaged it had to be drydocked. HENRY S. WOODRUFF



WHEN this photo of a lady rider soaring over a fence was taken in 1926, Washington wags joked, "You can't keep a Mitchell on the ground." For the lady was the wife of Col. Billy Mitchell, who had just been ousted as assistant chief of the Army Air Service by generals who rejected his advanced views on air power. He and his wife, both expert riders, won many horse-show ribbons. She survives, as Mrs. Tom Byrd, to see Mitchell's views vindicated. HENRY MILLER

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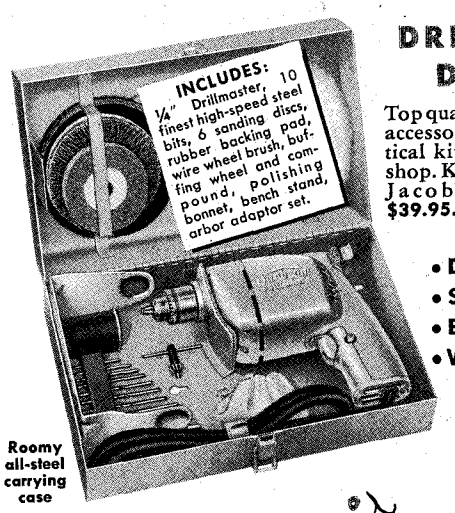
110 V. AC-DC, ¼ in. drill with Jacobs Geared Chuck, **$25.95.** Same with Keyless Chuck, **$21.95.**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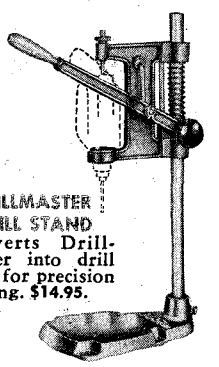
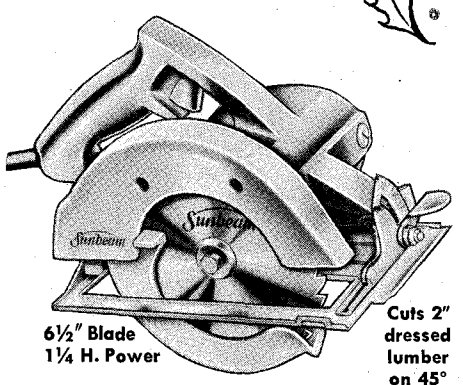


DRILLMASTER DRILL STAND
Converts Drillmaster into drill press for precision drilling. **$14.95.**



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EXCLUSIVE LOCKING DEVICE
Easier, quicker to change abrasives

Sunbeam ELECTRIC SANDER

The Sander that STOOD UP Over 1000 Hours in continuous use test. Lightweight—only 4½ lbs. More Powerful Sunbeam Motor. Orbital Motion gives best results. Only **$42.50.**

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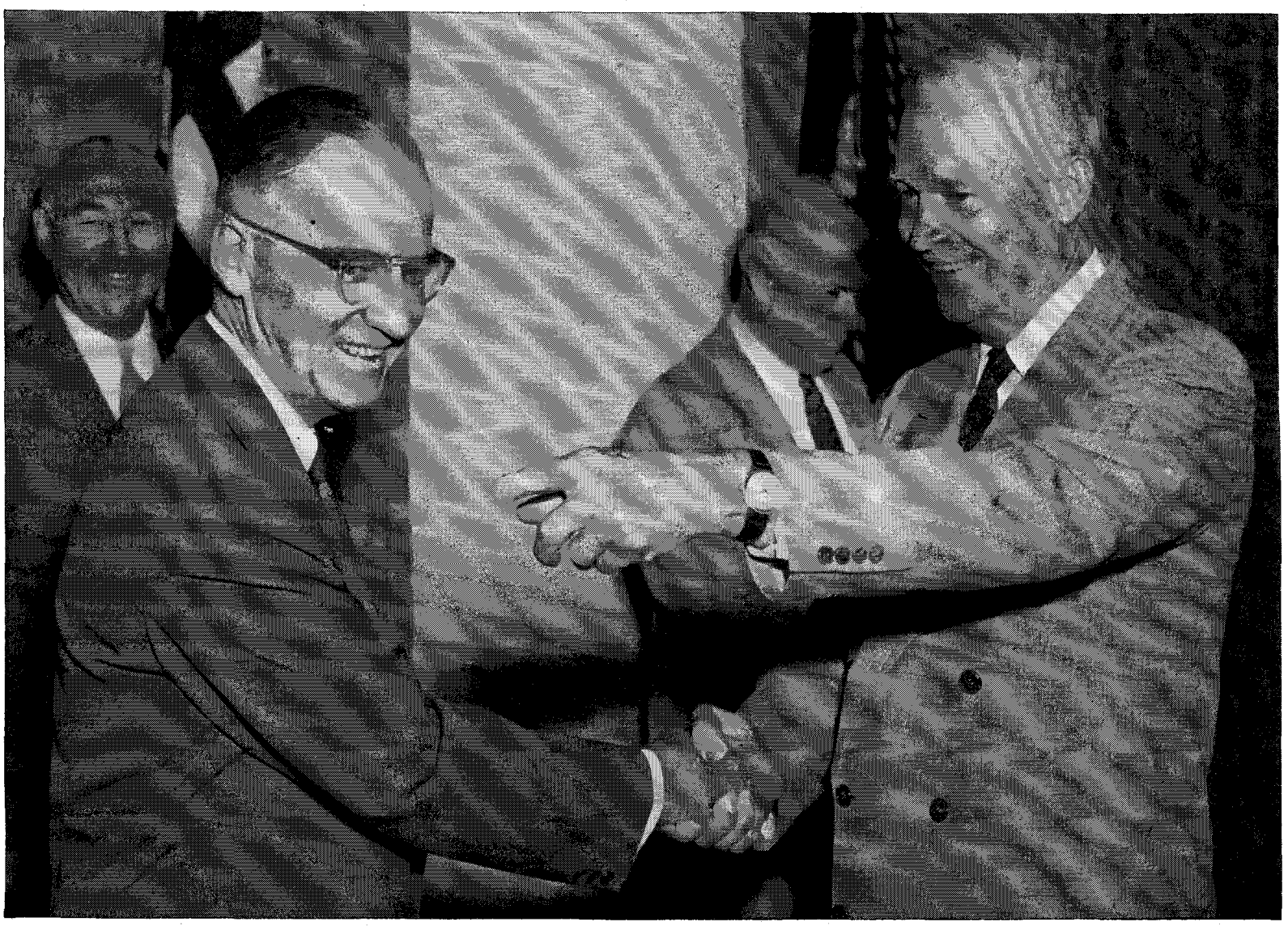
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

He Sparked a Revolution

A Washington correspondent's penetrating report on Marion Folsom, who recently took over the hot seat Mrs. Hobby vacated in the Eisenhower cabinet.

By Joseph Alsop



"Do you know where your seat is?" asked Ike as he welcomed his new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to the Cabinet table. Treasury Secretary Humphrey beams in background.

As a protégé of the late mighty George Eastman in the '20's, young Folsom pioneered in unemployment insurance and pension plans.

When Dwight D. Eisenhower named Marion Bayard Folsom to be his new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the President was doing two things of which even he, most probably, was hardly aware. He was writing the perfectly appropriate last act of a considerable personal drama. And he was setting the final seal of his approval on one of the great and truly revolutionary processes of our times.

It is hardly surprising if the President did not grasp these points when he chose his able, quiet Under Secretary of the Treasury for promotion to the Cabinet. Folsom looks as though he had never got nearer to a drama than a good seat on the aisle. He is also the last man in the world you would pick as a likely participant in a revolution.

Mild seems to be the word for Folsom. He is mild-appearing, mild-mannered and mild-spoken. Except for a certain executive nattiness, he generally resembles the benevolent principal of an old-fashioned small-town high school. He does not drink, smoke or swear. His voice is (Continued on Page 132)

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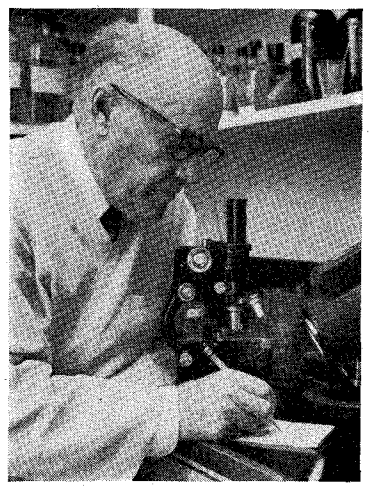


About
the Author

Doctor Nils Paul Larsen, who writes this strange account of the nightmare deaths in the Hawaiian Islands, is one of the leading physicians of Honolulu. Doctor Larsen took his medical degree at Cornell in 1916, piled up a distinguished record in World War I, returned to Cornell to teach medicine for a couple of years, and in the early 1920's went to Hawaii, where he has since lived and practiced. He has won many professional honors, is the author of a long list of significant papers in the medical field and often speaks at national medical meetings in the States. Last year he was president of the Hawaii Medical Association.

Doctor Larsen is a man of many interests. One of his hobbies is etching, and he is a member of the American Etcher Society. He is an amateur photographer of considerable ability and an underwater-photography enthusiast. He has also done some important work in the field of archaeology, and in preparing his article on the nightmare deaths he was able to draw not only on his experience as a doctor but also on his studies of the lore of primitive peoples.

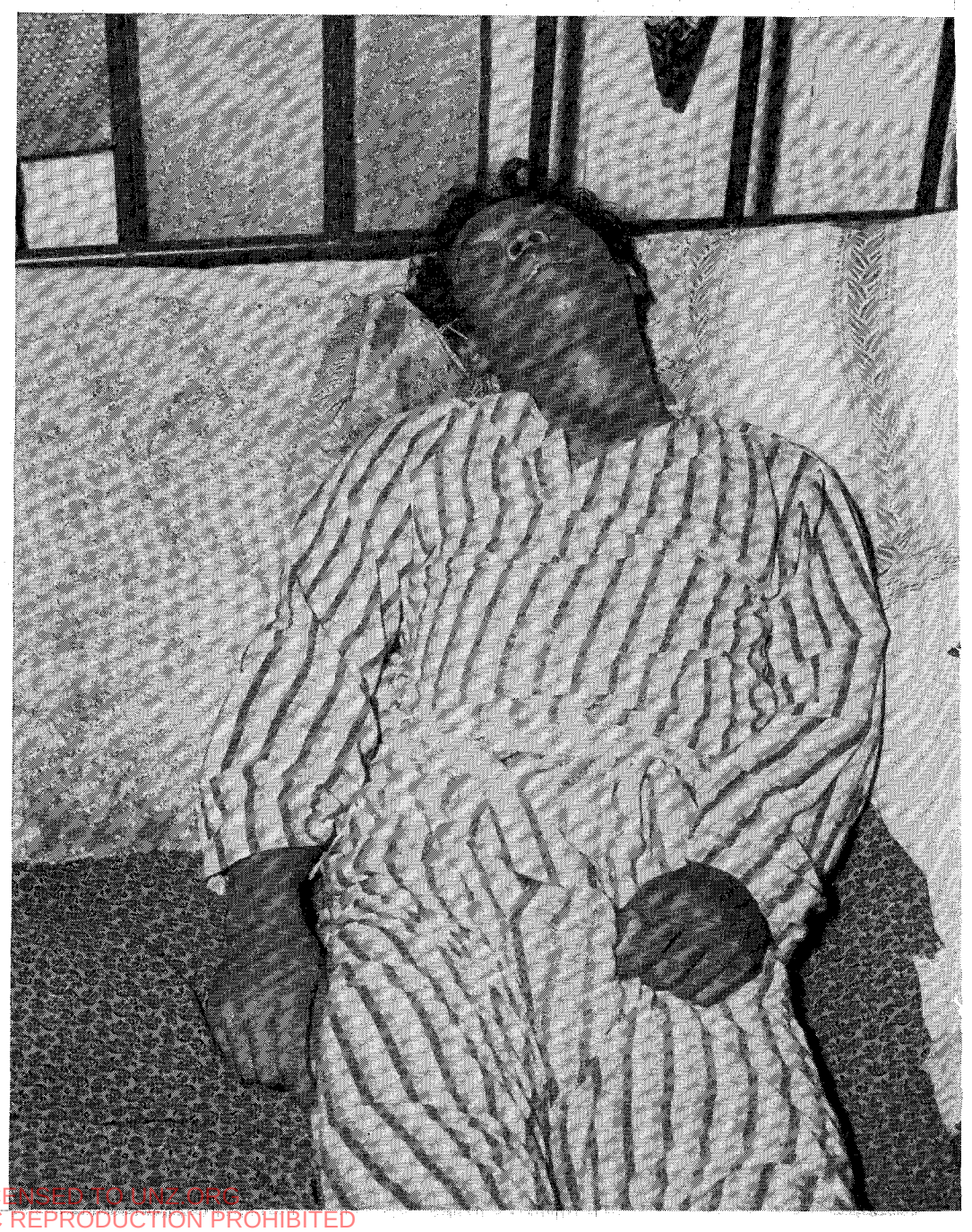
The Editors

A doctor reports from Hawaii on one of the most puzzling mysteries known to medical science ...

THE MEN WITH DEADLY DREAMS

By Nils P. Larsen M.D.

The husband of Mrs. Victoria Senas (above, with their children) died a year ago in the midst of a "nightmare." The ill-fated man's father died under similar circumstances. So did Simplicio Meguil (right, on his deathbed).



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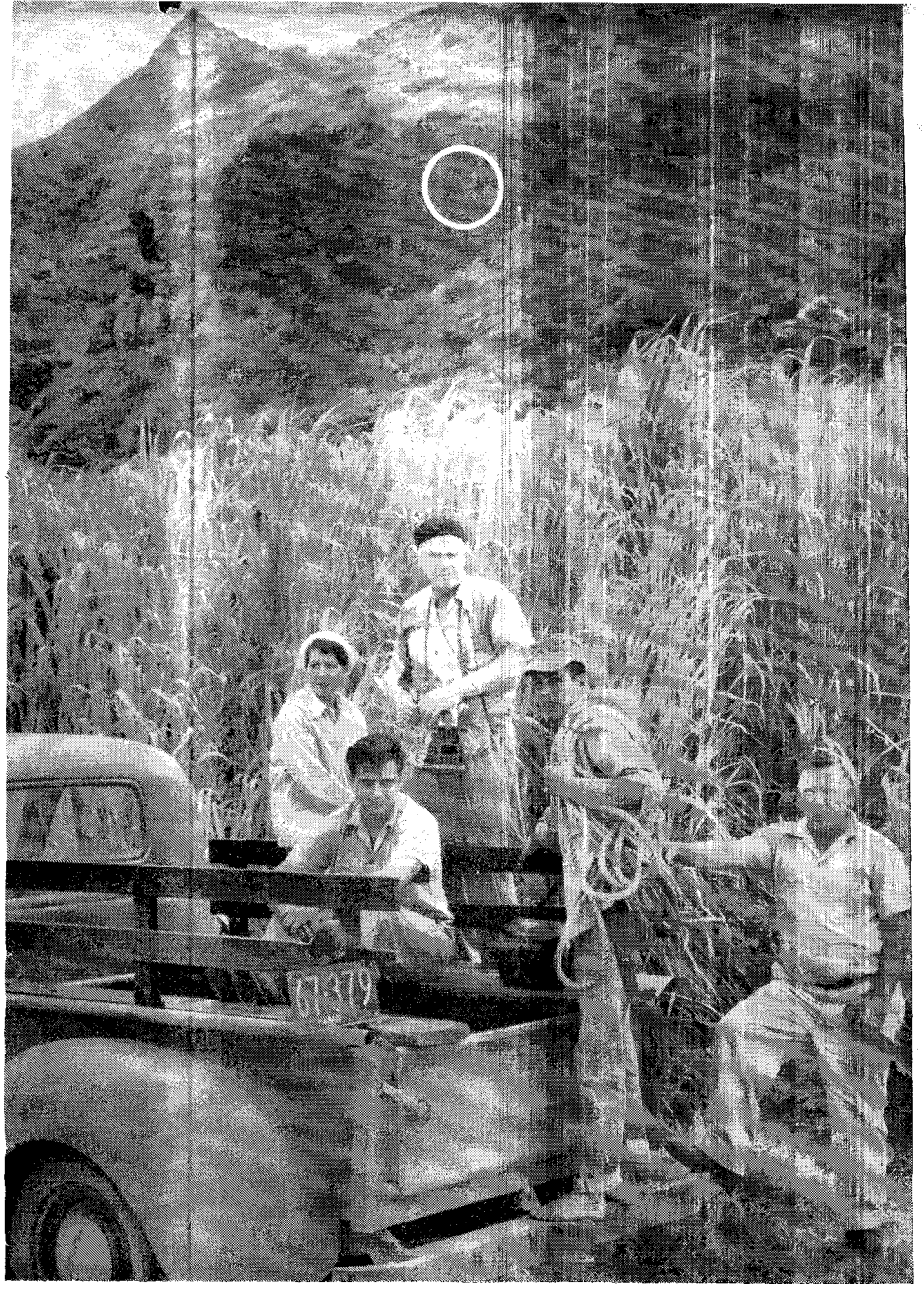
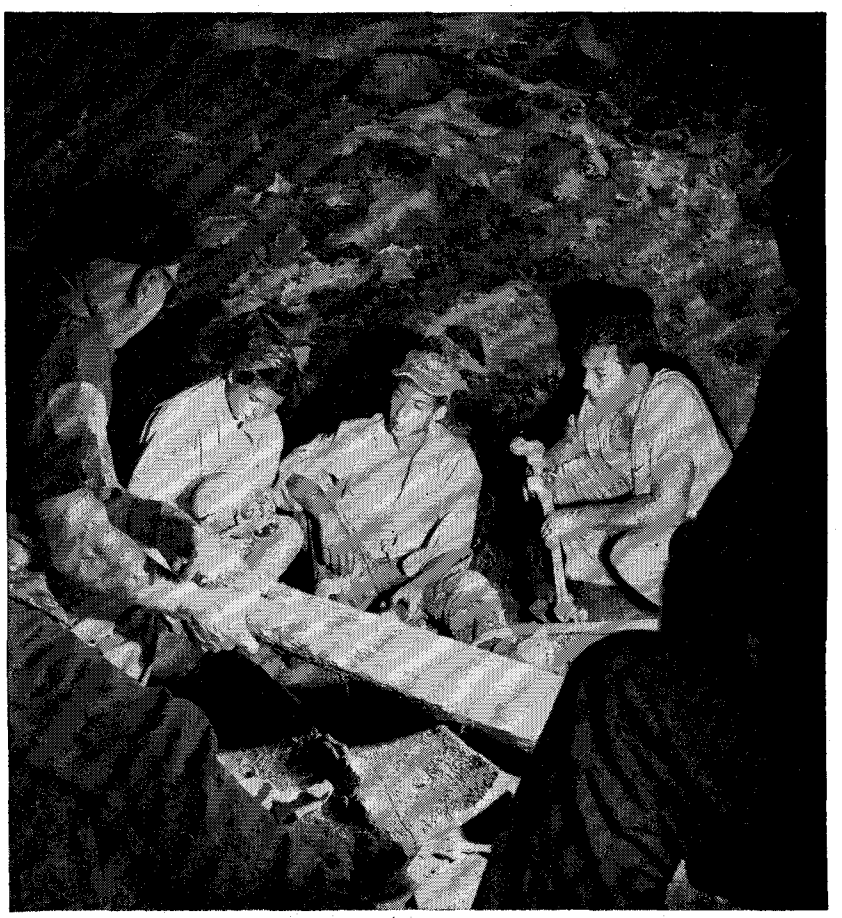


A student of Hawaiian folklore, the author (beret) explores an old burial cave (circled) on the island of Oahu. Islanders believe that any Hawaiian who removes artifacts from such a cave will become sick and die. Doctor Larsen tried it once and became violently ill.



For Mariano Senas, life was very pleasant at the moment. His job as truck driver on a Hawaiian pineapple plantation suited him, and when other Filipinos in the fields saw him, they waved and laughed. "That Mariano," they said, "he works all day and his wife works too. Pretty soon he'll own the bank."

It wasn't quite so, but close enough. With Christmas coming, Mariano was able to take a hundred dollars from his pocket. "You'll be in town," he told his wife, "so you buy the kids some presents, Vicki." When she said something about a refrigerator for the house where six young children rolled and yelled, he waved away her worry. "That, too," he said, "right after Christmas."

So Victoria went to her job in the wrapping department at a store, but on the way stopped at a vacant lot where, already, Christmas trees were displayed under the hot Oahu sun. There were two she liked, but she couldn't decide which one to buy.

"My husband will be in tomorrow to decide," she told the salesman. "Tonight he takes the kids to the Christmas program at school. I can't go, because the store stays open late."

When she finally did get home, the school program was over, the children sleepy, and one of her dresses, newly washed and ironed, hung in the bedroom. Mariano had done the work, also cooked the dinner, as he had for a week previously. It was a good dinner: a big red hen in the stew pot and plenty of rice for all. Mariano—he was a big man for his race, weighing about 170, and nearly five feet nine—went back for the third heaping plate of rice, as he often did. When he ate, he laughed; and so did Victoria. Mariano Senas was strong and healthy, with a good job, a nice wife, bright-faced children, and Christmas was coming. They all ate well, of the same food.

The diabolical (actually tumorous) countenance of a *kahuna ana-ana*. His specialty: "praying" men to death.

An hour later husband and wife made a minor pact. Mariano said he had a headache, and Victoria's back was weary from bending over the wrapping counter all day.

"You rub my back," she said, "and I'll rub your head."

His hands were big and strong on her sore back muscles. Living up to her agreement, Victoria later rubbed his forehead, his temples and the back of his neck, over and over again in the way that Asian people find so soothing. After a few minutes, Mariano said that his headache seemed to be going.

He went to bed then, but woke after only a few minutes. To his wife, he said, "Did I ever tell you about when I was a boy?" He talked a little about some incident in his boyhood and, presently, slept again.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Victoria was shocked awake when her husband's arm, thrown out suddenly, struck her across the face. He thrashed in his sleep, moaned, gasped. His hands were clenched and a little foam gathered on his lips. The nightmare, if such it was, sent him into more thrashing, and he fought as if trying to awaken, but could not.

Victoria rubbed his tight stomach muscles; then called a relative from a nearby house. This man tried artificial respiration, but the sleeping man still could not awaken, finally stopped moaning and fighting.

Mariano Senas, aged thirty-four, was dead, having died in almost precisely the same manner as his father died in 1921.

Senas' death was a tragedy for a wife and her many children, but also one more link in a strange and—to (Continued on Page 140)

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Maggie and the Magnificent Man

"Have you ever considered marrying a nice intelligent girl," she said, "to do your talking for you?"

By JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

As soon as the wheels of the big transcontinental plane touched the rain-swept runway, Johnny Dugan was out of his safety belt and seat and moving toward the exit door. He was a rather big, rugged, deeply tanned man with a mop of black hair and nice gray eyes. Right now he seemed to be gathering momentum—as if he had decided to set the world on fire, but had to borrow a match.

While the plane taxied cautiously through the wet night toward the floodlighted concourse, the blond stewardess helped Dugan into his threadbare trench coat and said, half seriously, "Mr. Dugan, when we finally stop, give me five seconds to jump clear, will you? I don't want to get trampled."

"Sure," said Dugan abstractedly. "Take five."

"Is she a redhead or a brunette?" the stewardess asked.

"Who?" said Dugan. "Oh! No, you got it all wrong. She's a gray-haired he."

"You're kidding!"

"I am not. Pop Tucker's getting along in years and he's as gray as a badger." Then he added impatiently, "You think the boys up front will ever stop this thing?"

The boys up front eventually got around to ending the long flight, the exit door opened and Dugan went down the ramp steps two at a time, paying no attention to the slanting rain. All he had on his mind was Mr. Aloysius J. Tucker, alias Pop, a gray little construction contractor with fierce blue eyes and the deep voice of a wounded bull.

Dugan saw no one answering that description in the waiting crowd, but he finally came up against a small female pixie in a transparent hooded raincoat, which she wore over a pair of wonderfully fitting black slacks and an even better fitting sweater.

Placing a pair of lovely, capable hands against Dugan's broad chest, she slowed him to a hesitant creep and said, "*Buenos días, Señor Dugan!*"

Startled, Dugan came to a complete halt and stared down at her. She was exquisite. Along with her enormous green eyes shaded by long lashes, she had a stubborn little nose and exciting lips. Besides that, she seemed to purr and vibrate with energy, like an atom bomb biding its time.

"What was that?" Dugan heard himself say.

"I said, '*Buenos días, Señor Dugan,*'" she explained. "That's sort of like 'Hiya, Mac!' in South America, where you just came from. Isn't it?"

"Well, roughly," Dugan admitted. "What I meant was, how could you possibly know I'm Johnny Dugan?"

"It wasn't easy," she said. "Pop told me to look for the biggest, handsomest man getting off Flight Four. Thank goodness he was half right. You're big."

Dugan scowled. "You mean Pop isn't here?"

"That's right, Dugan. He couldn't make it. But I can take you to him, phis-s-s-st, just like that, and right now, unless you would sooner stand here in the rain and twitch."

"I would," said Dugan.

"Go ahead," she urged. "I have never stood around in the rain and watched a man do that."

"I mean I would like you to take me to Pop Tucker," fumed Dugan. "At once."

"Oh," she said. "Come on, then." Grabbing Dugan's hand, she towed him toward the baggage stall. "You had me worried for a minute. There's not a second to lose, you know. The situation is desperate."

"I gathered that from the wire Pop sent me," Dugan informed her. "He didn't mention you, though."

"I suppose he didn't want to frighten you," the girl said. "I'm Smith. Maggie Smith. Pop's daughter."

"His daughter?" exclaimed Dugan. "You can't be. Pop's a bach——"

"By adoption," Miss Smith said.

"Pop Tucker adopted you?"

"Well, not exactly," Maggie admitted. "You see.

(Continued on Page 97)

Dugan began to feel like an ancient one being helped across the street by a Girl Scout.

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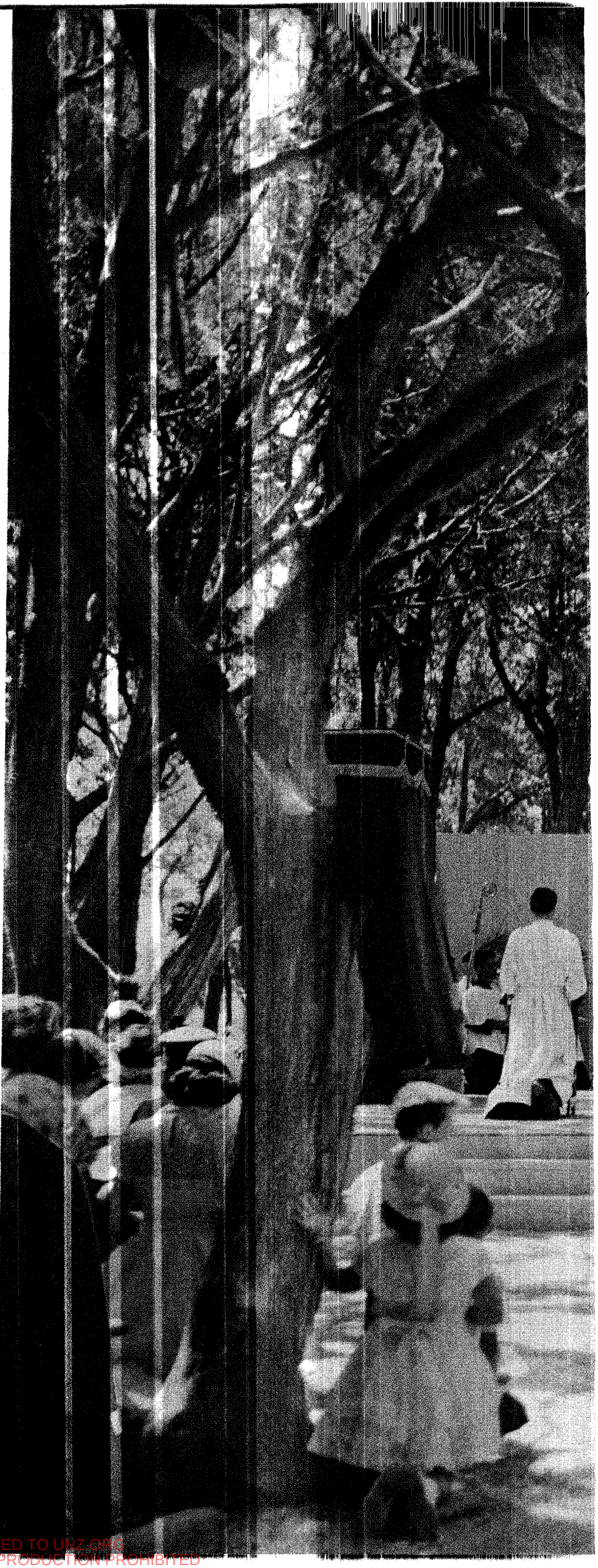
The Face of AMERICA

under God's sky

The prayer soon to be offered by Archbishop Joseph P. Hurley, now at the altar, will mark the most significant moment in the lives of the four young men wearing long white albs. The occasion is the first Roman Catholic ordination ever held out-of-doors in the United States. The setting—St. Augustine's Mission of Nombre de Dios on a Sunday in May—is a fitting one: This ground, shaded by cedar trees and a canopy of Spanish moss, is the site of the first parish Mass ever celebrated in this country. The year was 1565, just after Don Pedro Menéndez de Avilés had established a colony here in the name of Philip II of Spain. Menéndez wouldn't know St. Augustine today, but the ancient supplication offered in Latin by Archbishop Hurley has remained unchanged: "We beseech Thee, almighty Father, invest these Thy servants with the dignity of the priesthood . . ." *(Da, quaesumus, omnipotens Pater, in hos famulos tuos Presbyterii dignitatem . . .)* • Photograph by F. V. Rahner, Jr.



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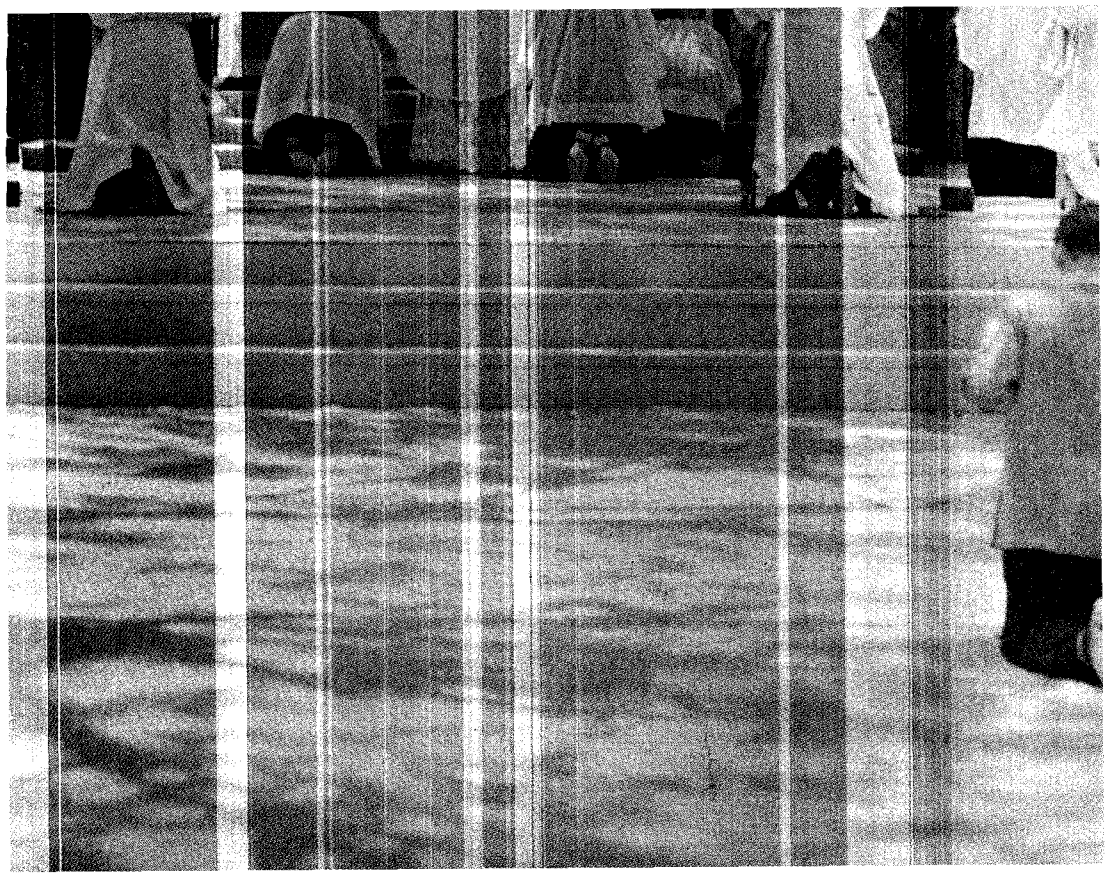

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Mr. Gallup could have his own ship to command—if he delivered

THE MYSTERIOUS CARGO

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

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At midnight a steamer appeared and signaled Mr. Gallup on the Coral King.

On a December afternoon the British tramp ship Jaipur Prince, having loaded her cargo, was making ready for sea; her irascible little master, Captain Sloan, was ashore tending to last-minute business; and Mr. Belial Gallup, her elderly third mate, was sitting on the edge of his cabin bunk, clad only in the old hard hat which he wore, ashore or afloat, crammed on the back of his skull, and his long gray underdrawers.

The room was small, its sole adornment a short bookshelf on the forrard bulkhead which contained exclusively volumes on maritime law, which was Mr. Gallup's engrossing hobby. But he was contented here; and clipping a sheet of cheap notepaper to the cargo tallyboard that lay across his large bony knees, he wetted a stub of pencil and set down the date, December 3rd. Under this he wrote:

Deer Iris, There is grate news dear, wife in the ofing for us an our sprats for we sail from here to, Portland Me then Halifax an' Cap'tn Sloan has promissed me Christmas at home which, it has bin allmost six year since. Other Decembers at sea was lonly when, I thougt of you an our wee ones an I, snifled a bit but this Christmas ho ho—

Here Mr. Gallup paused, his walrus-mustached, horselike face bemused, while through his mind sparkled a series of mental Christmas cards: Grand Banks fishermen with ice-crystaled rigging, dipping and lifting out of the fog; the white-blanketed Halifax water front, clamorous beneath a cold blue sky; a short train ride across snowbound fields, and through towns gay with the shouts of children and the music of sleighbells; then, finally, a weather-beaten cottage on an obscure Truro street, with flakes like tiny stars of Bethlehem drifting down out of the night, and a lighted window shining through the snow.

So poignant was this last scene that the longing in Mr. Gallup became quite unbearable, and, after blowing his nose, he reached for his wallet, extracted some dog-eared family snapshots and lovingly scanned them. Then, his prominent Adam's apple bobbing, he put them away again and resumed his letter.

Just as he finished, there was a brisk rat-tat on the door.

"Come in, Mr. Sharp," called Mr. Gallup, for the knock was a familiar one; and the door opened, admitting, with a blast of muggy Caribbean air and a glimpse of the sunbaked docks of Port Cayman, the white-uniformed figure of his young friend, the second mate.

"Hi, Mr. Gallup! Oh, you're writing a letter! Sorry if I ——"

(Continued on Page 110)

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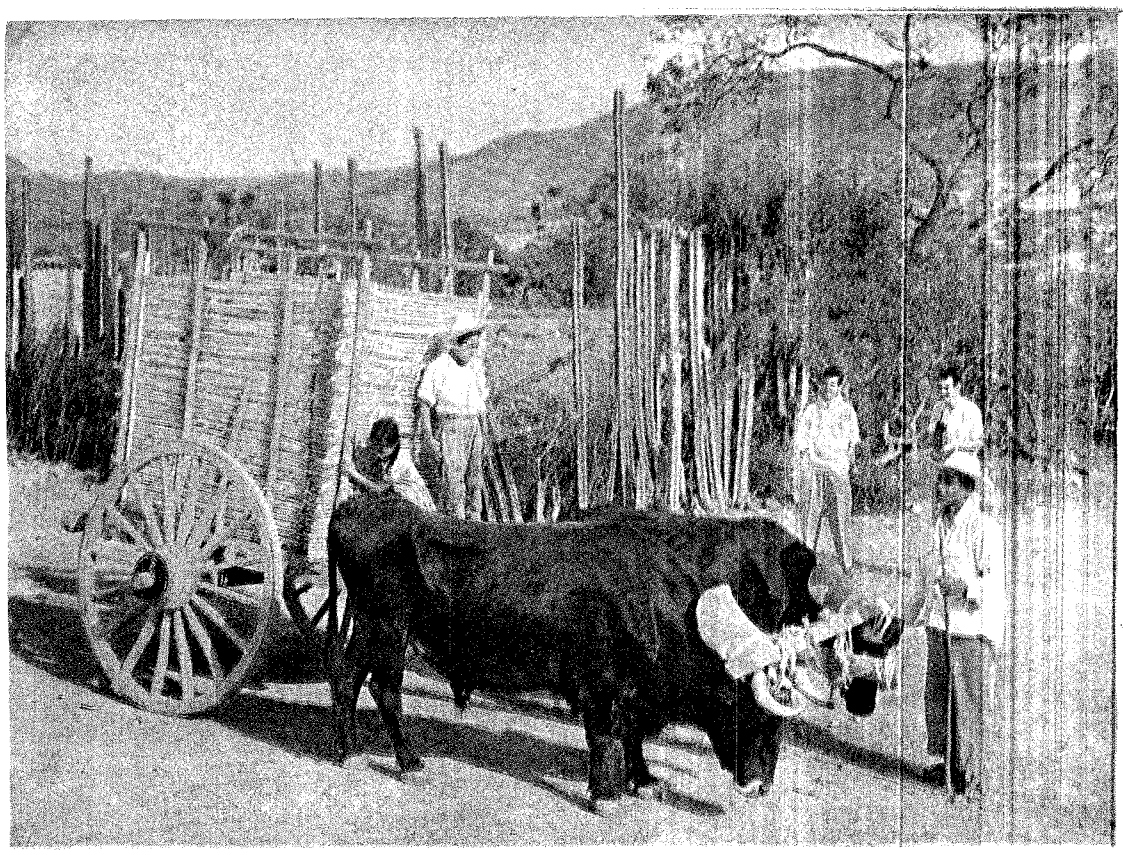
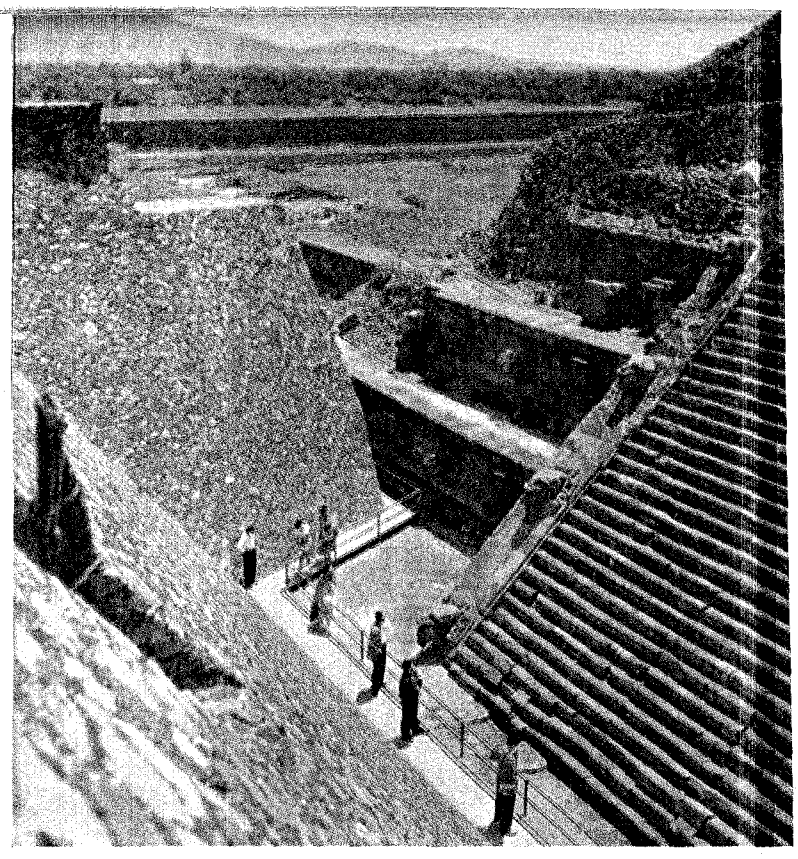


Street scene in Mitla, an ancient Indian village in the southern state of Oaxaca, one of the many remote areas in Mexico where the government is blazing new trails for tourists.



Like Egypt, Mexico has its pyramids—and they're within easy reach of the States. Above: the Aztec Temple of Quetzalcoatl, near Mexico City.

Down in Old Mexico

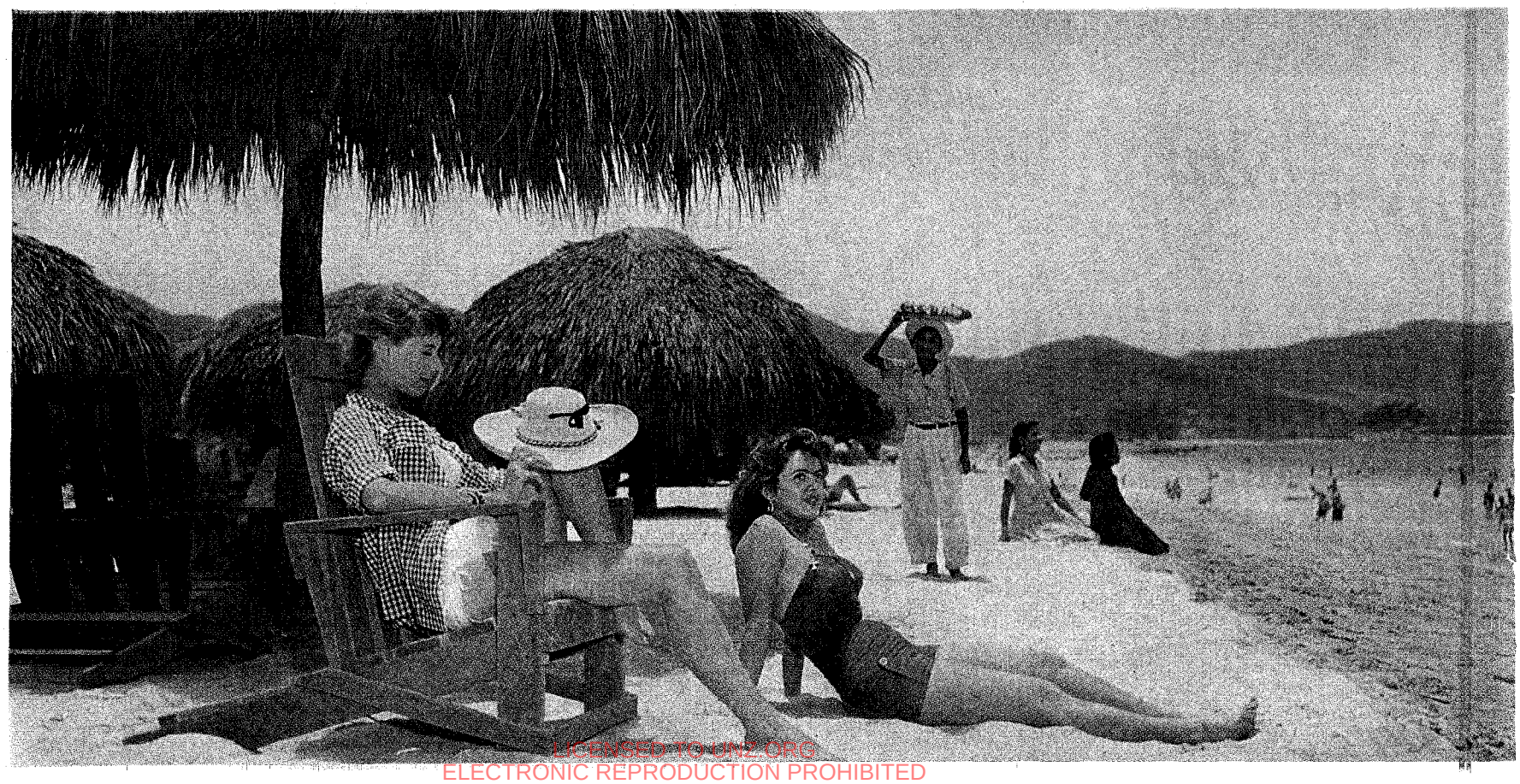
American tourists make up the third largest industry of Mexico, where the government will do almost anything to make a Yanqui happy.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

Only a decade or two ago there was a saying among Mexicans that half of the American visitors south of the Rio Grande were wanted by police in the United States, and that the other half were not wanted in Mexico. At the same time, many Americans were inclined to regard Mexico as a lawless country, infested with bandits.

But times have changed. This year a record-breaking stream of 500,000 tourists—around 300,000 of them traveling in their own cars—have visited the bustling cities, the sun-dappled mountain villages, the lavish new beach resorts and the incredible ancient temples of Mexico. Still greater numbers have made short trips to Mexican towns along the United States border. And this invasion was welcomed by businessmen and Mexican Government officials dedicated to the task of making vacationists happy.

Turistas soak up sun on the sands of Acapulco, along Mexico's west-coast Riviera. A few years ago, Acapulco was a drowsy fishing village. Now it's a bustling beach resort with more than 100 hotels.



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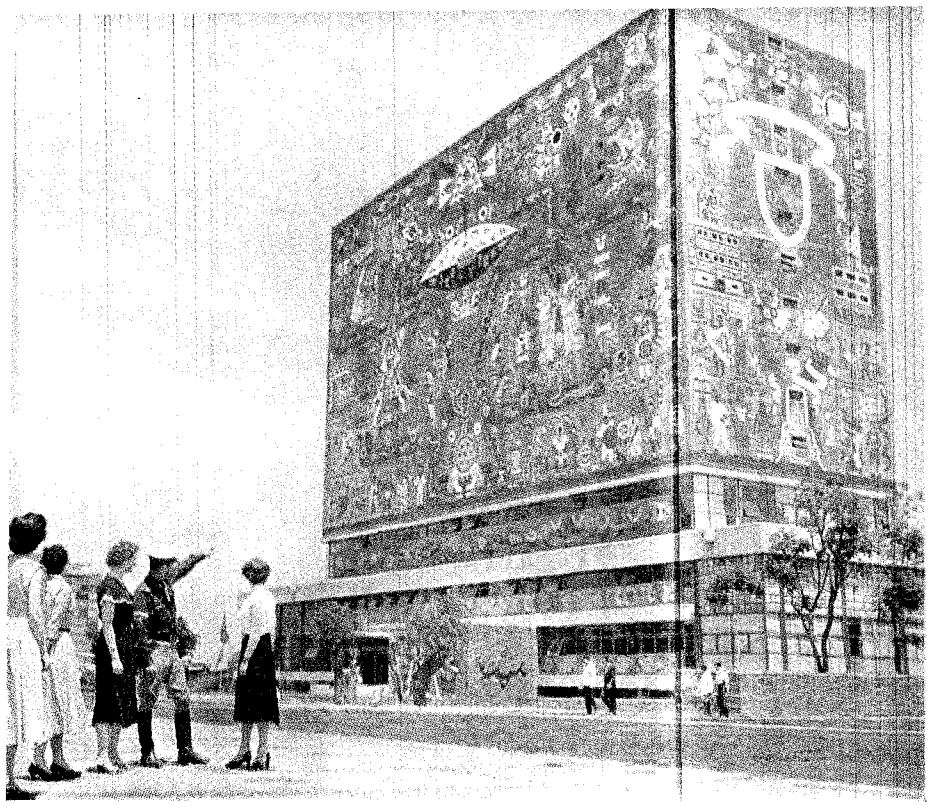

The library of the University of Mexico, whose murals were painted by the renowned Diego Rivera, is one of the most striking of the ultramodern buildings at University City.

Rancho Telva, overlooking the colorful old mining town of Taxco. Originally, silver made Taxco prosperous. Today, United States tourist dollars keep it that way.

The government itself spent more than $1,000,000 to attract visitors, to protect them from gyp artists, to train bilingual guides, waiters and bellboys to care for them, and to help those who got into trouble. The tourists, about 95 per cent of them from the United States, spent something like $360,000,000, including expenditures in the border towns, or about twice what they spent in 1949. Tourism has become big business in Mexico, topped only by oil and mining.

Some Mexicans may long for the old days, when life was more peaceful. So may the United States consul, who keeps at least two officers on duty around the clock to handle the problems of visiting Americans. Not long ago, for instance, there was a rumpus outside a Mexico City night club. Before order was restored, a policeman was punched in the nose by a mild-looking American. The next day in court the culprit shook off a bad hang-over, paid a stiff fine and apologized.

"I come from New York City," he explained earnestly. "In New York, all the cops are such big guys that I'd never dare take a swing at one of them. Down here they're small and I couldn't resist the temptation." He rubbed his swollen jaw and shook his head sadly. "Small guys, but they sure pack a man-sized punch!"

It is only proper to remark that such unseemly incidents are rare; by and large, the tourist business has done a great deal to improve relations between the United States and Mexico.

"There used to be a tourist season in the winter and a little business in summer," one veteran guide said recently. "In between, the hotels were empty and the guides were hungry. Now we get a pretty steady flow of visitors almost all year round—and we get all kinds. Of course, we get our share of tourists who never get out of bars or night clubs, and we get some—honestly!—who stop in the middle of a sight-seeing tour and ask which country they're in. But most of them are really interested in Mexico, and we Mexicans are interested in them."

Travelers returning to Mexico after a long absence are surprised by the social, economic and physical changes that have taken place since the 1930's. The modernistic airport outside the capital rivals in beauty the best fields in the United States. There is a crisp tone of efficiency in the voice that comes over the loudspeaker, instructing new arrivals about customs requirements, announcing the legal rate of exchange of dollars for pesos, and advising the exact amount taxi drivers are permitted to charge for the trip to downtown hotels. For motorists, there

(Continued on Page 138)

Three on a paddle board off Acapulco. Mexico's present tourist boom started in World War II, when Americans were cut off from Europe. South-of-the-border travel has been growing by leaps and bounds ever since.

A guide helps a motorist with her map at one of the government-run information stations outside Mexico City.

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"Here, smart guy," the kid said. "Here's my birt' certificate. I'm sixteen last December yet, so screw outta here."

In every city there's a section like "the Levee"—hunting ground of the

MORALS SQUAD

By NORMAN KATKOV

Standing straight into the spring sun behind headquarters that afternoon, feeling the warmth up and down and across me, squinting to see the rookie firemen coming off the roof of the four-story wooden training tower into the canvas net below, it was almost possible not to think of Martha.

I got a shoeshine on my shined shoes, not to think of her, talking carefully with the boy on his knees while a new team of rookies took the net and an untried group climbed the exposed stairs to the roof. I asked the boy about his mother and father and why he wasn't out with a baseball, so not to wonder about Martha: how she felt, and where she was, and with whom.

When the boy was finished he caught my quarter and moved down toward the police end of headquarters. I heard the sudden roar of a motorcycle behind me, followed by the spluttering which signaled its death.

As I turned, Frank Cnobra said, "What's the matter, Phil; did you pick the wrong service?"

"Hello, comic," I said, reaching for my cigarettes as he extended his foot to balance the dead bike. "Here's your smoke, so spare me the story: you and Helen are saving every dime to furnish the three-room apartment when you get married." We'd—I had—an apartment. "How is Helen?"

"She's great," he said. "What's with you and ——" His face was suddenly full of color. "Phil, I'm sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about," I told him.

"Phil, I should have known to keep ——"

"There's nothing to know. Martha is in Reno. It was her idea. She didn't like my working nights. She didn't like being alone. After a while she wasn't alone. So she didn't like my not liking she wasn't alone. She left," and saying it,

(Continued on Page 151)

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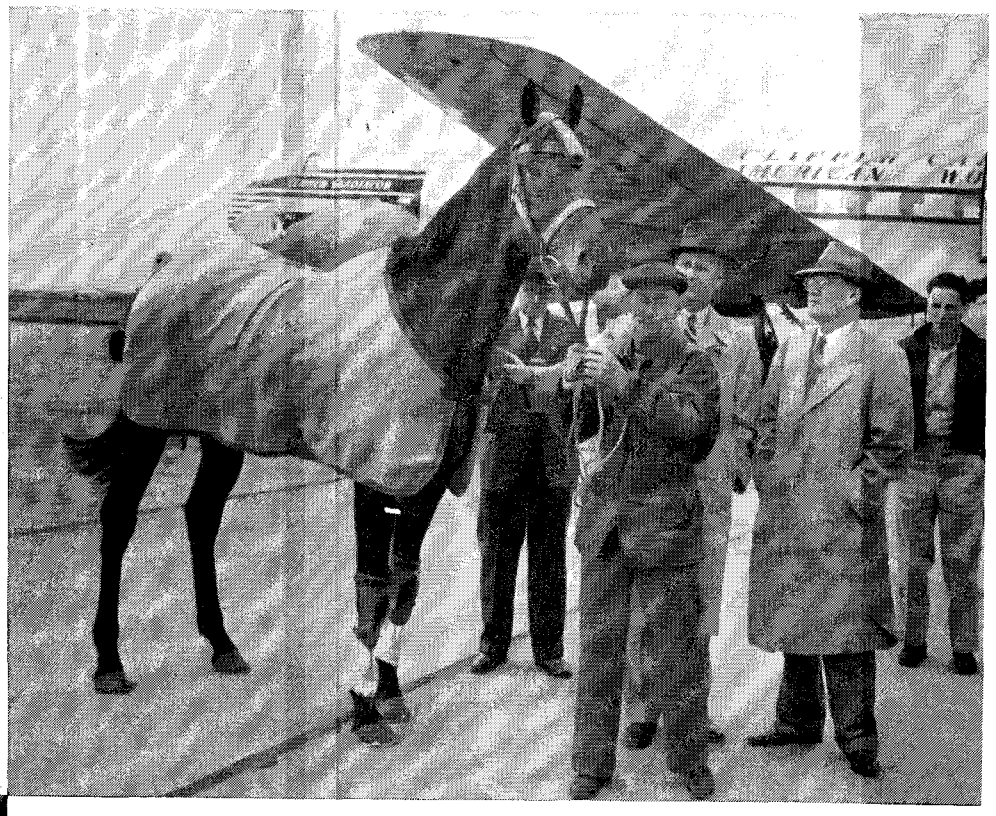
A swan from Holland meets a veterinarian visitor from Formosa, Dr. Lin Si-Kwang, with Dr. Francis Herchenroeder and Andy Goodell at the Clifton, N.J., "ark."

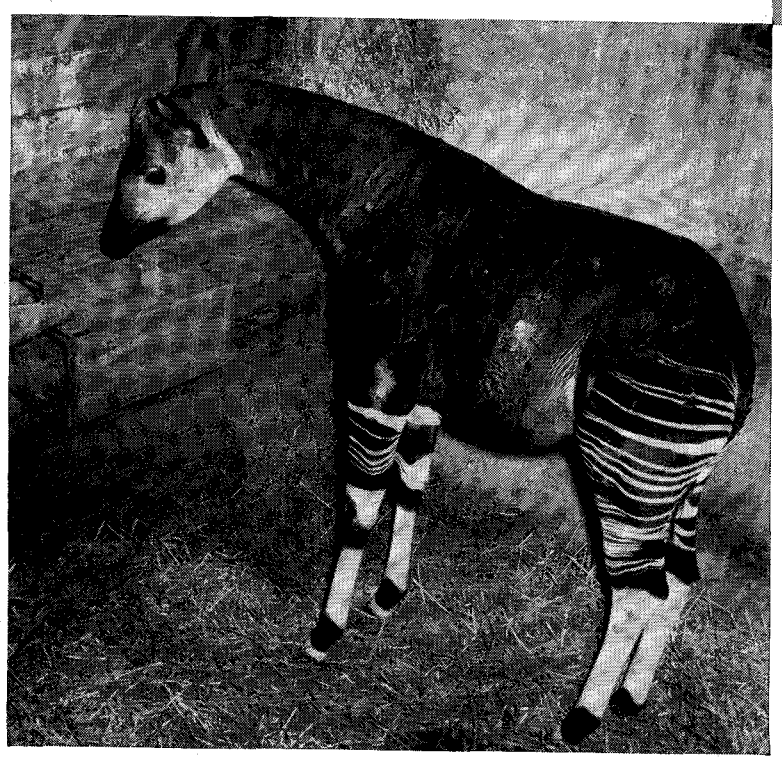
Uncle Sam's Ark

Everything from aardvarks to zebras passes through the howling, roaring, screeching U.S. Animal Quarantine Station.

By Bill Wolf



Even distinguished visitors like "Projectile," arriving at Idlewild from France, must go over to Clifton to get a clean bill of health.



This okapi is in 30-day quarantine, en route from the Belgian Congo to Chicago's Brookfield Zoo.

Early each morning a large and cheerful man of fifty-seven named Dr. Francis Louis Herchenroeder makes certain that all is snug and secure on the fifty-three-acre farm where he lives with his wife, Esther, in Clifton, New Jersey. There, only sixteen miles from downtown New York City, in a bucolic little oasis entirely surrounded by some 80,000 non-farming urban neighbors, he raises a bit of hay each year, cares for hundreds of the most valuable animals in the world, thousands of equally valuable birds, and never sells or buys a single head. The purebred cattle produce milk magnificently. The chickens lay eggs abundantly. The finest riding and draft horses bred are stabled there, and prize swine grunt in satisfied, well-fed indolence. But all milk and eggs are destroyed on the premises. The horses are never saddled or harnessed. No butchering ever occurs, and no farm product of any kind ever leaves the place. Even the manure and bedding material from the stalls are set aside carefully in compost piles on a remote part of the farm, there to remain.

One of the first things Doctor Herchenroeder does on his inspection tour is to see (Continued on Page 145)

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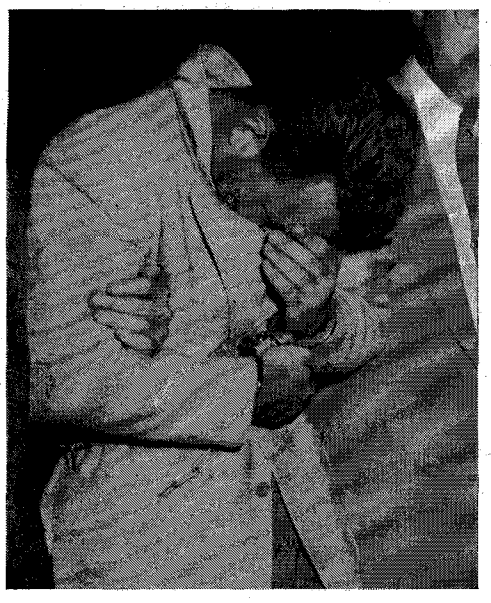
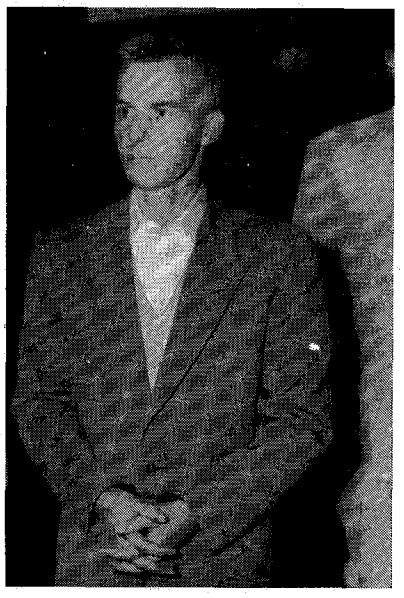
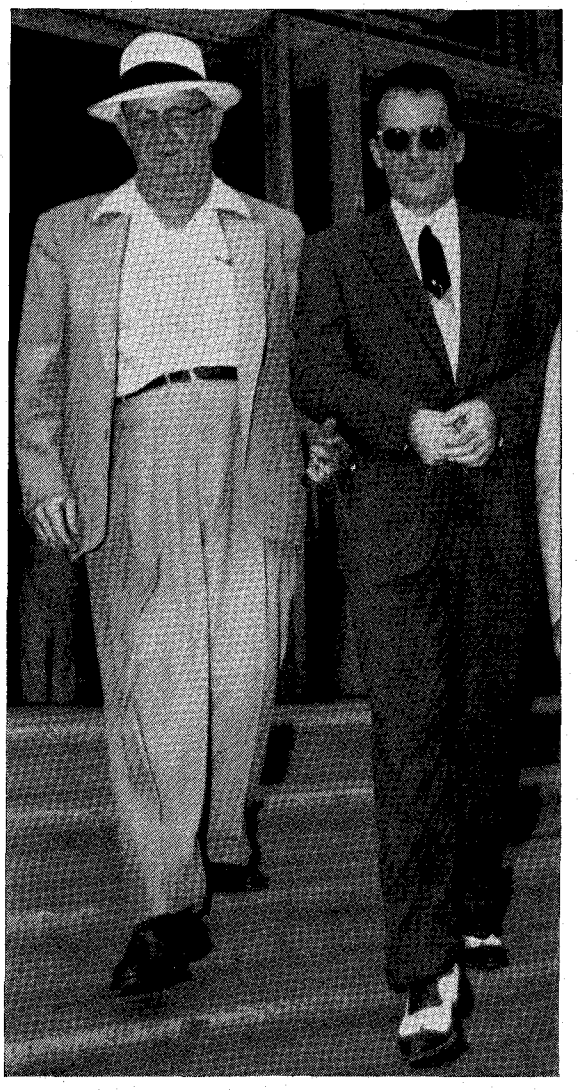
Eric Gronwall (left) didn't find a picture of the man who held up his Floral Park, L.I., bank, but supplied a description that led to the bandit's arrest.





Ronald Martin and Clifford Oberkirch were two of the three conspirators in the $190,319 Floral Park job. At the time of the robbery, Oberkirch was the bank's head bookkeeper.



George McKinney (right), the Floral Park gunman, made "three little mistakes" that were his eventual undoing.

RETURN OF THE BANK ROBBER

By BEVERLY SMITH

Imitation Dillingers knocked off banks at the rate of nearly one a day this year, and the G-men have turned on the heat. A Post editor reports on this new cross-country crime wave.

Most crimes vary only moderately in number from year to year. Murders, burglaries, auto thefts, ordinary robberies—these can be expected to show an annual increase or decrease of 5 or 10 per cent. Not so with bank robbery. This crime has a curve which resembles the swoops of a roller coaster.

Bank robberies soared in the late 1920's and early 1930's, reaching a peak of 606 in 1932. In 1934 Congress made bank robbery a Federal offense. This brought the FBI, with its scientific detection methods and nationwide organization, into the picture. Gangs like Dillinger's and Baby Face Nelson's were broken up, their leaders killed or sent to Alcatraz. Bank robberies were beaten downward to a low of 22 in 1943.

In the later 1940's, however, bank robberies started to increase again. By 1950 they had climbed to 100. In fiscal 1954—year ending June 30, 1954—there were 271; in fiscal 1955 there were 335. These latter figures include savings-and-loan associations and other institutions whose deposits are protected by Federal insurance.

Action begets reaction. In 1954 the FBI stepped up its campaign to make things tougher for bank robbers, and during 1955 they have held more than 100 "bank robbery conferences," in the course of which specialists from the bureau discuss the problem with local police, prosecutors, bankers and insurance men. Partly as a result of these conferences, no doubt, convictions for bank robbery increased almost three times as fast as offenses in fiscal 1955, reversing the trend of the early 1950's. While there were 335 robberies, a jump of 23.6 per cent over '54, there were 277 convictions, 65.9 per cent more than in '54.

Such figures should cause hopeful felons to think twice before robbing a bank. The trouble is that most bank robbers simply don't think very straight. Some of them are crafty; some are quite bright; some—especially the professionals—know a good deal about law. But there is one law they just can't seem to get into their noggins—the law of probabilities.

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The prospective robber sees the headline, "Bandits Loot 2nd National, Escape With $22,000." That looks good to him. Probably he fails to notice, days, weeks or months later, the items reporting that the culprits have been arrested, tried and sentenced to twenty years or so. If he does happen to follow the case through, he notes that the robbers have been trapped through "one little mistake." They were traced through fingerprints, or a discarded license plate, or a belt buckle, or a tire tread, or a night of drunken spending and boasting. The prospective robber is quite sure he won't make that mistake—and he doesn't. What he cannot grasp is that he will make some perfectly unforeseeable little mistakes of his own.

The FBI, which is deeply concerned by what J. Edgar Hoover describes as the "feverish" rise in bank robberies, made available to me detailed summaries of such offenses committed in recent years. Poring over this mass of material, I was struck by the infinite variety of circumstance. The robbers range in age from the teens to the middle sixties. Their weapons may be a toy pistol or a machine gun, a box of dynamite or a jar of acid. Their usual getaway is by car, but they may escape on foot, by plane, by truck or even by streetcar. Los Angeles had its lone "Grandma" bandit; in Wisconsin a mother, son, and fourteen-year-old daughter robbed a bank and got away with $11,533—for a few days. (Daughter missed school on the Friday of the robbery, but she was back on Monday with a note from mother: "Please excuse Marguerite, she was sick with a cold.")

But bank robberies, whatever their outward differences, seem to have one generic resemblance. Almost all of them have some "little mistake," some unexpected happening, which messes up the plan and usually leads, soon or late, to a solution. A California bandit dashed out of the rear of the bank into a secluded lane where, apparently secure from observation, he quickly hid his hat in a hedge and was on his way. But his action was seen, and reported, by two men who happened to be working on a nearby roof. From cleaners' marks in the hat, the FBI identified the owner, tracked him to another city and within three days had him under arrest with $13,000 in loot. In another case a telephone lineman, atop his pole, saw the bandits running to their getaway car. He got a connection with the police emergency line, gave the car's description, license number and route, and within a few seconds police cars were successfully on the trail.

Some bank robberies are bungles from the beginning. More interesting are the heists which are planned for months ahead and executed with care. The "Case of the Brown Spot" is a little gem—a gem with one flaw.

Shortly before closing time on the afternoon of August 6, 1954, a short, dapper, neatly dressed man entered the First Federal Savings and Loan Association in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He went to the desk of the assistant manager in charge, said he was an insurance adjuster, and then, with a discreet glance toward the other employees, asked if he might talk in private. His horn-rim glasses, his brief case, his fussily meticulous manner suggested the bank examiner.

The official led him to a rear office and asked for his credentials. The visitor whipped out a revolver and said, "These are my credentials. Just lie down quietly there on the floor." He produced some precut lengths of stout twine and bound the bank official hand and foot. He then stepped to the door and called politely to one of the woman tellers, "The manager wants to see you, please." She came at once and was promptly tied up. A second lady teller was similarly summoned and tied. A fourth employee, at the front of the bank, was not disturbed and continued her work.

With a final admonition to his victims to keep quiet if they wanted to live, the bandit left the room. He walked with unhurried tread to the cash drawers. The fourth employee saw him and assumed that the "examiner" was checking the cash on hand. Actually he was unobtrusively tucking it into his brief case—$4060 of it. He then strolled out of the bank. In a moment his respectable figure had melted into the passing crowd. The fourth employee began to wonder why her associates were still in the back room. She walked back, found them trussed up there and gave the alarm.

Tom Connelly and wife Angelina are wanted for $312,219 robbery of a New York bank.

FBI agents and police, arriving quickly, found few clues. But they got a good description of the bandit: about forty years old, slender, five feet five inches tall, apparently left-handed; wearing tan straw hat, horn-rim glasses, gray suit, brown bow tie, white shirt with a small brown spot on the upper right side near the coat lapel. The description was quickly passed on to railroads, bus lines, air lines, taxi companies, newspapers and radio stations.

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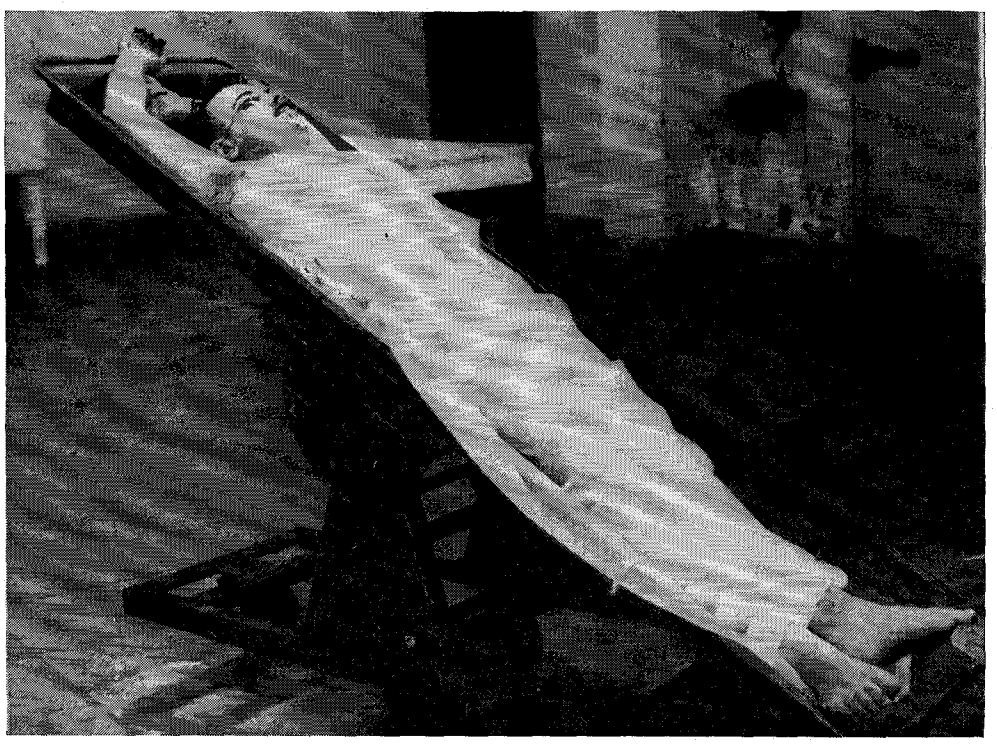

Today's bank robberies recall memories of John Dillinger, notorious gunman of the '30's, shown flaunting the wooden pistol he used in a sensational jail break. Dillinger wound up on a slab in the morgue (right).

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By STEVE MCNEIL

THE OVERCONFIDENT MALE

"No woman is going to trap me until I'm ready," boasted Peter—the poor sap.

Peter Mason watched Mrs. Flanagan put a plate of eggs and bacon in front of him, and then march back into the kitchen, her back as stiff and uncompromising as a brick wall. He picked up his fork and speared a piece of bacon. He put it in his mouth and chewed reflectively. He was a sandy-haired young man, big-boned and lanky, with 20-20 gray eyes wrinkled at the corners.

Mrs. Flanagan, who was gray-haired and built along the lines of a flour barrel, came back and put a cup of coffee beside Peter.

"Look, Mrs. Flanagan," he said, "time marches on. Be sensible."

Mrs. Flanagan sniffed.

"Just because this house has been in the family for seventy-five years doesn't mean that you and I are expected to rattle around inside like a pair of dice." He waved a hand. "It's insane. Fifteen rooms, four fireplaces, two dens, a library, seven bedrooms. Why ——"

"I'm just thankful that your dear mother isn't here. This house, which has entertained a Vice-President, a Secretary of State, a ——"

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"And a queen. Don't forget the queen. And don't give me that teary-eyed routine. It doesn't become a Flanagan."

"I'll thank you to have some respect for my gray hairs, young man. I wiped your nose and changed your diapers, and ——"

Peter winced. "O.K.," he said hastily, "So you did. Stop bringing that up every time we discuss this house."

Of course, Mrs. Flanagan didn't have a leg to stand on except the nebulous but very secure leg which thirty years' service to the Mason family gave her.

"You still plan on ignoring your great-grandfather's will?"

"The old boy was a sticky sentimentalist," Peter said, "besides being a little touched in the head concerning the Civil War."

"You aren't going to honor the part that says, 'their heirs forever'?"

"Holy Toledo!" Pete screamed. "This place wasn't even built for a home. It was built by eight Civil War veterans as a clubhouse, so they could stomp through the halls shouting, 'By gad, sir, I tell you the youngsters don't know what war is. Why, at Shiloh ——'"

"Built as a shrine," Mrs. Flanagan said. "A dedicated shrine. And now you're planning on ——"

"Shrine!" Peter scoffed. "As you well know, it was a club, and great-granddad the last surviving member. Each man left his share to the survivors. So it was his when they all died. The deed is in order, and I own it, to do what I please, and ——"

"Morally," she said, "you don't own it."

"You mean because great-granddad said in his will that this house was to be used, any time, by the heirs of the original members forever? It's ridiculous. Nobody can be expected to honor a will like that forever, on the chance that some great-grandson will want to spend a couple of days here."

"Nobody," Mrs. Flanagan said, "except a man of honor."

"Mrs. Flanagan," Pete said desperately, "I am an airplane driver for North Coast Airlines. I am paid a certain sum for sitting on my backside and seeing to it that the passengers don't collect on their air-line insurance. It's a good job, but I can't support a mansion. Four doctors have made me an offer. They're turning it into a clinic."

"Seems to me," Mrs. Flanagan said, "that if one of the heirs wanted to camp here indefinitely, you'd have the devil's own time getting him out, clinic or no clinic."

"The heirs!" Peter yelped. "Not one of them has been here for seventeen years, as you well know." Peter took the last bite of his breakfast and stood up. "Furthermore, if they want to camp here, they can help pay the taxes."

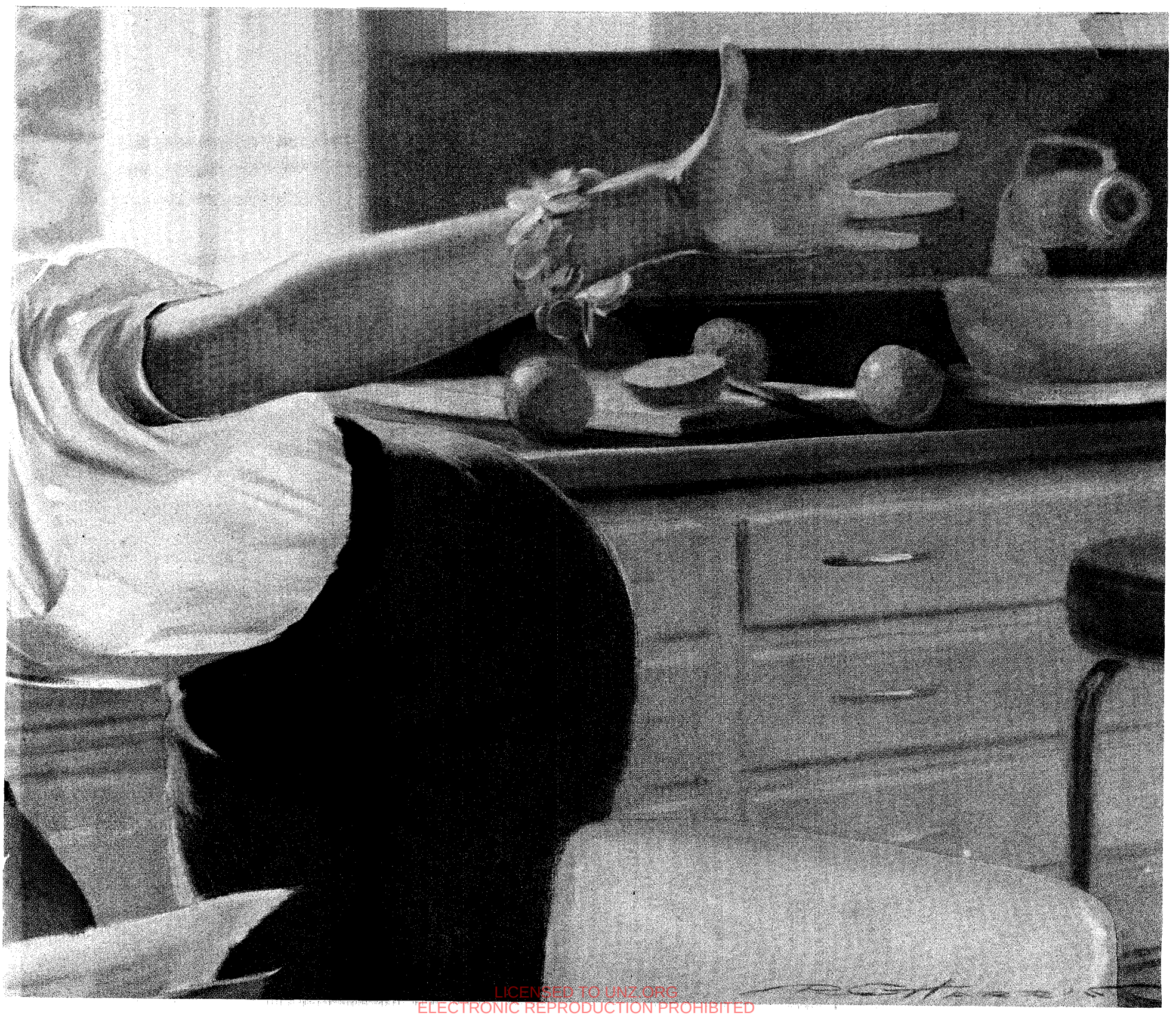
"Why don't you find some nice girl and raise enough kids to fill this place?"

"Are you starting that again?"

"In my day," Mrs. Flanagan said, "young men didn't lallygag around half their lives before starting a family."

"In your day young men weren't saddled with some white elephant. If I get this monument to the Civil War off my back, maybe I can straighten up (Continued on Page 166)

"Next thing you'll be telling me I wear too much lipstick," Nancy said. "How is it now, about right?"



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Godfrey says he is primarily a salesman. Here he plugs a product with the help of Mrs. Peter Harlib, who won $25,000 in a baking contest held by one of his sponsors.

Janette Davis, Arthur Godfrey and his long-time friend, Walter Winchell. Winchell "discovered" Godfrey in 1934 when he tuned in on Arthur's radio marathon.

This is My Story

By ARTHUR GODFREY as told to Pete Martin

A small-time disk jockey kept people awake in forty-eight states on the memorable night of the first nonstop program. By dawn, Arthur was famous.

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PART FIVE

It was about six o'clock on the evening of January 2, 1934. In a flare-up of temper, I had just quit my job with NBC in Washington. I'll never forget the somber hours that followed.

It wasn't too cold, but it was snowing. I limped along on two canes from the Press Building, where the studios used to be, up F Street to 15th, across Pennsylvania Avenue and into Lafayette Square opposite the White House. The mansion was ablaze with light as F.D.R., nearing the end of his first year in office, was probably entertaining some dignitaries. When I left the studios, I was seething in righteous indignation. By the time I reached the center of the square, I had cooled off more than somewhat despite the exertion of the walk. I sat down on one of the benches and it was quiet. There was no wind at all and the gentle hiss of the falling snow was the only sound except an occasional passing vehicle on Pennsylvania Avenue. Washington was something less than half a million souls in those days. There was no mad rush of traffic such as we see today, and in bad weather most folks stayed home.

I sat there thinking. *Godfrey, you fool, you shouldn't have*

(Continued on Page 173)

NEXT WEEK

Arthur Godfrey reveals in full for the first time the real reasons why he fired Julius LaRosa, the Mariners, Marion Marlowe, Haleloke and others.

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Señorita of Minnesota

By HUGH B. CAVE

Pete had a special reason for studying Spanish. Her name was Angélica Rosita Amalia Ortiz.

He trudged across the slush-covered campus to the brown bungalow on Teachers' Row, thumped up the porch steps and, feeling foolish, laid a large, cold thumb on the bell. This was probably for kids, this business, and he was a week shy of being twenty-nine years old.

The door was opened by a small, slender blonde in sweater and skirt, obviously one of the students.

"Roy Peterson," he said. "Guess I'm late. You suppose Miss Ekstrand will send me home for an excuse?"

The blonde smiled and said, "I don't think so, Mr. Peterson. Please come in."

There were rubbers and girls' snow boots in the hall, so he shucked his overshoes before following the girl into the living room. The five persons seated there eyed him curiously and the blonde handed him a book.

"Sit anywhere," she said. "That big chair ought to suit a man your size." Her gaze followed him until he was seated. "I'm Miss Ekstrand," she added then.

Pete swallowed. On signing up for the course he had scowled long at the name "Hulda Ekstrand" and thought: *From the land of the deep snows, like me; a Brunhild, to be sure.* The vision of a huge and humorless instructor had almost scared him into chucking the whole idea.

"Mrs. Barnett, shall we begin?" Miss Ekstrand turned to the white-haired little woman on Pete's right, and for Pete's benefit added, "We thought we'd introduce ourselves by stating our reasons for being here."

Mrs. Barnett, wife of the local druggist, smiled self-consciously and replied in a whisper that she didn't really hope to get out of Shelton at her age, but she did love to read about far-off places.

"Someday you'll travel," Miss Ekstrand said with gentle conviction. "I'm sure you will. . . . And you, Mr. Otis?"

"My uncle owns a travel agency," Mr. Otis said, bored and sprawling. "Wants me to learn the business."

Miss MacLean and Miss Gibson were college students down in their marks. So was Mr. DeNucci.

(Continued on Page 52)

"When you come to my country I will teach you how the mambo is done properly," Angélica murmured.

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There'll Always be Water Wheels

Even in the atom age water wheels still provide cheap power for many farmers and small manufacturers. Here are some of the ingenious ways they are put to use today.

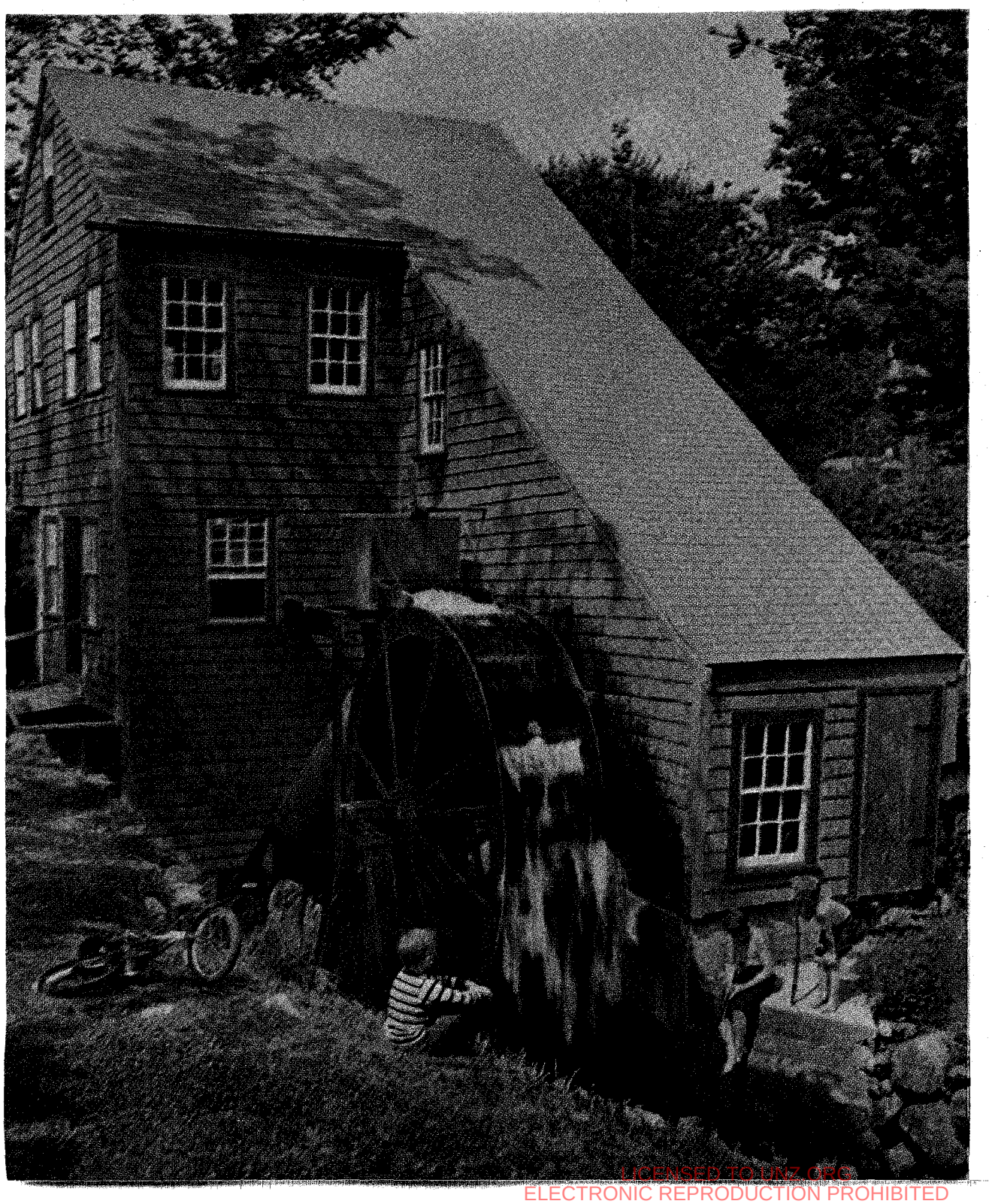
Some folks like the atom. It is modern and stylish. John S. Fitz likes the raindrop, which is old and somewhat outmoded. Both are forces of nature, both are tiny, and both, Fitz agrees, pack a tremendous wallop—the atom when it bursts, the raindrop when it falls. The raindrop's wallop, he thinks, is easier to understand and cope with. So, others can build cyclotrons. He will go on building water wheels.

That's what his family has been doing for three generations. Samuel Fitz, his grandfather, started the Fitz Water Wheel Company at Hanover, Pennsylvania, in 1840, when water wheels were used everywhere to power American industry. John Fitz, his father, developed the steel water wheel, bringing it to high efficiency. John S. Fitz, the third in the succession, carried the business on when most water-wheel companies were folding. It is one of the few firms left in the United States making the old-style, nonturbine type of water wheels, and instead of dragging its heels in the wake of "progress," the company is doing very nicely.

It is amazing to learn through his guidance how many water wheels are still turning in the year 1955; how many new ones are being bought; how many old ones are being kept in working condition to furnish cheap, reliable power for a great variety of purposes.

"Dozens of mills," Fitz said recently, "are using water wheels on small water-power sites to do a business of a million or more a year. Many of them earn (Continued on Page 162)

By NEIL M. CLARK



This Rowley, Mass., millrace was built in 1643. The steel water wheel here provides the A. Clayton Parker family with power for their home and business.

Spring Grove, Pa.: A special corn meal ground on a water-wheel-powered millstone is the key ingredient in these Pennsylvania Dutch johnnycakes made by Mrs. Elmer Stambaugh.

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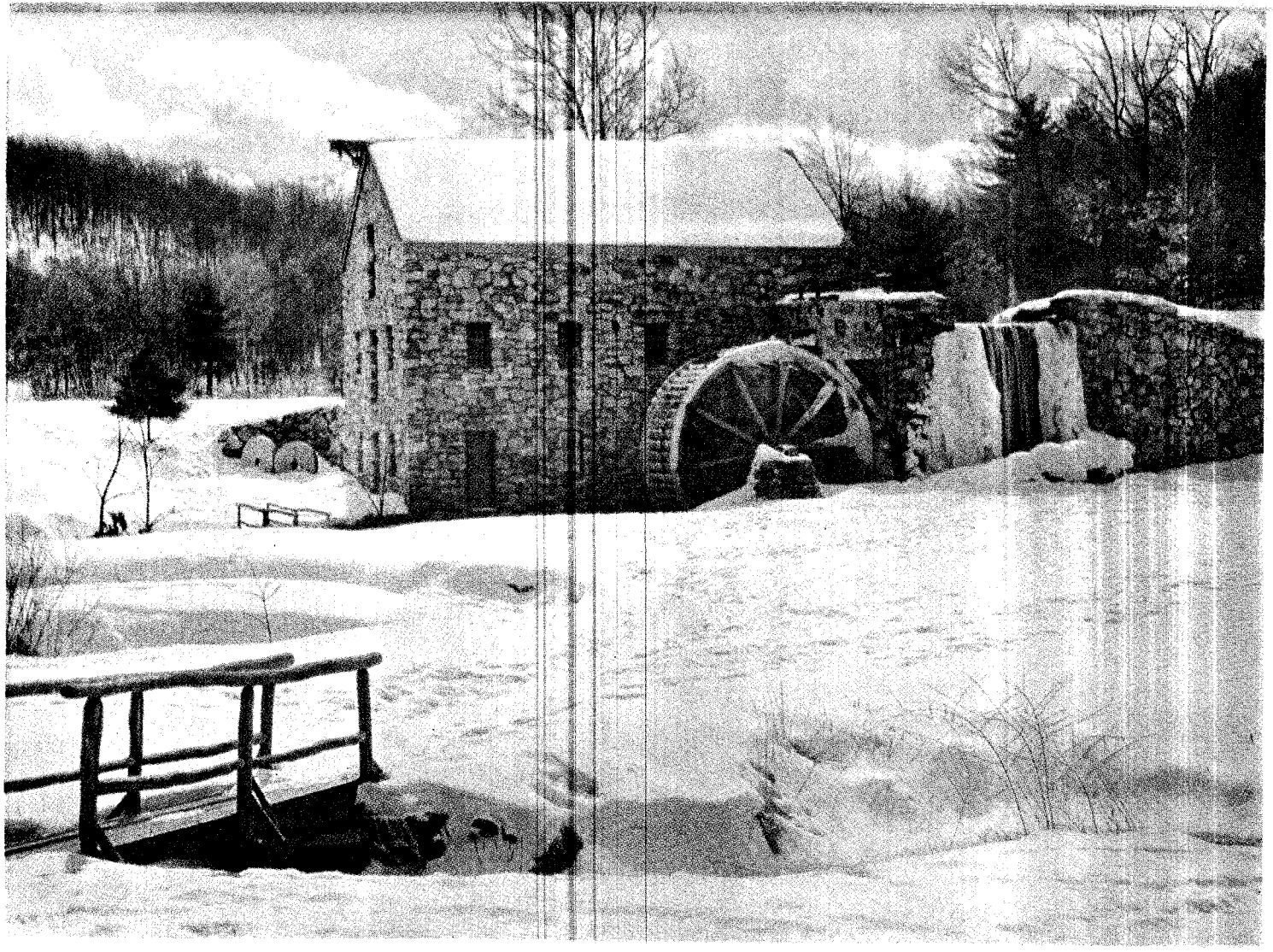
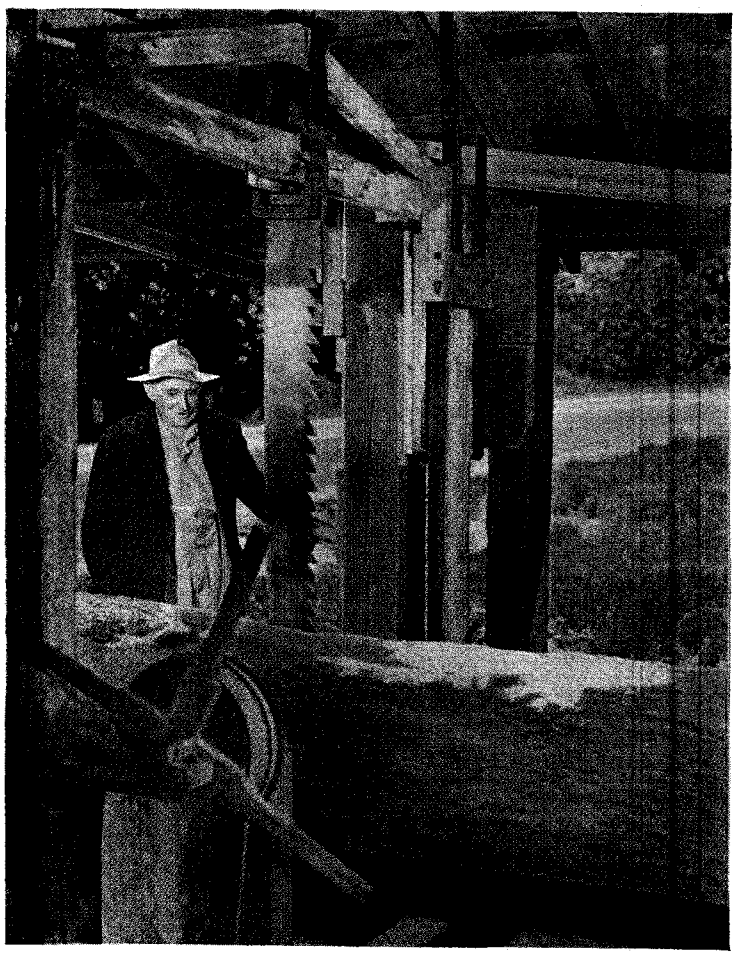
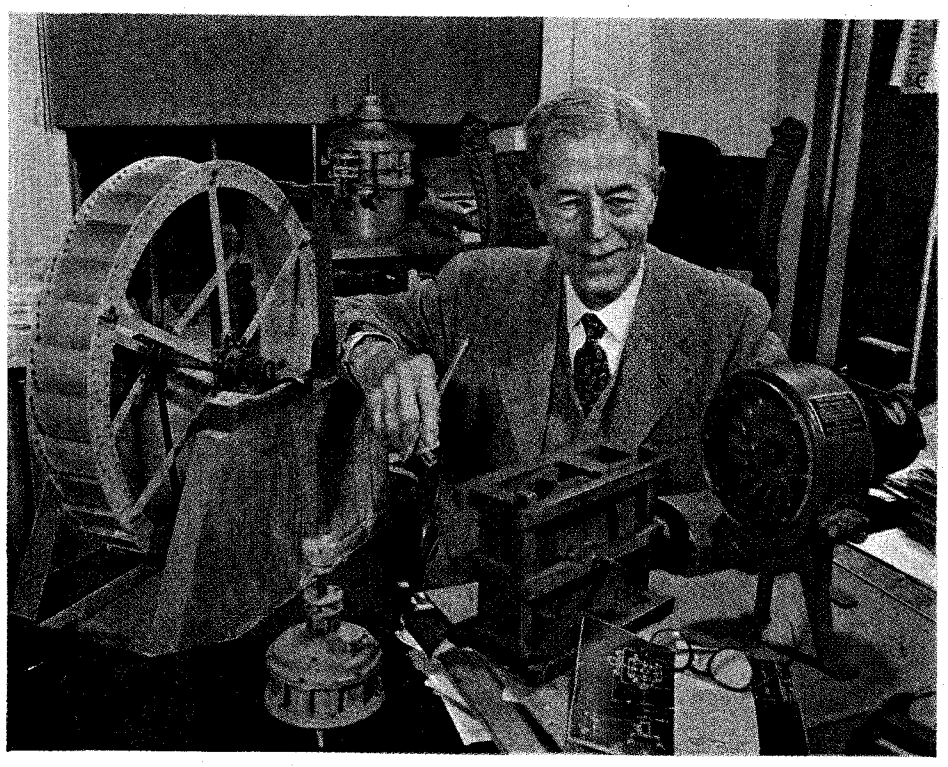


The Wayside Grist Mill, powered by a water wheel, is a reproduction built by the late Henry Ford in South Sudbury, Mass. Visitors may watch corn meal being ground for the nearby Wayside Inn, made famous by poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



The pride and joy of Ernest Ballard, 84, is this rare, water-powered up-and-down sawmill he erected at his home in Derry, New Hampshire.



John S. Fitz is one of the few remaining manufacturers of the old-style water wheels. On his desk in his Hanover, Pennsylvania, factory are models of some of his firm's products.

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The Burning Hills

There were only two ways Jordan could escape—and both of them were blocked.

By LOUIS L'AMOUR

She fought fiercely, with almost tigerish wickedness, yet he held her and drew her close.

Tom A. Smith

Trace Jordan opened his eyes and stared at the woman kneeling beside him. He had to be delirious. No such woman could be in this lonely place. Then she turned her head and looked at him.

"How you feel?" she asked abruptly.

Jordan tried to speak. "Good," he said finally, indicating the poultice she had used on his wounded hip. "Feels good."

A few days ago, Trace had been a wild-horse hunter with no troubles. Then a group of marauders from the Sutton-Bayless ranch raided Trace's camp, killing his partner, Johnny Hendrix, and stealing his horses.

In revenge, Trace had shot and killed Old Bob Sutton in a gun fight. Guided by Jacob Lantz, a skillful tracker, the men from Sutton's ranch set out in pursuit of Jordan. Ben Hindeman was in command of the ranch hands. Once, Jordan was cornered. But he shot his way out and, though wounded, made a temporary escape.

Weak from loss of blood, Trace took refuge on an almost inaccessible ledge on the face of a cliff. There he passed out. When Trace came to, he was astonished to find a beautiful Mexican girl caring for him.

The girl who found Jordan was Maria Cristina Chavero. She hated the Suttons for killing her father. Despite the danger of re-

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prisal by the Suttons and against the advice of her brother, Vicente, Maria Cristina continued to aid Jordan. And when arrogant young Jack Sutton threatened her, Maria Cristina shot and wounded him.

Jordan knew that his hiding place would soon be discovered. In the daytime, Trace could hear the Sutton riders as they continued their search. And at night, Jordan could see the campfire of his pursuers on the mesa across from his hide-out.

II

Jacob Lantz was beside the fire and Jack Sutton was there with him, and a half dozen others. All were tired and the older men disgusted. The younger ones found it a welcome relief from range work, but all were determined. Only Jacob Lantz was tasting the bread of bitterness. For the first time in years he had lost a trail he could not again find. Jordan had eluded him, either escaping clear out of the country or having hidden himself securely.

The trail had simply vanished. Nor was it possible to say exactly where it had vanished. Sutton did not believe Jordan had ever mounted the mesa, and Hindeman was inclined to agree. Lantz was positive Jordan had reached the mesa, but could not explain why he believed it. He had seen only two fresh tracks atop the mesa, and neither could be indentified as those of the hunted man.

Jordan had lost blood—much blood. Yet he had kept moving and at no time had he failed to use his head. Such a man was dangerous. Lantz knew nothing of Jordan, but he could read a trail and he knew that Jordan knew wild country and how to cover a trail. And he used none of the obvious methods. Nor had he done the same thing twice.

The country through which they moved was wild and broken. It lay upon the border between New Mexico and Arizona to the north, and Sonora and Chihuahua to the south. Water holes were few, and the country south of the border was without population for more than fifty miles into Mexico.

In the past there had been bitter fighting along the border, but only Pablo Chavero had lasted against the hard-fighting Sutton-Bayless outfit, and then he, too, had gone down. Yet if the hunted man were to get aid from any source, it could only be that one family.

"Vicente's yellow," Mort Bayless said.

"That girl isn't," Hindeman said.

"We'd see it, if she helped him," Joe Sutton argued. "This country's all wide open."

"Then why don't we see him?"

Lantz ignored the conversation, considering the girl. She had no love for any gringo—that much he knew. But most of all she had no love for any Sutton or Bayless. The question was: Would she risk all they had by incurring the Sutton anger? She might.

He set himself to watch the girl. Vicente, he soon realized, was worried. It showed in the young Mexican's restlessness and in the way his eyes kept searching the hills. A man of lesser perception might believe he knew something, but Lantz surmised the truth. Vicente wanted no trouble, and with the Sutton riders in the hills trouble could come at any moment.

Lantz settled himself among the sparse growth above the canyon. He had his glasses with him and he could watch the movement around the house. His was an infinite patience. Neither hours nor days had any meaning when he was on the hunt, and his eyes missed nothing.

At dusk he watched Maria Cristina and Juanito bring in the sheep. They were penned near the house, the big dogs were fed, and smoke lifted lazily from the chimney. Vicente came out and chopped wood. Lantz would see the ax rise, then fall, and some time later he would hear the sound, mellowed by distance. The setting sun edged the shadows with somber orange, as of distant fires blazing. Jacob Lantz lit his pipe and waited. Now would be the time.

Yet nothing happened. The fingered pinnacles grew tall, the deeper canyons swallowed darkness. Maria Cristina came from the house and he poised like a hound at a vagrant scent, but she merely checked the corral bars and returned inside. And then that canyon, too, was lost in darkness. Only the two visible windows glowed. The night grew cool. Perhaps he was mistaken. Perhaps they knew nothing. Yet he could go closer at night. . . .

At dusk Trace Jordan rolled from his blankets and, taking his time, crawled to the edge of the cliff. From behind the screen of brush he looked into the canyon.

For the first time he could appreciate the situation. Below him the canyon was less than a hundred yards wide, but within a short distance it widened into a broad flat. The canyon was actually a hanging valley that dropped off, some two miles away, into the vast flat that lay on both sides of the border, and it was that flat where Sutton-Bayless cattle grazed.

In the foreground, almost in the center of the widest part of the canyon, lay the Chavero homestead. The canyon at that point was well-grassed, and along the lower slopes of the canyon where it was not too steep to be grazed he could see the telltale signs of sheep-fat, antelope bush and other plants that were excellent stock feed.

Once, his eyes seemed to catch a flicker of movement on the steep canyon side across the way. After watching for a long time, he decided he was mistaken.

He lay watching the canyon until the night was wholly dark, unaware that on the opposite slope Lantz was also watching. Feeling a faint chill, he crawled back to his blankets. He lay a long time, sick and exhausted by his efforts, before he could muster the strength to eat a tortilla and a small bit of jerky. He took his time, savoring the food and chewing a long time to make it last.

The girl was taking a great risk and he had no right to permit it, yet he had little choice. Obviously, the Suttons believed him in the vicinity or the chase would long ago have gone on. And how long would this hiding place remain unfound? Suppose from the cliff opposite someone glimpsed a darkness where his shelter was? Or detected some chance movement of his?

(Continued on Page 120)

"We got him, Ben," said Lantz. "We got him right where we want him."

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Homemaker Harriet Rawcliffe looks after the needs of John Downey, an East Orange, N.J., bachelor who has to take it easy because of a heart condition.

The Essex County Service, begun in 1948, is the brain child of Mrs. Asher Yaguda and Mrs. Thomas Delaney.

How to Keep a Home Running

By Don Murray

It's easy for a doctor to prescribe rest and quiet. But how can a busy wife and mother follow such a regimen? Here's the way Essex County, New Jersey, solves this bitter dilemma.

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Mamie Davis makes sure that Roberta and Loretta Mills get plenty of loving care while their mother is hospitalized.

Homemaker Mary Wright took care of little Cynthia and Dorothy Tucker when their mother had a third baby.

At the service headquarters, Supervisor Gertrude Radel uses dollhouse to train Homemakers.

A young woman sat quietly in an East Orange, New Jersey, doctor's office. As the doctor spoke professionally of the heart condition he had discovered, the woman gripped her hands until her knuckles were bone-white. The doctor talked about a new way of life: rest every afternoon, get to bed early and get up late; no heavy lifting, no dashing up and down stairs. He tried to make it sound simple, easy, possible, but she knew it was impossible.

Her mind raced out of the doctor's office to her home. She was a mother with three children, a housewife with a home and a husband. There were laundry and dishes and cooking and cleaning. She had diapers to wash, socks to mend, beds to make, errands to run. They had customers to entertain and bills to pay. The doctor read her face and handed her a slip of paper.

"This is a prescription, but it's different from any you've ever had before. It's a prescription for a Homemaker. I've talked to Miss Thompson, whose telephone number is written down here. You call her and someone will be out to help you tomorrow. Don't worry, you'll be able to afford it; the woman will be trained, and what's more, you'll get to like her. Remember, you can live a full and happy life if you take it easy. That prescription in your hand is more important than all the medicine I can give you."

The next day a cheery, gray-haired woman in a blue-and-white uniform arrived at the home. She shared a pot of coffee with the worried young mother and talked over what they were going to do. Before noon the Homemaker had done the shopping, taking two of the children with her. She prepared lunch and fed the baby. Then, while the mother slept, the Homemaker ran up two light washes, picked up the living room and put a casserole in the oven, setting the timer so it would be done after the husband was home. When the mother woke from her nap, she was relaxed and able to spend some time with her children. As the Homemaker left, saying, "See you tomorrow," the mother realized the new way of life was possible.

That is just what the Homemakers want to do—make it possible for people who are sick to live with their sickness, yet live as normally as possible. They are an important part of the medical team of doctor and surgeon, registered and practical nurse, X-ray technician and therapist in Essex County, New Jersey—and an official part of that team, for Homemakers are sent out only when a private physician states such care is a medical necessity. When a doctor sends home a patient who has just undergone an operation, the Homemaker steps in. When the patient is a housewife, the Homemaker can do the kneeling and shoving and bending and pulling and pushing that are part of housework. When the patient is a man or a child, the Homemaker frees the housewife to be a nurse and a companion. And that can be good preventive medicine. A wife who has to care for a

(Continued on Page 159)

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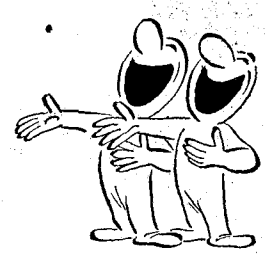

Post Scripts

Letters You'd Better Not Postpone Any Longer

292 Carolina Lane
Palo Alto

Dec 3

Dear Cousin Ethel,

We're simply delighted that you and Bob and the ~~kids~~ youngsters plan to visit us over the Christmas holidays-- it seems like years instead of only 3 months sinceyou were all here over that nice long Labor Day week-end! I meant to write sonner but Johnny's had chicken-pox, and now I learn that all three have been exposed to mumps!!-- so the guestroom is now the Isolation Ward, but you remember that lovely new hotel here, the Park Vista? If you'll just drop them a line I know they'll be able to put you all up in fine style and...

Ivy Hall
3 Dec

Dearest Gram + Gramp—

Heavens, how "tempus" does "fugit"! It just doesn't seem possible Christmas is almost here (and semester finals-Oww!) Thanks loads for those smooth brownies— I simply inhaled them, although it's funny, I haven't gained a pound— at least, I still wear a size 12 (bust 34, hips 35) although I like sweaters a little larger because that is how we wear them here. so a 36 is best especially in a cashmere...

Sat. Dec. 3

Mr. Steve Kossman
Pres., European Motors Ltd.
119 Sanjacinto Pl. L.A.

Dear Uncle Steve,

WellI just thot I'd dropyou a line to say I ~~am~~ caught a picture of you and that new speed bomb of yours in one of the moter mags and man, is it cool!? I'll bet youve reallygot a herd of horsesunder that hood and man, those nags really cost. I'll bet you would flip if you saw my heap, I mean it is strictly from Outer Space butI got a set of these cool wire wheels and they are not two bad and I think someday ~~when I have a little extra scratch~~ I might supercharge her. A fellow I know put one of these new breath-and-blow jobs on his and it is really the most. So I guess I'll really start saving the old coins, ha ha. School is Okay. Hope you are Okay and have a swell Christmas and....

1123 King Bldg.
Cincinnati, O.

December 3, 1955

The Old Friendly Pal Loan Co.
22 Front Street
City

Dear Sirs,

A few weeks ago I received in the mail a brochure containing information on your new loan policy but unfortunately threw it away. Am now interested in details concerning the possibility of placing a 3rd mortgage of moderate size on my house. Thank you for any.....

2015 SW 17th Ave.
Portland 1, Oregon
December 3

Ye Cape Codde Gyfte Shoppe
1 Strawberry Patch Rd.
Cape Codd, Mass.

Dear Sirs,

I want to order six (6) of those little ceramic artichoke-butter dishes on page 22 of your Christmas catalog, 2 Dusty Rose, 2 Marigold, and 2 Hyacinth. Please monogram the 2 Dusty Rose with LHS, and the Marigold JRB and the Hyacinth PBL (Olde English initials on Dusty Rose ONLY, the others modern). Please giftwrap the 2 Marigold and send to below address, my gift-card is enclosed, but you do not need to giftwrap the others, just send to me at above address altho if the Hyacinth is too deep a purple I would prefer Bachelor Button Blue with no initials. My check for $1.25 is enclosed.....

Saturday

Dear Antie Lou and Uncle Chet,

Thank you very much for what you gave me last Christmas, I liked it very much. Thank you very much. This Christmas I hope I get another Davy Croket pistel because it does not work any more and a skin diver suit and a TV set for my room and....

-- Peg Bracken.

"What I like most about you,
Elsie, is that you're such a good sport!"

BOB BARNES THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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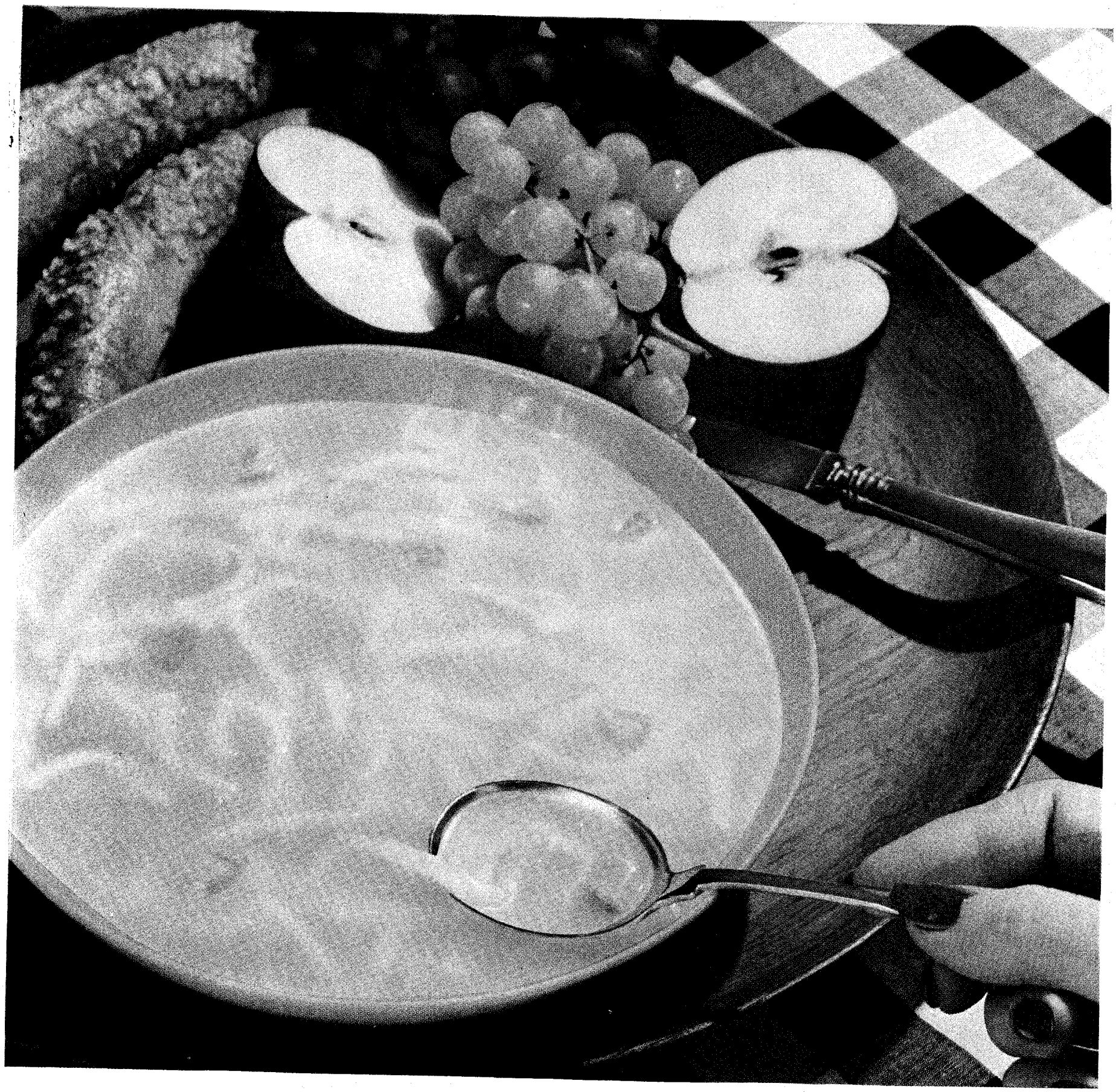
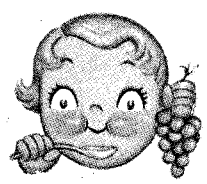


Meal for a weight watcher—SOUP and FRUIT!



M'm! M'm! Good!

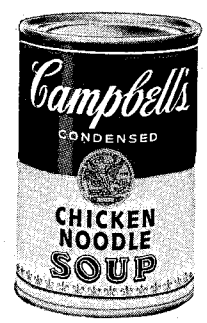
Here's a tempting lunch or a light supper that packs enough goodness to carry you through to the next meal. Yet it's really low in calories!

First and foremost: Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. A sound soup if ever we tasted one—chockful of golden egg noodles, and flavor-full of country chicken—the best of the white and the dark meat, too.

You can choose almost any Campbell's Soup. A cream soup or Vegetable Soup or Beef Soup. Surround it with cool and frosty fruit—and you have a meal so good you feel better for it for hours!

Why? Because this light meal brings you just about everything a good meal should! Proteins, vitamins, minerals, energy—these you'll find aplenty, and you couldn't be getting them in a pleasanter way!

Today, watch your weight—and like it! Make one meal soup and fruit.



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth
VITAMINS and MINERALS—for vitality
CARBOHYDRATES—for energy
LIQUIDS—for digestion

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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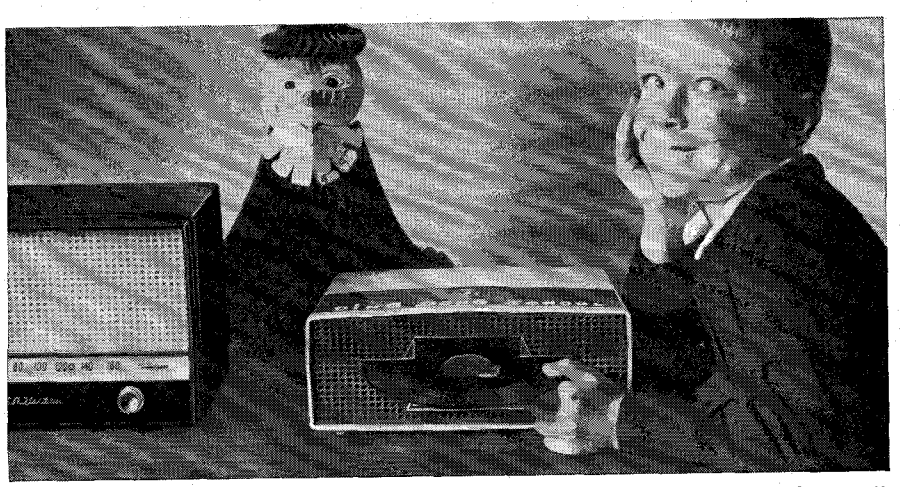
RCA VICTOR HAS A GIFT FOR MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY!

Give "The Gift That Keeps On Giving." Here are a few of many RCA Victor sets you'll find—priced just right—at your dealer's.

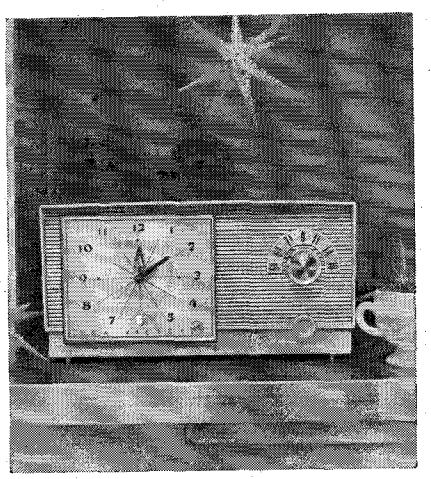
Playing Santa for someone special? Make sure your gift will please. Get an RCA Victor radio, "Victrola" phonograph or combination. It's one *gift* anyone will love at first sight—and for years to come.

Start your Christmas shopping on this page. Then have your dealer show you *all* the wonderful new RCA Victor table radios, clock-radios, portables, "Victrola" phonographs and record players.



From $14.95 to $35

Slide "45" record in slot and flip "Play-Bar." Red-and-white case with picture of Miss Frances of Ding Dong School.* Plugs into radio, TV phono-jack. (6JM25), $14.95
Other "Victrola" 45 players from $12.95.



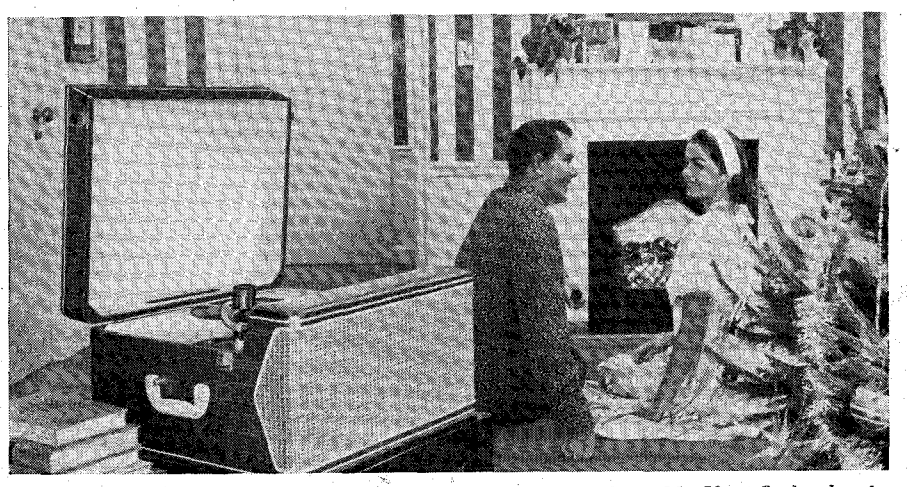
SOOTHES YOU AWAKE. The *Roommate*, RCA Victor's lowest priced clock-radio. *Three* colors: black, antique white, turquoise green. (6C5), $29.95

TRAVELING COMPANION. Non-breakable "Impac" case! The *Skyway*, 3-way portable in two-tone gray, two-tone green or ivory. (6BX6), $34.95
Other portable radios from $24.95.

From $35 to $60

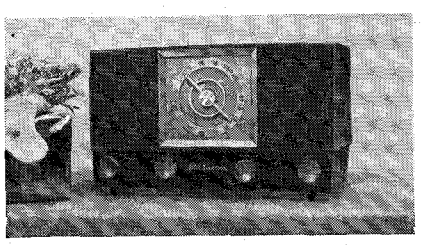
SMALL SIZE, BIG VOLUME. Radio-"Victrola" 45 Slide-O-Matic combination. Only 5⅜" high. "Golden Throat" tone. Black with gray or antique white with turquoise. (6XY5), $44.95

LOOK—NO ELECTRIC CORD. Now you can play your records anywhere—on *batteries*. It's the *Skipper*, RCA Victor's exciting new battery-operated "Victrola" 45 *phonograph and radio* combination. In sparkling white with bright red grille or velvety black with gray grille. (6BY4), $59.95

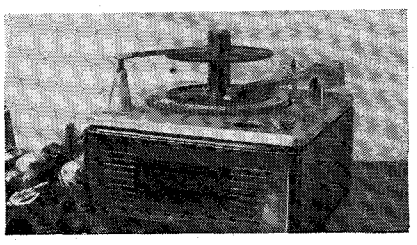


From $60 to $120

HI-FI THAT TRAVELS. Portable New Orthophonic High Fidelity "Victrola" 3-speed phonograph. Panoramic 3-speaker system. In rich brown leatherette. (7HFP1), $119.95



DOUBLE ENJOYMENT. Twin-speaker AM-FM radio—the *Lindsay*. Superb reception. "Golden Throat" tone. Phono jack. Ebony finish. (6XF9), $69.95
Other table radios from $19.95.



PLAYS ALL THREE . . . 45, 33⅓ and 78 rpm records. Famous "Golden Throat" tone. Smartly styled cabinet in rich, black finish. (6ES3), $64.95
Other 3-speed phonographs from $29.95.

RCA VICTOR
Tmks.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
CAMDEN 8, NEW JERSEY

*Ding Dong School is a National Broadcasting Company Inc. Service and trademark.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised prices shown, subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in far West and South. • See Milton Berle, Martha Raye alternately on NBC-TV, 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. And don't miss NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or black-and-white, Monday, December 12.

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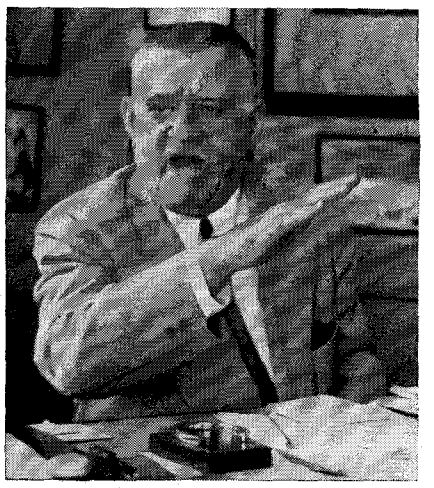
BOSS OF THE BEHEMOTHS

By W. C. Heinz

Bert Bell was reared in luxury, but after his playboy period he took over as the popular czar of the ungentle game called football, proving even a rich man's son can succeed.



Dictator Bell orders football broadcasters not to play up players' fights. "Just say, 'There's a little disturbance down there.'"

For several years the belief has been growing among qualified observers that Bert Bell, the strong and far-from-silent boss of professional football, is doing perhaps the best job of running a major sport in this country. Bell is now completing his tenth year as commissioner of the National Football League, which used to be a poor relation in the family of spectator sports. Today it is other sports that are hurting, while the pro league under Bell has risen to new heights of popularity and financial gain.

Most sports figures come up from lowly beginnings. Bell was a rich boy who made good. He has done it by working with all the determination and drive of the hungriest slum product. After watching Bell power his way through a typical day not long ago, a representative of the rival Canadian football interests observed admiringly, "If we had a man like him, we'd get straightened out in no time. We wouldn't have any worries."

A typical day for Bell may extend over sixteen hours, and open and close with his hand on a telephone. He makes about $10,000 worth of phone calls a year, and they outnumber his letters about eight to one.

"Why write when you can say it?" he asks. "Besides, the way things are today, if you write 'these' instead of 'those,' some lawyer will try to make a Federal case out of it. I'm not tryin' to hide anything. I haven't got anything to hide. I'd just rather say it."

It would be impossible for Bell, using a telephone, to hide anything from anyone within a fifty-yard radius. His voice was trained to rise above the roar of a crowd during the years just before and after World War I, when he quarterbacked the football teams of the University of Pennsylvania. Now, when it lifts in excitement, his voice takes on the sound qualities of a circular power saw. It cuts through the league's three-room headquarters on Walnut Street in Philadelphia or the exclusive confines of the Racquet Club, to which Bell removes himself and his pocket file of league phone numbers at about lunchtime on most days.

"Sometimes my wife gets sore when the phone at home (Continued on Page 72)

Commissioner Bell (born de Benneville Bell) spends much time talking to the pros. You see him here in the dressing room of the Philadelphia Eagles.

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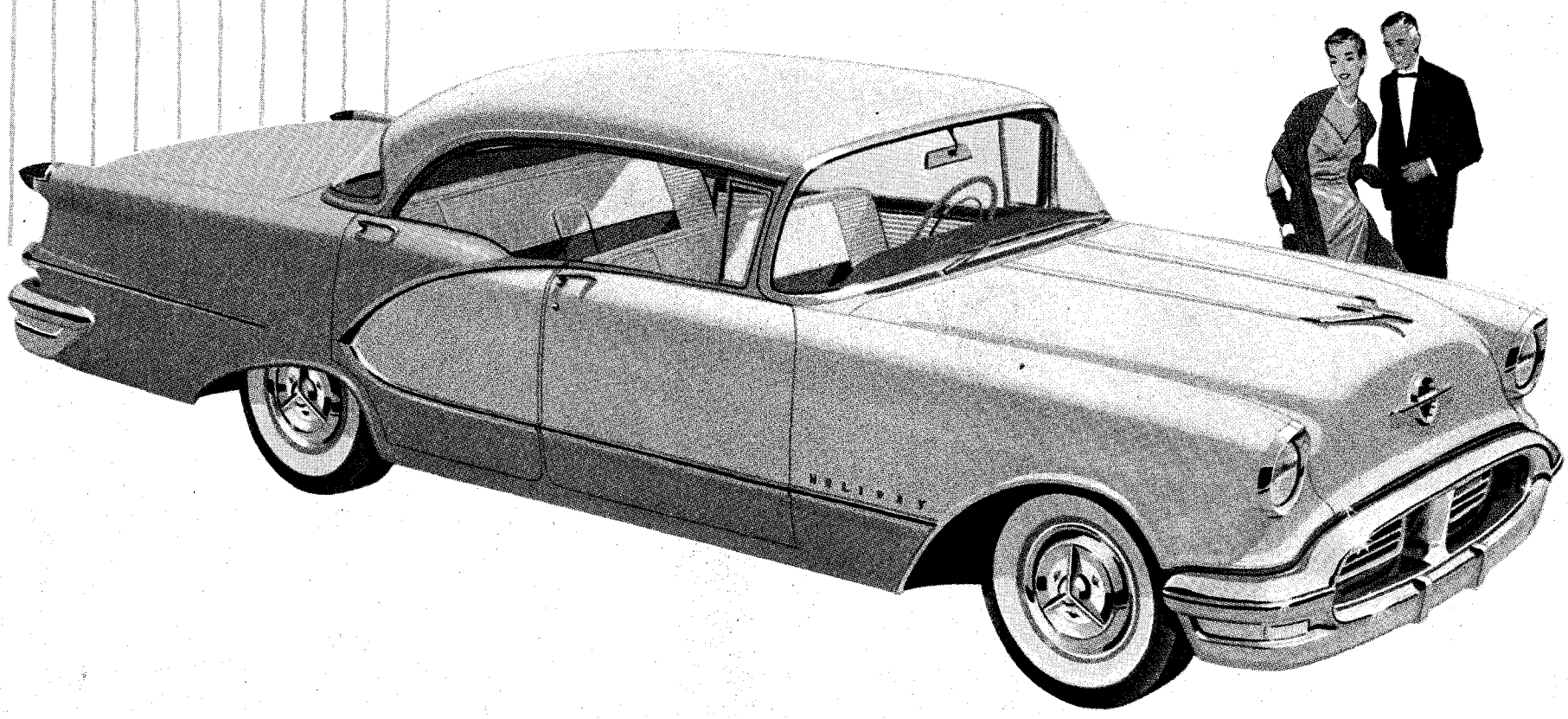
Presenting

THE FINE LINE OF DISTINCTION!



Inviting your inspection . . . a new masterpiece by Oldsmobile for '56! In this magnificent new Ninety-Eight, you see the splendor of *Starfire Styling* . . . beauty that's fresh and original, beauty that says Oldsmobile in an inspiring new way. New *Jetaway Hydra-Matic* gives you that perfect driving combination—wonderful smoothness and dazzling action! And the mightiest Rocket Engine ever, the *Rocket T-350*, powers this glorious new car. See this great new Oldsmobile at your dealer's now.

NEW NINETY-EIGHT BY OLDSMOBILE

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Emery Air Freight directors Ray Snyder, John Emery, Jim McNulty and Leonard Hunt keep tabs on traffic operations from their mid-Manhattan offices.

They Deliver the Goods— and Fast!

Frantic and profitable is aviation's biggest side line: Air freight. Every shipment is rush, and some are labeled "life or death."

By Richard Thruelsen

It started with a phone call one cold December evening several winters ago. Ray Snyder, general manager of the Emery Air Freight Corporation, was about to close up his desk in the company's New York office when he found himself talking to a customer some twenty miles outside the city.

"It was Lars Roos, in the traffic department of the Lederle Laboratories," relates Snyder. "Roos had a real rush job, he told me, so I got the night dispatcher in on the same line. It seemed that the Kentucky State Department of Health had just called Lederle for a substantial emergency shipment of antibotulism serum to treat a number of cases of the food poisoning which had been brought into a community hospital in the southeastern corner of the state—at a town in the mountains called Pineville. The stuff had to be there before morning. It was a matter of life or death. The serum would be ready to leave the Pearl River laboratories, across the Hudson, shortly after eight that evening. What could we do? I told Roos I'd call him right back."

Five minutes later Snyder called the laboratories and told them the serum could be routed on a Capital Airlines plane leaving New York at 10 P.M. and arriving at Knoxville, Tennessee, at 2:32 A.M. after a stop at Pittsburgh. Arrangements were made to transfer the shipment from the Lederle truck to an Emery station wagon at the George Washington Bridge.

"We knew we could save time that way, because our driver would know what to do when he got to the airport. Meanwhile, the dispatcher had called Capital, who agreed to hold the plane if necessary. Then we alerted Bob Easley, our Knoxville agent—he happens to run the airport (Continued on Page 64)

Los Angeles International Airport: Baby chicks ride up the conveyor as the Emery forwarder (cap) waits to load his cargo off the fork lift. Right: Nurse Betsy Rogers rushes a shipment of human tissue to the air-freight man. It's bound for the University of Oregon Medical School.

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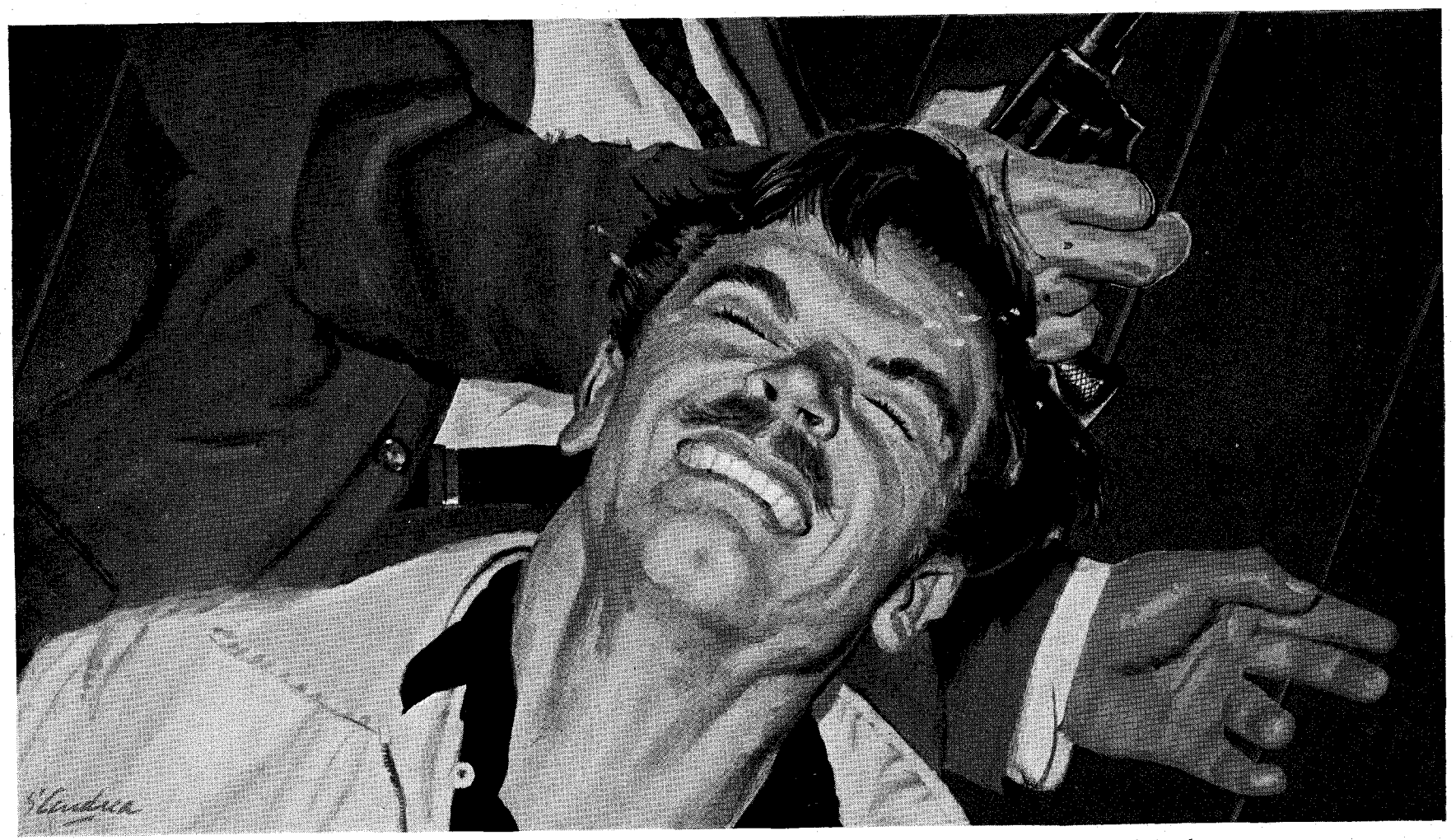

Brad had a glimpse of a brown shoe, a gray-trousered leg, and then there was a crushing impact on his head.

Death in the Wind

The murderer had a perfect out: Pin the crime on Brad Davis—and kill Davis.

By EDWIN LANHAM

"They found the Frenchman," Vern Gray announced quietly. "He was shot."

The dead man was the uncle of Brad Davis' adopted son, Pierre. He was called Frenchy, and he had entered this country illegally in hopes of extorting money from Brad's wealthy ex-wife, Ruth. He didn't get the money, but he knew something about Ruth's murder and he had hoped to sell his information to Brad.

Vern Gray, the state-police lieutenant at Menasset Harbor, Connecticut, had plenty of suspects, but little evidence. Ruth's second husband, Porter Bellows, had been playing poker at the time of the murder. Aside from Brad, the only other men who had reason to kill Ruth were two spurned suitors, Alex Fawcett and Mort Brewster.

Paula Trent, the daughter of a Menasset real-estate agent, had fallen in love with Brad and was trying to help clear him of implication in Ruth's murder. She hadn't told Lieutenant Gray that she had found Brad's watch near where Ruth's body was discovered.

The most important bit of detection had been turned in by little Pierre. He discovered that the number on the back of a photograph found in Frenchy's shack matched the number on a boat rented by a red-haired widow named Muriel Parker. Brad deduced that Frenchy had seen the boat at the scene of the crime and had jotted down the number.

Both Brewster and Fawcett had dated Mrs. Parker. Either one could have borrowed her boat. But when Brad checked into the matter, he got a surprise. The widow's neighbor said that Muriel Parker had been using the boat alone at the hour when Ruth was killed.

CONCLUSION

After lunch, Paula told her father all that had happened, and she was still in his den when a police car stopped in front of the house and Pierre called from a window, "The lieutenant is here, Paula, with Uncle Alex."

Vern Gray was coming up the porch steps, but Alex remained in the car. As Paula opened the door, the lieutenant said, "I want to see Pierre, Miss Trent."

"He's here," she said. "But why do you want him?"

"Alex says he didn't take that boat out," the lieutenant said. "He says he never used it without Mrs. Parker, and Monday night he was touring around, trying to get in touch with Mrs. Parker. He was in the Fisherman's Bar at eight o'clock, and again at eight-thirty, and a third time about nine, and meanwhile he visited the bar at the Menasset Manor and a couple of other places. I'm having all that checked, of course."

"He told me he was looking for her that night," Paula (Continued on Page 79)

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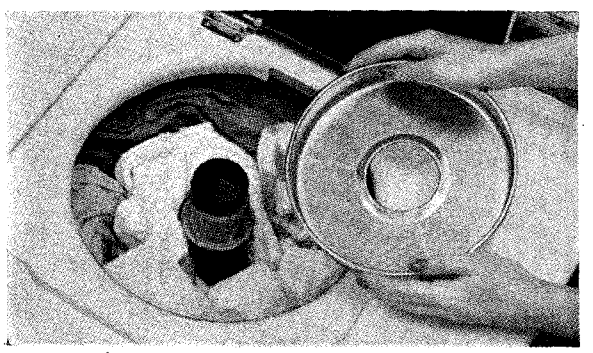
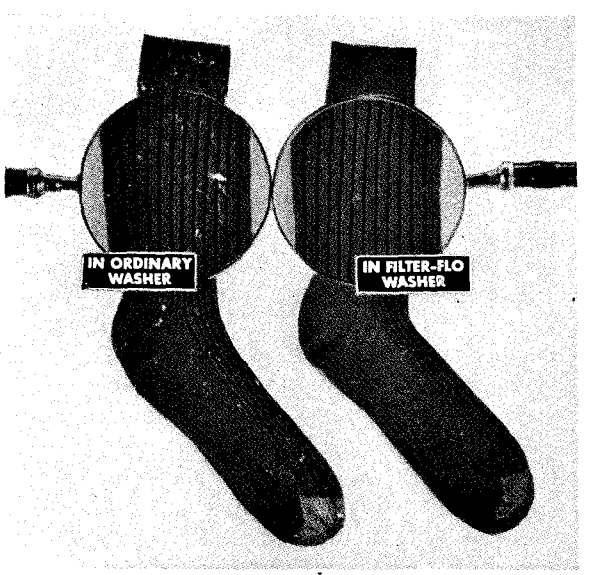
NEW 1956 G-E FILTER-FLO WASHER GIVES YOU CLEANER, BRIGHTER CLOTHES...NO LINT FUZZ!

Amazing Filter-Flo Washing cleans and re-cleans the water as you wash

Look for Filter-Flo System—today's most talked-about improvement in automatics. Only G.E. has it! Full tub of wash water is filtered five times during a wash cycle without wasting water or detergent. Above, you see lint and loose threads being removed as circulating water flows through the filter.



Slips out for easy cleaning. The filter fits on the Activator top, also holds detergent, dispensing it evenly dissolved through the wash. After clothes are placed in washer, slip the filter into place. After wash is over, slip it out to empty.



After 11 washings in an ordinary washer, socks at left were flecked with lint fuzz. After 11 washings the G-E Filter-Flo way, an identical pair (right) showed almost no lint. Washing in water that's cleaned and re-cleaned, leaves clothes sparkling.

Color-styled . . . General Electric Automatic Washers about $3.35* weekly. Choose from 5 Mix-or-Match colors: petal pink (shown), canary yellow, turquoise green, cadet blue, woodtone brown. Also white. Models with famous G-E Activator® Washing Action for every budget, from less than $200 with your old washer. Today's best buy. Also see the new G-E Dryer with Automatic Clothes Conditioning . . . at your G-E dealer's.

Removes lint, sand and soap scum automatically! Never again need you put up with linty wash water that leaves fuzz on clothes . . . or soap scum that dulls colors.

The marvelous new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons every minute to make sure clothes wash white and bright.

As the washbasket continuously overflows, sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is trapped in the filter which lets only cleansed, sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Big capacity, too. This G-E gives you over 50% more clothes capacity than many automatics. Water Saver Control lets you save water on small loads. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms.*

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DOUBLE EAGLE

needs filling only 3 times a year
in normal car use

For the best in batteries and battery service,
see your Goodyear dealer

GOODYEAR BATTERIES

Look for this sign—there's a Goodyear Dealer near you

Double Eagle—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Señorita of Minnesota

(Continued from Page 37)

"And Mr. Peterson?"

They all looked at Pete. Shelton was a smallish town and most of them knew what he was doing. Probably they wondered what a six-foot-three architectural engineer wanted with a Romance language.

"Guess I just want to use up time," he said warily. "Sitting around the Shelton House every evening is dull business."

He saw the smile come again, briefly, to Miss Ekstrand's expressive mouth. "But why Spanish?" she asked.

Pete defiantly returned her gaze, not failing to note that she was the best-looking female in the room even though she annoyed him. A man's love life was his own business, wasn't it?

"I've got a fellow working for me who swears in Spanish," he said. "It's time I found out what he's calling me."

Miss Ekstrand laughed and opened her book.

It was not so awful. Pete had had some Spanish in high school, and under Miss Ekstrand's patient prodding it began to stir in its sleep. The book, too, was made to order for him. Right from the word "go" it barreled down the Pan American Highway into Spanish America.

He had a special interest in Spanish America. Her name was Angélica Rosita Amalia Ortiz, and at the moment she and her father were sojourning in Shelton.

At nine-thirty Miss Ekstrand closed her book. "*Hasta viernes*—until Friday," she said. "By the way, I'm supposed to remind all students that the Drama Group is giving a play tomorrow evening in Ellis Hall. Is anyone going?"

She happened to be looking at Pete, but he stretched out of his chair without comment. Where Roy Peterson was going tomorrow evening, and whom with, was nobody's business but his own.

A chill drizzle was falling when he quit work the following afternoon. Driving down to the hotel from the college science building—or what would be the science building when it was finished—he thought dreamily of palm trees and white-sand beaches.

At the hotel desk, stopping for his mail, he grinned at Joe LaPlante, the proprietor, and said, "*Buenas noches, señor.*"

Joe rubbed a prominent nose. "*Bon soir*, you mean, Mr. Peterson. Me, I'm from Quebec."

"Don't confuse me," Pete said.

He practiced his Spanish aloud in the shower and mentally while shaving, and was annoyed when McGinnis, a salesman, latched onto him in the dining room and yakked about light fixtures all through supper. At seven he drove up the hill to the home of Matthew Newton, Shelton's leading citizen. He was no stranger in the enormous white house. Through four years of college it had been a second home to him. He and Johnny Newton, Matthew's only son, had palled around and played football together. They'd been together at Kaesong the night Johnny was killed. Matthew was responsible for Pete's return to Shelton.

There was the rub. Not brains, but Matthew, had brought him back. He had submitted plans for the new college buildings because Matthew insisted on it. His plans had been selected over others because Matthew's money had an eloquent tongue. Matthew could talk about "talent" and "genius" until the cows came home, but nobody was kidding Roy Peterson.

Matthew opened the door, and in the vast, high-ceilinged living room Pete shook the hand of little Señor Ortiz. Ortiz was not a man you spoke bad Spanish to; his English was as sharp as his lively black eyes. Pete's greeting was a respectful "Good evening, sir."

But when the little man's tall and willowy daughter came gliding down the stairs, Pete

(Continued on Page 56)

The Perfect Squelch

One of the local doctors was known for his wealthy clientele and the size of his bills, which was evidenced in his elaborate mode of living. One cold winter night when his heating system broke down, he put in an emergency call to the town repairman.

The repairman came out to the house, discovered the trouble and, after looking through his truck, found what he needed. The doctor watched nervously, with constant remarks about the high cost of repairs.

When the bill was toted, the doctor took one look at it and gasped in horror. "Why, that's even more than I charge for a house call."

The repairman paused from gathering up his tools and replied, "Well, doc, you see, I always replace the worn-out parts."

Winifred Bryan Horner

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SILVER SMOKING ACCESSORIES BY GEORG JENSEN

"KENT" AND "MICRONITE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

KENT . . . you'll appreciate the important difference

If you smoke a lot, you owe it to yourself to switch to Kent and discover this important difference: only Kent gives you the high filtration of the scientific Micronite Filter. This filter actually helps keep your smoking moderate . . . lets you enjoy Kent's custom blend of fine tobaccos. The best proof of how well the Micronite Filter works is the fresh, clean flavor, cigarette after cigarette. Don't you, too, deserve Kent?

King Size and Regular length

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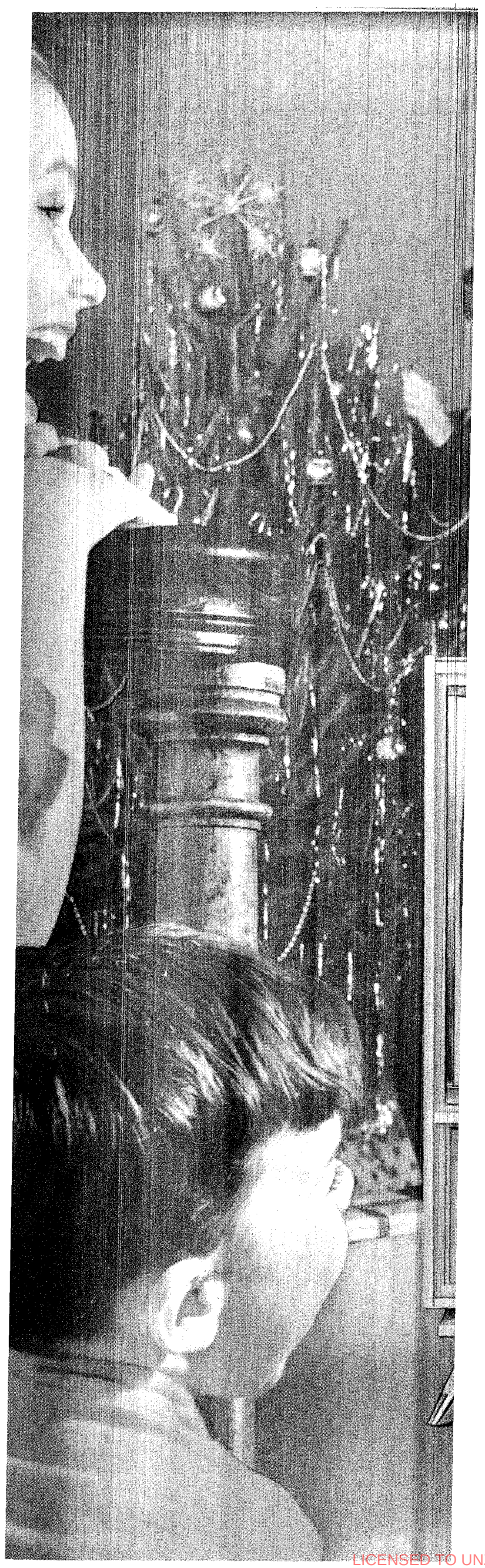

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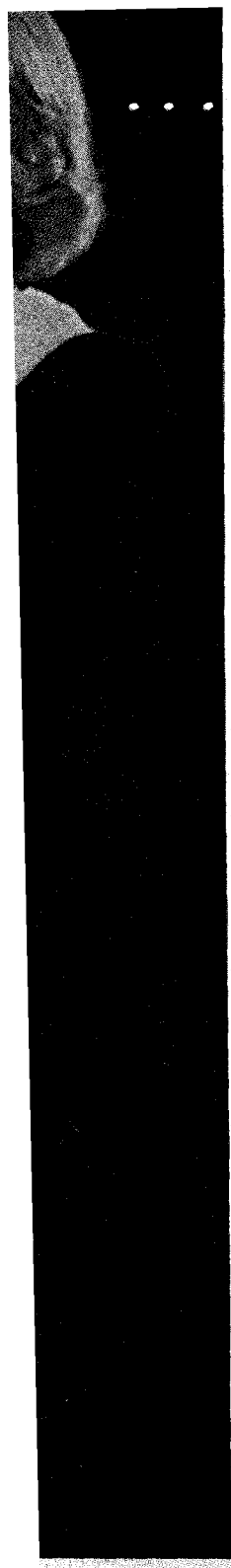
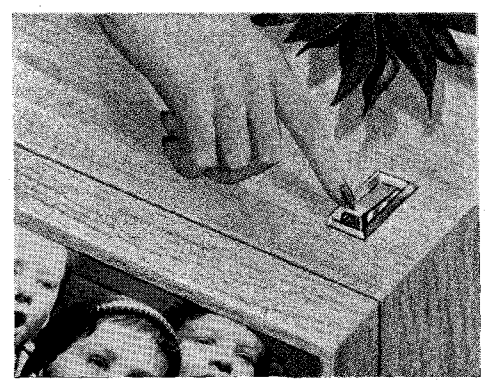
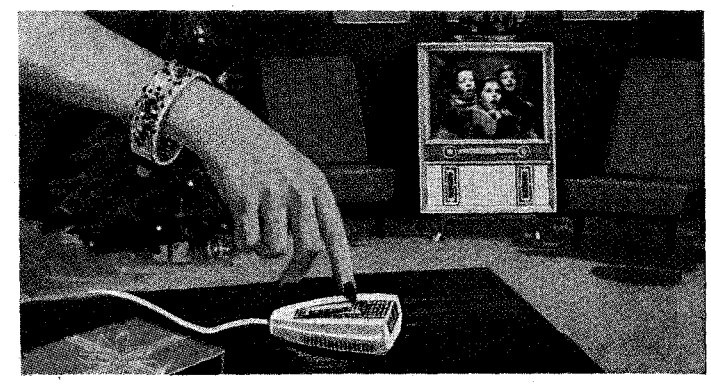


. . . *of an unforgettable family Christmas!*

PHILCO® AUTOMATIC TOP TOUCH TUNING





AT THE SET...OR BY REMOTE CONTROL, IT'S ALL AUTOMATIC!

Just a touch...there's your station...Photo-Perfect!

One look at the stars in their eyes and you know you've *clicked* this Christmas, with the whole family! Just one gift does it—Philco Television with automatic Top Touch Tuning. Plus the finest performance and picture reproduction in all television.

A touch turns the set on. A touch changes stations. A touch turns the set off. No fumbling for awkward out-of-reach knobs. The amazing Philco Top Touch Tuning System is *up forward* and *up top*—the last word in easy, precision tuning—and it's *all automatic!* And wait until you see and operate Philco Remote Control! Just lean back . . . touch the tiny control center (as handy as a cigarette lighter) and you change stations without ever moving from your easy chair!

Micro-Grid Tuner Achieves Sweeping Advance in Performance

Even more for 1956, new Philco engineering discoveries like the Micro-Grid Tuner with X-155 Tube . . . "nerve center" of a super-chassis . . . leave other TV years behind in performance and picture quality. Visit your Philco dealer for a demonstration; compare with any other TV set in America and see how Philco leads on every count. You'll find a new Philco decorator-inspired model, designed and gift-priced just for *you!*

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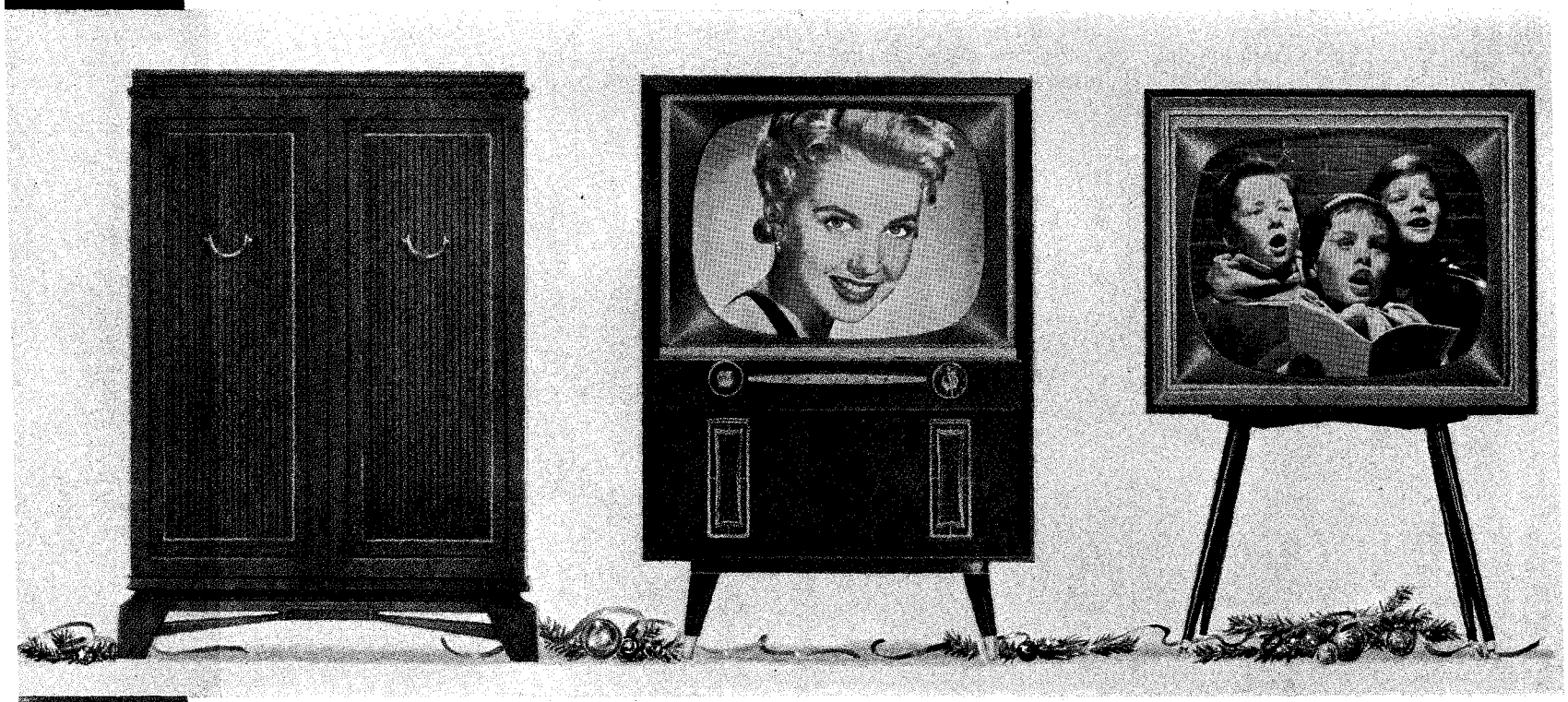

FINEST GIFTS IN SIGHT. Only Philco gives you such a wide choice of consoles, swivelets, and table models—including full line of "Blonds". See Philco 6320 (above) elegant 24" console. Decorator-inspired swivel base console, in rich Mahogany veneers. 21-inch Photo-Perfect picture. Automatic Top Touch Tuning. Big Twin Speakers for superb FM sound. Philco 4160. Beautiful 21-inch "Swivelet" turns left or right. Exclusive Philco Picture Frame Styling in a Cordovan Mahogany finish. Top Touch Tuning. Philco 4148. Also available in White Oak.

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THE GOOD NEWS TRAVELS!

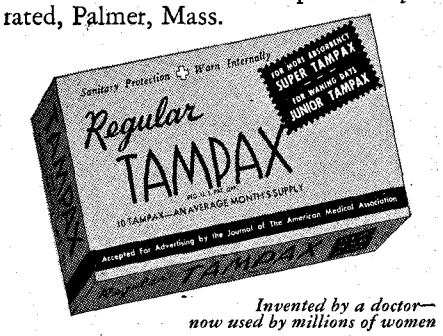
Women in more than 70 countries use Tampax

In such far-flung places as Suez and Madagascar, and right here in the United States, the story about Tampax is the same. *One woman tells another!*

In fact, internal sanitary protection is the only kind of sanitary protection that has any real advantages to talk about! It's both invisible and unfelt when in place. It does away with the cumbersome, uncomfortable belt-pin-pad harness—does away with chafing and irritation, too. It prevents odor from forming. It eliminates disposal problems. It's so protective in such a natural, normal way that you keep right on wearing it while you take your shower or tub. Even its smallness is an advantage; it's easy to carry "extras" with you.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Is it any wonder that the use of Tampax has grown steadily, year after year, as more and more women find out about this modern protection? Don't delay trying it yourself a single month longer—for the only way you can appreciate the freedom it gives you *is* to try it! Choice of 3 absorbencies at drug or notion counters (Regular, Super, Junior). Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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Palmer, Mass.
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name.....
(Please print)
Address.....
City.....State.....

(Continued from Page 52) took her hands and grinned. "*Buenas noches, señorita. Cómo está usted?*"

Her smile engulfed him. "*Muy bien, gracias,*" she murmured. Her voice was warm milk, like her skin. "So you are learning to speak our language now! For me!"

"For no one else." Still holding her hands, Pete thought again of palm trees and pictured himself reclining under one with such a girl. It probably would never come to pass, because she was a rich man's daughter and Roy Peterson a mere peasant. Still, he could dream, couldn't he? The hitch was that Federico Ortiz, her father, was a builder—one of Venezuela's biggest—and Pete's attentions to the lovely señorita were bound to be misunderstood. Job hunting, papa would think. A fortune hunter.

Ortiz watched without comment while Pete held the girl's mink, then frowned slightly. "May I ask where you are going this evening?"

"To the play at the college, sir."

"The play? I see."

"And while you're there, Pete," Matthew Newton said, "see if you can't figure out what's wrong with the acoustics."

"Acoustics, Mr. Newton?"

"The building is only two years old, but there's a bug in it somewhere. At times the echoes are atrocious. We had a good man look it over last winter—brought him up from Boston through three feet of snow—but the confounded place was on its best behavior and he insisted we were imagining things. I'd like your opinion."

Solemnly Pete nodded. "Of course." *And thanks, pal, for the build-up,* he thought, *even if you don't mean a word of it. I hope the lady is impressed.*

The lady was quiet as Pete handed her into his car and got behind the wheel. The rain came down drearily.

"I do not like your country," she said at last. "It is too cold."

Pete's booming laugh came all the way from his Minnesota boyhood. "This you call cold?"

"Everything is ugly."

"It's the rain, señorita. If this were good clean snow now ——"

"Rain, snow—what is the difference? I hate your winters!"

"That's because you've never had a pair of skis under you," Pete said.

He parked as close to Ellis Hall as possible and walked her up the middle of the road where the slush was less deep. The Drama Group play was a big affair. People smiled at him and nodded. Then the crowd around the door hemmed him in, and he had to concentrate on getting Angélica to her seat.

During the play he caught himself analyzing the voices, and discovered to his surprise that Matthew Newton was right. It puzzled him. Back at the house he had been certain Matthew was only putting on an act, but the echoes in the hall really were atrocious. All through the first act, oblivious of the performance and the beautiful creature beside him, he studied the walls and ceiling. Did Matthew really want an opinion? If so ——

Angélica's fingers walked along his arm. "Darling, I would like to go."

"Go?" He looked at her in astonishment, then realized the first-act curtain was falling. "Oh. Out for a cigarette, you mean."

"Not for a cigarette. I would like to go dancing, I think."

"But the play ——"

Her eyes scolded him. "In my country, señor, a woman does not have to beg."

Pete led her through the gathering crowd in the foyer and out to the road, where she halted to take a deep breath. He thought he understood then. "Headache? It was really stuffy in there. That heating system ——"

"It is not my head. I did not like the play."

"Oh." He could not argue on that score. He had been more interested, himself, in the acoustics.

"It is this American language of yours." She squeezed his arm and shook her head in sadness. "It does not whisper and sing like mine. It growls."

Pete chuckled. "Baby, if you say it growls, it growls. No argument."

He drove to the Blue Shutter, out beyond town, and they danced. They had been there before. The orchestra leader smiled and bowed. The next number was a mambo.

"When you come to my country I will teach you how the mambo is done properly," Angélica murmured in Pete's arms.

He grinned. "It's a deal."

"You are coming to Venezuela? No?"

"That's a hard one to answer, señorita. Jobs don't grow on trees. Not even on palm trees."

"But for you it will be easy! Mr. Newton says you are one of the most talented young men in America!"

Pete struggled for a moment with his conscience, then sighed and gave up. "Mr. Newton means well, señorita, but he exaggerates. If I ever had any talent, I left it in Korea."

Angélica gazed at him with compassion. "It was so terrible there, the fighting?"

"I did most of my fighting in a prison camp."

She shuddered, shaking her head. But in a moment the velvet eyes were smiling again. "I think you do not know your own importance. Shall I tell you a secret? Papa is planning to build a big new hotel for tourists in Caracas, and he has been talking to Mr. Newton about you. Now what do you say?"

"I say your father is too smart to be fooled, even by Matthew."

"I think you do not want to come to Venezuela!"

"Baby, I'd like nothing better. Believe me."

"Of course I believe you," she said happily.

The music stopped and Pete led her back to the table, wishing things were as simple as she believed them to be. A job with papa would be nice, very nice indeed, if he had the know-how to handle it after he got it. He needn't worry, he told himself. The job would never be offered him.

Toward the end of the Friday-evening session, Miss Ekstrand stopped Pete in the middle of a Spanish sentence and tucked a finger in the corner of her mouth. "One thing we ought to decide on here and now, I suppose, is our pronunciation," she said. "Is it to be Castilian or South American?"

"Castilian for me," said Miss MacLean promptly. "That's what Professor Vallegas teaches in our regular class."

Miss Gibson and Mr. DeNucci nodded agreement.

"What do you say, Mr. Peterson?"

Pete felt the color deepening under his ears while Miss Ekstrand awaited his answer with a patient, much too innocent smile.

"By me it makes no difference," he said. "Why should it?"

Miss Ekstrand gazed into space. "Somehow I can't picture you lisping your *c*'s and *z*'s. The South American way suits you better, I'm sure."

"I can lithp if I have to," Pete retorted.

"Of course. But why not try the last passage the other way?"

Pete glared at the page and followed instructions. At the end of the paragraph—a description of the Pan-American Highway—were some questions to be read aloud and answered. He hit the first one hard.

"'Is there an important highway in your town?' No, there is no important highway in my town."

"But there is," said Miss Ekstrand. "It runs right past the Peterson farm, in fact."

"Route nineteen, you mean?"

"It's important to the farmers."

"O.K." Pete shrugged, "*Hay una carretera importante* ——" Abruptly he lowered his book. "Hey! How do you know where I come from?"

Miss Ekstrand, softly laughing, looked at her watch. "We've gone overtime, haven't we? *Buenas noches*, everybody. See you all on Tuesday."

Pete lingered. When the others had gone, he folded his arms and glared at her. "How do you know where I come from?" he demanded again.

"We're neighbors."

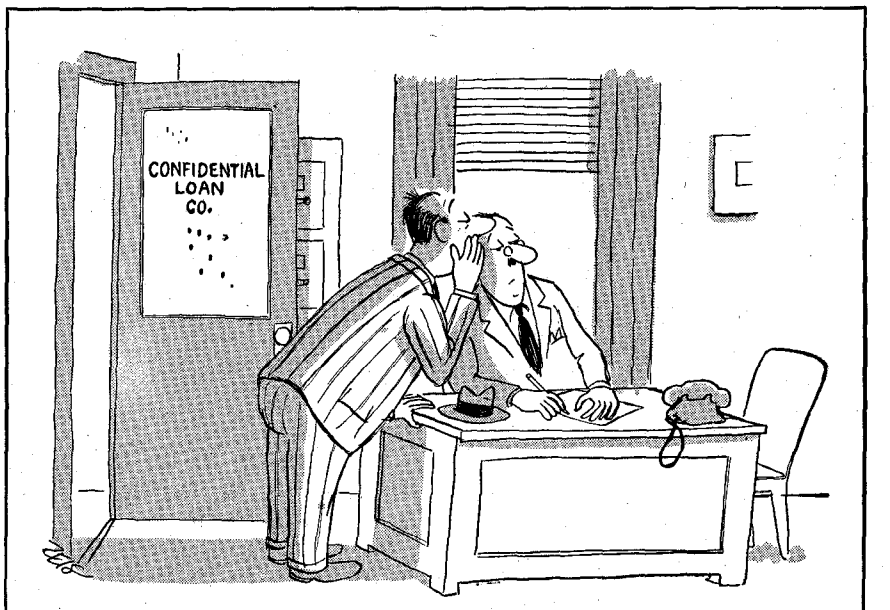
"Neighbors!"

"I'm perishing for a cup of coffee. Why don't you come into the kitchen?"

He trailed her and sat at the kitchen table, still scowling, but she kept him waiting until the coffee was in the pot. Then, while putting cheese and bread on the table, she said, laughing at him with her eyes, "You remember the Martinsen boys, don't you?"

"Sam and Rolf Martinsen? I went to high school with them."

"And fishing. And skiing. And never had time for girls. I know. I'm the gruesome little cousin from St. Cloud who used to visit with them. I hated the name Hulda then. (Continued on Page 60)



"I'd like to borrow some money."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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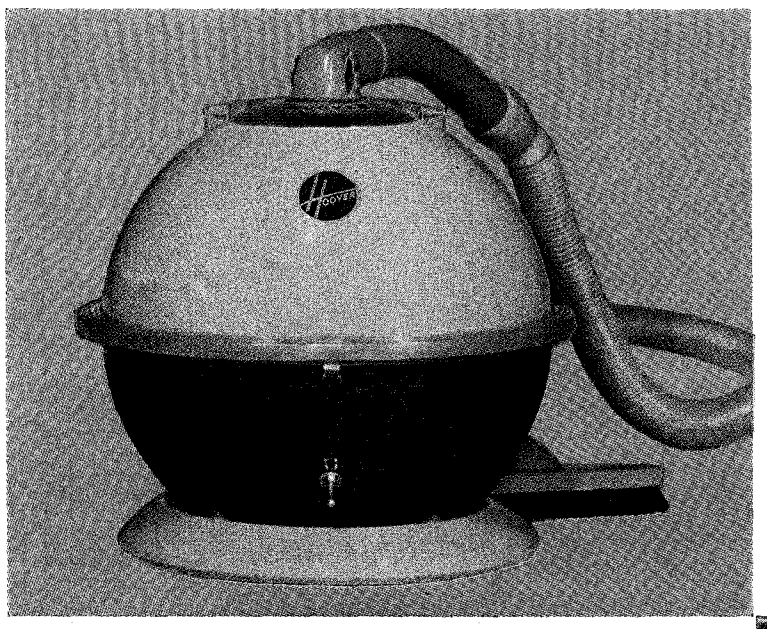

Only 12 inches high—from swivel-top to easy-glide base—yet it's the world's most powerful cleaner. Full horsepower motor, but whisper quiet.

NEW HOOVER®

Constellation

(with the only double-stretch hose)

cleans twice the area of any other cleaner

Women tell us it's beautiful—even before they see how much faster, farther, and better the Constellation cleans.

And then they find out how much *easier it is to use!*

Easier, because of its exclusive, double-stretch hose which swivels. Pleated like an accordion, it stretches to twice its own length. Never tangles or twists. Lets you clean from one room into another or all the way up a *full* flight of stairs.

Easier also because of its greater suction at the nozzle. You actually get more dirt with 1/3 less work.

Then, for all the extra dirt the Constellation picks up, it has an oversize throwaway bag. Takes less than 10 seconds to change. Yet for all its power and dirt-getting ability, the Constellation stores in a surprisingly small space.

For faster, easier, cleaning, you owe it to yourself to try the new Hoover Constellation. Attractive trade-in for your old cleaner. Convenient terms. Call your Hoover dealer today.

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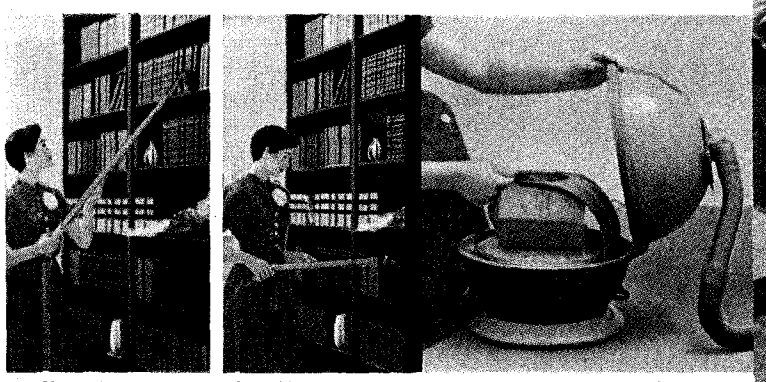

Use it long or use it short. New telescoping wand doubles its own length. You get a complete set of tools to clean every nook and cranny of your house.

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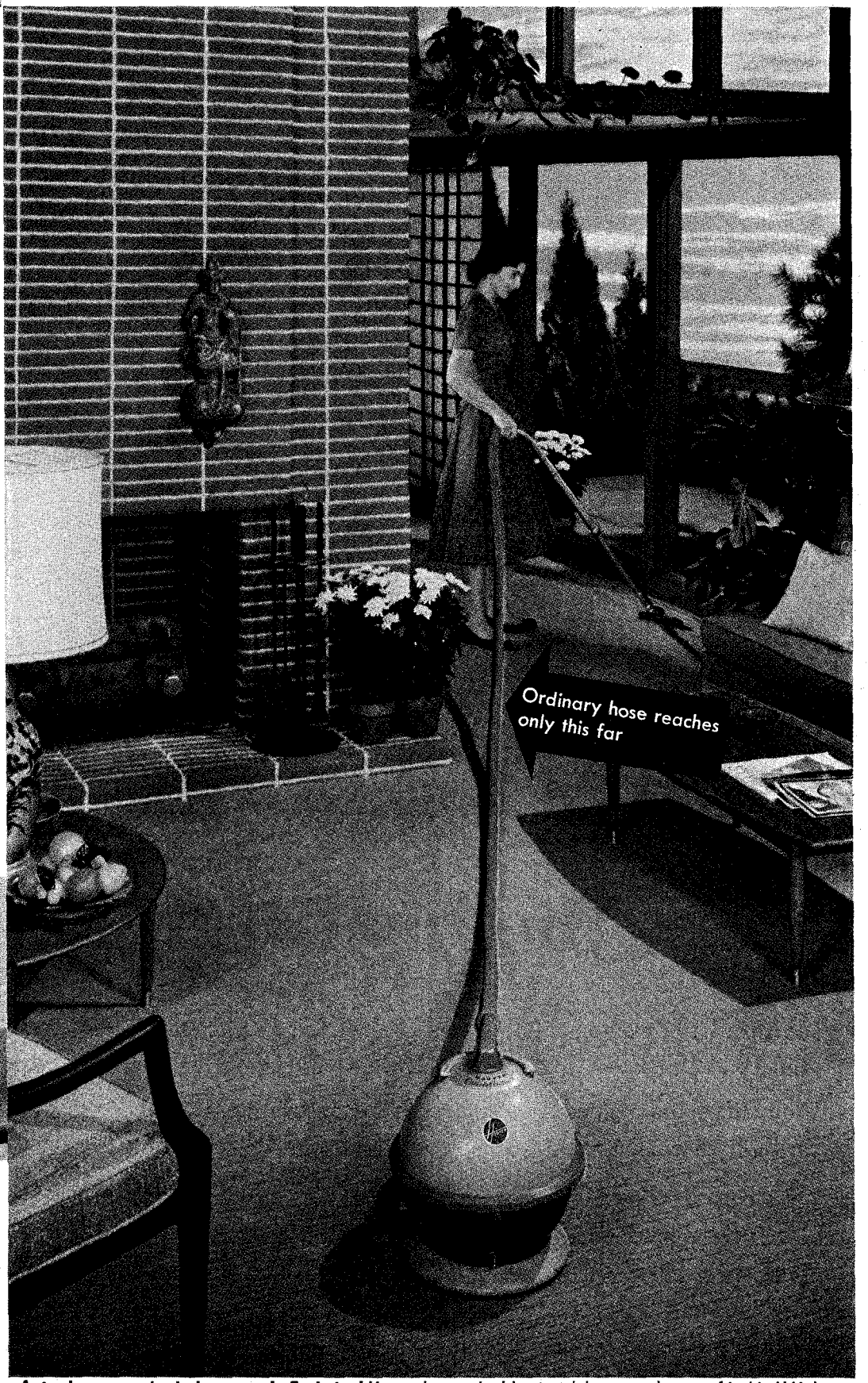

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Now the big hit in HARDTOPS comes i

With all the excitement that has greeted the introduction of the 1956 Buicks — we'd like to put the spotlight on this fact:

You can get the stepped-up V8 power that's so sensational, we built a wholly new chassis of greater brawn and solidity to handle it.

You can get the 1956 version of Buick's exclusive Variable Pitch Dynaflow*—with the "double regeneration" feature that puts spectacularly new and Dynaflow-smooth take-off into the *starting* range . . .

You can get the steadier, smoother, buoyantly level comfort of the sweetest ride in Buick history . . .

You can get the fresh new styling—outside and in—which i cinching Buick style leadership in another year . . .

You can get everything that has won this year's Buick fu recognition as *the best yet* . . .

And you can get it all in a full-line choice of the fabulous 4-Doo Riviera—for now this top hit in hardtops comes in the SUPE *and* ROADMASTER *Series, as well as the* SPECIAL *and* CENTUR

Of course, you can get the great new 1956 Buick in a full variet of other body types, too . . .

**New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Specia*
†Standard on Roadmaster and Super, optional at extra cost on other Serie

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NEW Precision-Balanced Chassis, engineered all new from front to rear for extra-rugged roadability

NEW V8 Power Peaks In Every Buick

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all four price ranges

In Sedans, in Convertibles, in Estate Wagons, in 2-Door Rivieras.

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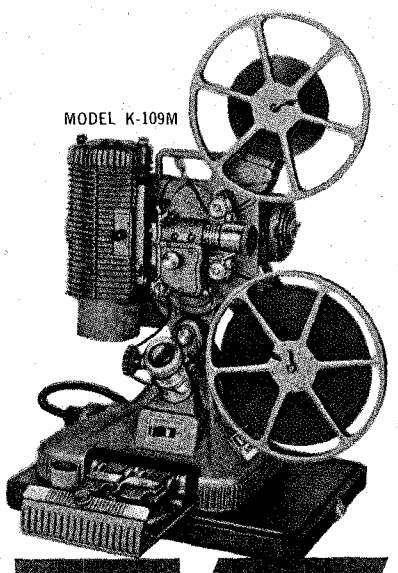

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Prices slightly higher in Canada © 1955

(Continued from Page 56)

Used to call myself Valerie—my middle name."

Mouth open, Pete leaned back and blinked at her. "Valerie Ekstrand! But how'd you get to this place?"

Miss Ekstrand sat down. "It's no mystery. I grew up, went to college and majored in languages. Professor Vallegas, in the language department here, needed an assistant and offered me the job. He was my French and Spanish prof back home." Elbows on the table, chin on knuckles, she studied him. "How did you get here, Pete?"

"Architectural engineering. They had a good course here at a price I could afford."

"And now you're rebuilding the college itself. You've come a long way."

Pete felt a sudden need to change the subject. "How about that coffee?"

She poured the coffee and they talked of home while Pete made a glutton of himself. It was good. He hadn't been home in a long while; there wasn't much point to it with his parents dead, the farm sold and his two sisters married. It was a long time, too, since he had sat in a kitchen, any kitchen, and stuffed himself with cheese, jam, good dark bread, and coffee that didn't taste like colored water. The temptation to kick his shoes off was tremendous.

"It's a crazy world," Miss Ekstrand said. "In the old days I used to beg you and my two girl-hating cousins to teach me to ski. Now I'm teaching you Spanish."

"Trying to, you mean." Pete grinned at her. "How's your skiing? Any better than my Spanish?"

"About as good."

"I'll have to give you a lesson sometime, to even things up." He drained his third cup of coffee and got up to go. "On one condition, though. You quit needling me in class, señorita."

"Needling you?"

"You know what I mean."

Miss Ekstrand's expression was that of a Christmas-card angel. "Why, Mr. Peterson, I haven't an idea what you're talking about. But it's a date. The skiing, I mean."

"The first good snow," Pete said.

He didn't have to worry about keeping his promise. For three weeks the temperature hung above freezing, and what should have been snow was rain.

Angélica despised it. "In my country the trees are green and the air is a caress," she said. "You will love it there."

"I'll never get there," Pete told her. "Stop dreaming."

When Matthew Newton brought up the same subject one day, Pete was genuinely surprised.

"Don't be in a hurry to grab some other job when this college thing is finished," Matthew said. "Federico is planning big things in Caracas, Pete. You'd be a good man for him."

"Thanks, Mr. Newton. But let's be honest."

"Honest?"

"For Johnny's sake, you've given me every break. I'm grateful. But I can't lean on you forever."

"Not for Johnny's sake," Matthew said, scowling. "For your own, Pete."

"Mr. Newton, we both know ——"

"You may have lost something in that prison camp," Matthew went on, refusing to be interrupted, "but it wasn't ability—only faith in yourself. One of these days you'll get it back. Meanwhile, if Ortiz offers you a job in Caracas, take it!"

"He won't offer me one."

"He's been pretty busy. You've been busy yourself."

I soon won't be, Pete thought.

It was true, though; he had been working hard. Except for his evenings out with Angélica and the sessions at Miss Ekstrand's house on Tuesdays and Fridays, he had stayed close to the hotel. On the table in his room stood a model of Ellis Hall painstakingly built from the original blueprints. Many a night he had worked with it, experimenting, until his eyes refused to stay open.

Returning from Spanish class one evening, he tossed off his jacket and settled down for another session of frustration. On the stage of the model stood a midget extension speaker. He turned on the tape recorder behind it and waited for the sound to rocket around the enclosure like a June bug in a lamp shade, as it always had before.

When it did, he would go through the whole bag of tricks again, replacing the removable walls and ceilings with sheets of plasterboard, plywood, composition board and a dozen other materials, singly and in combination, until he wound up pounding his fists on the table.

But this time, perversely, the sound came at him clean and sharp. He stepped back and scowled at the thing. He had done nothing. Unless ——

He picked up the jacket he had tossed on top of the model on entering the room. The June bugs went into action. He put the coat back. They were silent.

Pete shook himself out of his trance and went to the phone. "Mr. Newton, a couple of questions, please. You say Ellis Hall was looked at when there was snow on the ground?"

"A lot of snow, Pete."

"And the sound is only bad at times?"

"Most of the time, I'd say. Yet every now and then it seems all right."

Next day, in answer to Pete's prayer, it snowed.

He had a date with Angélica at seven, but the snow was not deep enough for his all-important experiment until after six. It was a Saturday; Ellis Hall was locked. For half an hour he sought Mr. Pickersgill, the custodian of (Continued on Page 62)

"Have you been waiting long, Heston?"

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We call the bright-tasting beauty below Whipped Jell-O —a joy to prepare and to get compliments for!

Dissolve your favorite flavor of Jell-O gelatin dessert (we used Strawberry) as usual, and pour two-thirds of it into individual tall glasses—stopping about an inch from the top. Into the refrigerator they go, to set.

In the meantime, chill the remaining Jell-O in a bowl until it gets to be the consistency of egg whites.

Next, set the bowl in a larger bowl partly filled with ice and water and beat the Jell-O with an electric mixer or rotary egg beater, until it is light and foamy.

Then just spoon the mixture onto the Jell-O which has set in the glasses—and, presto—Whipped Jell-O! Make some today!

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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(Continued from Page 60) the keys; then in desperation drove to Miss Ekstrand's house.

"Well!" Her face glowed as she opened the door. "So you remem——"

"Look," Pete begged. "Do you know any way I can get into Ellis Hall?"

"Ellis Hall?" Miss Ekstrand's blue eyes lost their sun-on-crystal brightness. "What's going on there tonight?"

"Get me in and I'll show you."

Miss Ekstrand hesitated, voiced a small sigh, shrugged her shoulders. It took twenty minutes to find someone who could let them in.

At the door of the hall, Miss Ekstrand said again, "Will you tell me what this is all about?"

Pete switched on the lights and led her to the stage. "Stand up there and talk," he ordered. "Recite a poem or something."

"But ——"

He strode back to the rear of the hall. "Shoot!"

Miss Ekstrand put her hands on her slender hips, glared at him and recited. A grin of sheer delight spread over Pete's face as he listened. "Beautiful," he murmured. Then he heard what she was saying.

"'There is no man so good, who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the laws, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life. There is no man so good, who ——'"

"What?" Pete said.

"Montaigne. I learned it when I took French."

"Baby," Pete exulted, "it comes across beautifully."

"Does it?" said Miss Ekstrand, marching tight-lipped off the stage. "I didn't think it was coming through at all."

It was after eight when Pete arrived at the big white house on the hill. Burdened with his model of Ellis Hall, he rang the bell with his elbow.

The housekeeper said with a frown, "Miss Ortiz is ——"

"Where's Mr. Newton?" Pete blurted.

"In the library, sir. But Miss Ortiz ——"

Pete staggered into the library and plunked his contraption on the desk. "Got it!" he announced, oblivious of Matthew's look of astonishment.

It took a while to explain the thing. With a man like Matthew you couldn't say, "Look, now; the attic area in that place is a drum and the ceiling's a drumhead." You had to talk decibles, reverberation time, reflection and absorption.

"You've tried it?" Matthew demanded.

"This evening. The snow on the roof makes all the difference. All we have to do is duplicate that blanket in the attic space. For pennies."

Matthew stood up and laid his hands on Pete's shoulders. "Now will you stop selling yourself short? Or do I have to light a fire under you?"

Pete walked on air. But not for long. When he floated into the living room, no smile answered his happy "*Buenas noches, señorita!*" The annoyance in Angélica's dark eyes halted him in his tracks.

"It is too late to go to the city," she said coldly.

"We'll go somewhere else, then. Come on, baby. I've got things to tell you."

"I am sure you must have," she retorted.

The roads were bad, and on the way out to the Blue Shutter he drove slowly and talked, until it dawned on him that the señorita was genuinely angry and not just pouting. He fell silent then.

"You don't understand," he said. "It meant a lot to me, this thing. Even more than the job at the college."

"That is all you American men are able to think of! Your work!"

"A man's work is important to him. I have a stupid idea it ought to be important to his girl as well."

With a shrug of her lovely shoulders, she turned to watch the dancers.

"Well, isn't it?"

"I only know that I was kept waiting without an explanation," she said. "And without an apology."

"I am apologizing." He stood up, arms outstretched. "Come on and dance, baby. We've the whole evening ahead of us."

"I am not in a mood for dancing."

Pete let his breath out slowly, resisting the impulse to utter one small swear word. "Señorita," he said then, "perhaps we'd better go home and try again some other time."

Her father was waiting for him, with Matthew. They ushered him into the library, where little Señor Ortiz, hands clasped behind his back, paced the floor and began talking.

"Matthew has told me about your latest achievement, Mr. Peterson. I want you to come to Caracas."

... ...

The Coming On

By Herbert Merrill

When winter closes in
And haystacks brim with
mice,
The river's wrinkled skin
Becomes a hide of ice,
The blizzard tries his teeth
On tattered garden plot,
And smoke displays a wreath
On every chimney pot.

The world's a frozen clod
And life a sealed cocoon,
The midnight sky a pod
That holds a withered moon;
A wind blows off the pole
And drives the bear to den,
The woodchuck to his hole,
And me indoors again.

... ...

After the silent ride home from the Blue Shutter, Pete had his guard up. "To Caracas, Mr. Ortiz?"

"I have been thinking about it for some time, but there was a problem. The problem still exists and will be troublesome, but I accept the risk. You will come?"

Matthew Newton, smiling, said, "Must you have an answer tonight?"

"Why not? I know the man and his work. There is nothing more to discuss."

"Just one question," Pete said. "If Mr. Newton advised you not to hire me, would you go against his advice?"

"In this case, yes," Ortiz replied.

"You've hired me."

All night the snow fell, softly and steadily. All the next day. It was Sunday and Pete got up late, letting the morning and afternoon loaf by before he picked up the phone.

"I am sorry," said the daughter of Federico Ortiz. "With the snow a mile deep, you ask me to go out? I would perish."

"I'll come over then."

"I am angry with you."

"You can't be angry with me. Your father hired me last night."

"I am not my father," she retorted. "And if all you can talk about is your work, I will not listen!" The phone clicked.

Pete showered and shaved, had supper and called her again. "I forgive you for hanging up on me, señorita, but don't do it twice, hey? In this country that's a slap in the face."

"You forgive me?" She was incredulous. "I am the one who has not forgiven you! Nor do I intend to!" The phone clicked again.

Pete slammed the door behind him and went down the stairs. It was eight o'clock. The snow had stopped falling and Joe LaPlante was shoveling the veranda.

"Give me that!" Pete grabbed the shovel.

He tossed the snow over the rail in massive blocks. After a while Joe said, with a shake of his head, "You been cooped up in that room of yours too long, Mr. Peterson. What you need ——"

"I know what I need. Exercise!"

"Not with a shovel. What you want is on the rack in the back room, just rarin' to go."

The road to Morgan Hill was in bad shape, and just beyond the college an enormous drift blocked it. Pete stepped out of his car and onto his skis. It was a night made to order for a tall Swede from the cold country, the air like mountain spring water, the snow blue and smooth under a shining sky. Joe LaPlante was right. He'd been locked up too long.

Alone in the stillness, he glided toward the base of the hill, feeling good again. On the crest of the hill something moved.

"Hey!" Pete said under his breath. "Look out!"

It was a girl in a white ski suit, and she didn't know Morgan Hill or she wouldn't have started down at that point. Not there in the middle where the descent was safe only for experts. He waggled his arms and yelled at her, but she misunderstood. Her answering wave was just a friendly salute. She was already soaring.

"Crazy fool," Pete muttered.

Legs churning, he made for the foot of the slope. But the girl was flying. Suddenly he realized she knew how to fly, and with a gasp of admiration he stopped again, this time to watch and be thrilled.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed.

She reached the bottom, flashed past him like a shadow, turned and came back. "*Buenas noches, señor,*" she said.

Pete made a long face. "And I was supposed to give you a lesson!"

Miss Ekstrand's laugh was crisp and clean, like the night itself. "Never trust a woman, Pete." She brushed a strand of yellow hair from her eyes. "Shall we try the hill together, just for laughs?"

"I'd like that," Pete told her. "And not for laughs."

He toiled up the hill at her side, marveling at the grace of her every movement. She was enjoying herself, that was for sure. The night air made her face glow, and the stars in her eyes were as bright as any overhead. *A gal after my own heart*, Pete thought. When they stopped to rest, plopping themselves down in the snow, he turned to face her.

"I didn't keep my promise. I'm sorry."

"You're a first-class heel," she said with a smile.

"I got working on that Ellis Hall thing and —— Never mind. I'm cursed with the habit of boring people. But to me it was important."

"You think I'm not curious, after standing in for a guinea pig?" she said. "What was it, Pete? You looked as if you'd climbed Everest."

He told her, and it seemed important to leave nothing out. When he stood up, lifting her with him by the elbows, she raised her head to look at his face and said, "I'm glad it worked out for you, Pete. You're a nice guy." Then abruptly she turned away. "Come on. Let's get to the top."

Pete was puzzled. He'd been able to apologize to her without feeling stepped on, and now everything was good again, just like that. As easy as breathing. At the top of the slope, he moved to her side. "Sure you want to go down there again?" he said. "It's rugged."

She turned her head and for just a second he saw a quiver on her lips and an odd look in her eyes, as if she were going to cry. *She's cold*, he thought. Then, with a quick, fierce thrust of her poles, she took off.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Wait!"

He couldn't catch her. He could ski with the best, but this girl was a wraith of wind-blown snow whipping down the slope ahead of him until, almost at the bottom, she looked back. The turn of her head threw her off balance. All at once the white ski suit was a blur in space.

Pete threw himself to a halt beside her almost as soon as she stopped sliding. He got his arms under her shoulders and lifted her.

"Hurt?" he asked thickly.

She shook her head. But wiping the snow from her face, he saw tears.

"I'll get you home," he said.

"I'm not hurt, I tell you!"

"You're crying."

"I don't know any better. I'm stupid." She pushed him away and with an effort, stood up. "Good night, Pete."

"Now listen, señorita ——"

"Don't call me that!"

Pete held his breath and stared at her, and she returned the stare defiantly without moving. Only the stars moved, spinning, and the wheels in Pete's head, grinding out awareness. He put his hands on her arms and said dazedly, "I'm dumb." He drew her gently toward him, half afraid she would pull away. When she didn't, he folded his arms around her hard and tight and laid his face against hers. Neither of them spoke for some time.

"Coffee?" Pete said at last. "In the kitchen?"

"I love you too," Miss Ekstrand said. "I always have."

After the third cup of coffee Pete looked at his watch and pushed his chair back from the table. "There's something I have to do," he said. "Mind if I use your phone?"

The phone was in the hall by the kitchen door, and with his back against the wall and his gaze on Miss Ekstrand, Pete called Matthew Newton's house. "Mr. Ortiz, please."

"Pete," Miss Ekstrand said, "are you sure ——"

He waved her to silence. "Mr. Ortiz? Roy Peterson. Sorry, sir, but I won't be going to Venezuela with you after all. I'm going to be married."

The little man's gasp must have been audible even to Miss Ekstrand. "Married? To whom?"

"A girl I grew up with. Sorry if I'm disappointing you, but ——"

"But why must you disappoint me?" Ortiz demanded. "Now there is no problem!"

"No problem? I don't follow you, sir."

"Mr. Peterson, I am afraid you don't understand. From the very beginning I wanted you, but your interest in my daughter made me hesitate. I am old-fashioned, perhaps. It is my deep conviction that affairs of the heart do not mix well in business. You see? I was between the devil and the sea. So now the problem is removed," Ortiz said with a sigh of relief. "You will come to Venezuela with your wife and everything will be—how do you say it?—perfectly swell."

"Everything," Pete said, gazing into the kitchen, "will be *magnífico*."

He hung up and walked back to the table. "Princess," he said, reaching for Miss Ekstrand's hands, "we're going to Venezuela, where you can speak Spanish to your heart's content."

"All right," she said.

"Just like that?"

"Of course, just like that," she said. "Venezuela or the North Pole, what's the difference? Put your shoes on before we start."

THE END

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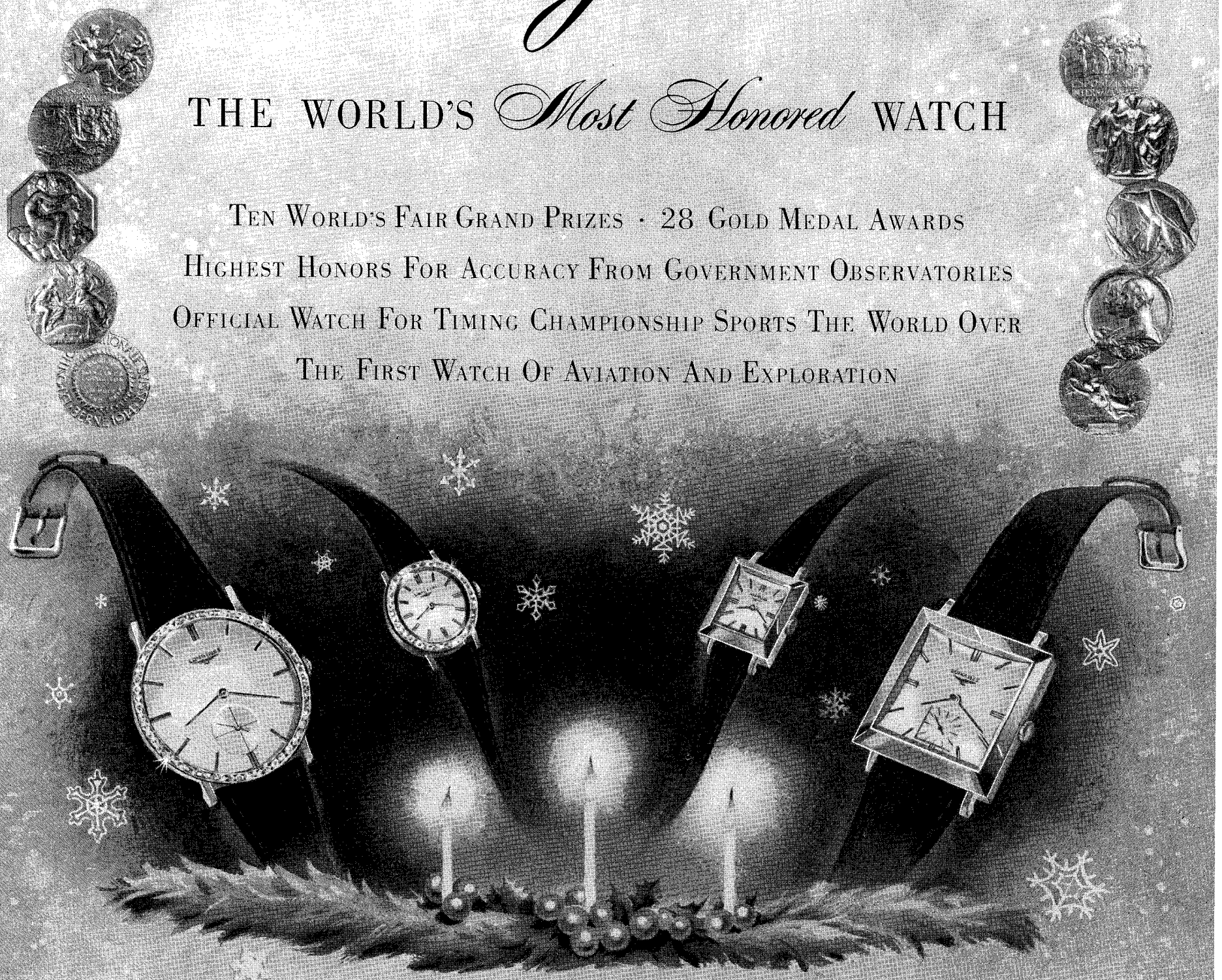

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Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Deliver the Goods—and Fast!

(Continued from Page 49)

limousine service there. Then Lederle called back to say that state officials in Kentucky and Tennessee had arranged a police escort for the delivery from Knoxville. Shortly before nine our driver picked up the serum at the bridge. He made the plane with minutes to spare. Fifteen minutes after midnight our Pittsburgh office reported the shipment had passed through on schedule. Knoxville reported receipt of the serum at 2.40. A little more than an hour later it was at Pineville, after a seventy-mile race along mountain roads. We learned later that the serum saved two of five seriously stricken youngsters. Two of the kids had died before reaching the hospital and a third just before the serum arrived."

The lifesaving dramatics which featured the midnight ride of the antibotulism serum are not characteristic of the service Emery Air Freight renders American business and industry. The job of the air-freight forwarder—a relative newcomer on the American business scene—is the movement of routine freight, but quickly. The concept involved, if carried to its logical conclusion, may someday change the basic pattern of our mercantile and industrial economy.

Though the case of the antibotulism serum called for special measures, the general problems which were faced and solved that winter night and morning form the basis of the company's operations. There was, first, an immediate need in one spot and an answer to that need some distance away. And there was, secondly, a commercial-airline route which could bridge most—but not all—of the distance between the want and the supply. This left two gaps to be filled—all-important gaps, in view of the time element involved—the serum had to be delivered to the plane, and delivered from the Knoxville airport to its final destination. Additionally, there was the necessity of planning the movement and keeping a controlling check on the actual transit of the shipment. Roll all these functions into one and you have what the transportation industry calls a forwarding operation.

Emery Air Freight is the country's largest forwarder of air cargo and the only organization in its field which operates on a national basis. The fact that this is both a young and a growing business is suggested by Emery's growth record. During 1946, its first year of operation, the company handled fifty tons of air freight and collected $30,000; in 1955 it will have moved 14,000 tons, for which it will be paid $7,250,000. This skyrocketing business curve, which the Emery executives consider just the first, egg-breaking scratches of the new service, suggests the possible wonders the future holds for the air-borne-freight business.

Though the Emery organization is notably unenthusiastic about emergency shipments (for the simple reason that there are not enough emergencies to support its current rate of 25,000 air shipments a month), the hustling little company has learned to work calmly with an endless string of urgencies. An urgency, in air-freight terms, is a shipment designed to forestall an emergency.

A fairly typical urgency faced the Emery dispatchers one January day several years ago when a strip-mining machine broke down in a Wheeling, West Virginia, coal mine. With the idle equipment eating up hundreds of dollars an hour, the mining company finally located a replacement part in Manitowoc, Wisconsin. There being no regular air service available at Manitowoc at the time, the Western Union agent representing Emery at Manitowoc put the replacement part on the first train for Chicago, where an Emery truck picked it up and shuttled it to the airport, where it was loaded on a nonstop flight for Pittsburgh. In Pittsburgh a third Emery agent persuaded the owner of a light plane to fly him down to Wheeling, where he hired a car for a quick trip to the mine. The whole operation took place between dark and dawn.

While coping with emergencies and urgencies generally gratifies both Emery Air Freight and its customers (naturally, as with all transportation, there are occasional foul-ups which gratify nobody), the bread-and-butter part of the business depends upon routine air-cargo shipments. Though the word "routine" may seem inappropriate when applied to a business which features special handling, around-the-clock air schedules and a tariff at least triple that of any form of surface transportation, such shipments are becoming relatively common. And, oddly enough, flying freight often saves not only time but also money.

A New Jersey manufacturer of oil-refinery machinery discovered this when he found he could ship parts to the Richmond, California, refineries from his East Coast factory just about as quickly as he could arrange a routine local delivery of the parts from his San Francisco warehouse to Richmond—a highway distance of some fifteen miles. An over-night transcontinental flight and immediate delivery from the airport effected this minor miracle and enabled the manufacturer to reduce the costly inventory he had always carried in his California warehouse.

Though air-freight forwarders rely upon the airlines to give them a hop-skip-and-jump time advantage over other forms of transportation, there are occasions when the slowest as well as the fastest means of travel are combined. When Alcoa Mining Corporation found it advisable to speed up reports from their Paducah, Kentucky, laboratories on some speculative core drilling on a piece of leased property in the wilds of Idaho, they came to Emery with their problem. As the routing was finally worked out, the samples were lugged by horseback from the leased property to Salmon, Idaho, and then trucked to Armstead, Montana. From Armstead the samples went by railway express to Butte, where they were placed on a Northwest Airlines plane and air-lifted to Detroit, where Delta-C & S Air Lines picked them up and flew them down to Paducah. This all-ways routing cut the time interval between the core drilling and the receipt of the laboratory report by the field party from sixteen to three days.

The automobile manufacturers are among Emery's best customers, and though the savings they enjoy through the use of air freight have a somewhat negative quality, they are nevertheless substantial. The auto producers pioneered in the assembly-line system which devours a continuing, carefully timed flow of parts from subproducers all over the country. This timing is now so closely scheduled that in many of the subassemblies the production line is just thirty hours ahead of the flow of parts upon which it feeds. Surface transportation—railroads and trucks—ordinarily deliver these parts to the Detroit area, but whenever there is a stoppage or delay in this ground traffic air freight is called upon.

A typical case of this sort was recently handled by Henry Pfaff, who works out of Detroit as one of Emery's young regional managers. As Pfaff tells the story: "It was just 10:10 in the morning when I got a call from the assistant traffic manager over at the Plymouth plant. A batch of material in transit by truck from Birmingham, Alabama, was hung up in a truck terminal in Cincinnati. They had enough material on hand to keep the assembly line running for five hours. They wanted to know what we could do about it."

Pfaff found that there was a blank in the regular Cincinnati-Detroit airline schedules at that time of day, and so, with Plymouth approval, he chartered a plane, arranged for the pickup and airport delivery of 1500 pounds of the needed material in Cincinnati and then had the shipment flown to Detroit.

In the transportation of perishable and scheduled commodities—inland shipments of sea food, transcontinental deliveries of out-of-season flowers, financial printing, advertising mats and plates, movie film and clearinghouse shipments of checks—air freight and air express have always enjoyed an unchallenged market. It remained for A. MacIver-Campbell, Emery's West Coast vice-president, to figure out a new wrinkle in getting cinema footage from here to there.

Mac, for short, knew that production companies on location are frequently held up for considerable periods while each day's rushes of color film are processed in big-city laboratories and viewed and approved by the front offices in Hollywood. Thus, both sets and cast have to be held in status quo until the rushes are O.K.'d.

Mac's idea was to rush the rushes back and forth by Emery Air Freight. His first beachhead on this land of promised profits was with the film version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical Oklahoma!. Location shots for the movie were made near Tucson, Arizona, and the Todd-AO color film used in the shooting was to be processed in the Consolidated Film Industries Laboratory in Fort Lee, New Jersey. During the production, Emery air-freighted seventy-five tons of film and equipment from Arizona to New Jersey, thence to Hollywood, and finally back to the set near Phoenix. All together, 107 coast-to-coast round trips were involved in this one air lift. Two days after production started, American Airlines—which was the projected air carrier in the operation—was grounded by a pilots' strike. Emery's air lift went on despite this lack of lift—the film being carried by Greyhound bus from Phoenix to Los Angeles, where it was put on the eastbound flights on another airline.

When things go wrong in the air-freight-forwarding business they turn sour in a big way. Handling prospectuses for stock issues has always been a profitable business for Emery; the prospectus—the official description of a new issue of stock—must be printed and delivered to the financial markets all over the country as soon as possible after it has been approved by the Securities and Exchange Commission. This calls for close scheduling, special handling of the pickups and deliveries and an overnight air lift to any city in the country—which is just the sort of service an air-freight forwarder should be prepared to offer. Unfortunately, the execution sometimes falls short of the intent.

Take, if you will, the case of the new stock issue for what we will call the American Balustrade Corporation, several years ago. The material was to be picked up at the plant of a New York printer at five o'clock one afternoon and delivered to brokers in ten cities before the opening of the market the following morning. At four o'clock on

(Continued on Page 69)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National's De luxe adding machine...

*Live keyboard** with keytouch adjustable to each operator!

Saves up to 50% hand motion — and effort! Never before have so many time-and-effort-saving features been placed on an adding machine.

Every key operates the motor—so you can now *forget the motor bar*. No more back-and-forth hand motion from keys to motor bar.

Keys are instantly adjustable to *each* operator's touch! No wonder operators are so enthusiastic about it. They do their work faster with up to 50% *less effort*. New operating advantages, quietness, beauty!

"Live" Keyboard with Adjustable Keytouch *plus* 8 other time-saving features combined only on the National Adding Machine: Automatic Clear Signal . . . Subtractions in red . . . Automatic Credit Balance in red . . . Automatic space-up of tape when total prints . . . Large Answer Dials . . . Easy-touch Key Action . . . Full-Visible Keyboard with Automatic Ciphers . . . Rugged-Duty Construction.

A National "De luxe" Adding Machine pays for itself with the time-and-effort it saves, then continues savings as yearly profit. One hour a day saved with this new National will, in the average office, repay 100% a year on the investment. See a demonstration, today, on your own work. Call the nearest National branch office or National dealer.

National

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

977 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

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You'll find the finest Gifts for All at REXALL Drug Stores

Christmas Gift Wraps for Every Use. Choose from your Rexall Druggist's big assortment—tags and seals, ribbons and papers, priced from only . . . . . **10¢**

American Custom Chocolates. A distinctive selection of high-grade candies—creams, nougats, etc. 1-lb. box, only **$2.00**

Christmas Cheer Chocolates. Delicious assortment of Milk and Dark chocolates and wrapped caramels. 2½-lb. box . . . **$2.19**

Imperial Parchment stationery has 60 flat sheets and 36 envelopes. $1.50 value, **98¢**

Aerosol Mist Cologne. Cara Nome's White Mink fragrance in an attractive 2-oz. bottle **$2.00**

Cara Nome Ballet. 2 oz. each: Cara Nome, Springwood and White Mink colognes. $2.00 value, only **$1.50**

Stag Shave Lotion both cools and refreshes, has masculine Stag scent. Big 6-oz. bottle in clever "Gay Blade" gift box, only **$1.00**

Dusting Powder and Cologne. Three distinctive fragrances: Cara Nome, $4.00; Springwood, $3.00; White Mink **$5.75**

Cara Nome Duets. 2-oz. bottles of cologne and lotion. Choose from: Cara Nome fragrance, $1.00; Springwood, $1.25; White Mink, . . . **$1.50**

Spuntex Stretch Nylons. Fit like a second skin—never wrinkle, bag, or sag; seams stay straight. Sheer 60 gauge, 15 denier. Pair, $1.65; 3 pairs for only **$4.45**
Regular Spuntex Nylons, 51 ga., 15 denier. Pair, only **$1.09**

Ann Delafield Cologne. An enchanting fragrance. 4-oz. bottle in a gay holiday gift box **$2.75**

Stag Shaving Set. 3¾-oz. after-shave powder, 6-oz. lotion and a 3¼-oz. tube of shave cream—gift boxed, only **$2.29**

FOR HER

Atomizers for her perfumes and colognes, priced from **$1** to **$5.00**
Compacts from . . **98¢** to **$5.00**
3-Piece Dresser Set of radiant "stardust" material. Only **$3.98**
Brush & Comb, "stardust" material, **$1.29**
Nut Bowl Set. Rusticware bowl has felt base, with cracker and 4 picks **$1.39**
Nut Cracker Set. Cracker, six picks, **59¢**
Musical Powder Box. 18-note Swiss movement, choice of colors. Reg. $3.98, **$2.98**
Jewel Box with automatic lift-up tray. Velvet and satin lined; has lock, key, **$2.95**
G-E Electric "Starter" Alarm Clock has attractive, easy-to-read face **$3.98**
Luxury Electric Blanket. Fitted foot, 2-yr. guarantee, 4-color choice. Save $11: single control, $29.95 value, now **$18.95.** Save $12: dual control, $36.95 value . . . **$24.95**
Picture Book Stationery. 50 sheets and 36 envelopes, boxed. $2.00 value . . . **$1.39**
Christmas Notes have Van Gogh paintings in full color. 20, folded, and envs. **$1.00**
Antique Crush Stationery. White, **$1.00**
5-Yr. Diaries with locks and keys. Each only **$3;** leather, zippered on 3 sides, **$4.00**
Holy Bible has white zippered cover, 16 colored illustrations. King James, **$3.50**

FOR HIM

Stag Lather Brush. Soft badger. $7.50 value, now only **$4.98**
Men's Travel Kits. Texon; unfitted, **$1.98.** Fitted with 8 essential grooming aids. Only . . . **$3.98**
Brownie Hawkeye Outfit. Camera, flash unit, bulbs and film. Gift boxed . . . **$14.35**
Brownie Holiday Camera. Only . . **$4.95**
Sylvania Flash Bulb Gift Pack. Gay holiday pack of twenty No. 25 bulbs . . . **$2.40**
Photo Album has aluminum-bound, padded cover, gold design. 10¼"x12", **$1.69**
Revolving Poker Chip Rack holds 200 chips, two decks. Mahogany or red, **$2.98**
Parker "Jotter" Ball Pen writes 5 times longer than ordinary ball pens **$2.95**
Pen & Pencil Set. Ballpoint pen with matching mechanical pencil. $2 val., **$1.29**
Gentlemen's Club Stationery, **$1.50**

FOR YOUNGSTERS

Baby Doll is 18" tall, coos and sleeps, has washable, curlable hair. Only **$4.89**
Cash Register bell rings, drawer opens, etc. . . **$2.98**
Mattel's Burp Gun is fully automatic, fires one shot or 50. Uses caps **$3.98**
Walt Disney Dolls are made of vinyl, stand 10½" tall. Mickey or Minnie Mouse, or Donald Duck. Each **$1.98**
Golden Trumpet really plays, is over 13" long, golden plastic. Includes music, **$3.98**
Hopalong Cassidy shock-resistant watch for boys has chromed case, stainless steel and handsomely gift boxed. Only, **$6.95**
Cinderella shock-resistant watch for girls is nestled in a transparent plastic slipper and handsomely gift boxed. Only, **$6.95**
Treasure Activity Book contains fun books, puzzles, crayons, etc. For ages 6-9 . . **$1.00**
Activity Box has books, games, etc., **79¢**
Walt Disney Books are full-color illustrated. Choice of 6 titles. Each **$1.00**
Punch-Out Model Books from **$1.50**
Jolly Jump-Up Book has stories illustrated with full color 3-D pictures, **$1.50**

TREE DECORATIONS

Christmas Tree Stands.
Economy. Metal stand, only **79¢**
Coloramic Stand has 5-color design. Huge water capacity, **$3.98**

TREE LIGHT SETS

Underwriters' Laboratories Approved.
Economy 8-light set; a buy at **$1.35**
Better 7-light set. Others stay lit if one bulb burns out. 11½ ft. **$2.39**
Best 15-light set. Others stay lit if one bulb burns out. Only **$5.39**
Outdoor 7-light set has waterproof sockets. With colored lamps **$3.00**

Foil Icicles are extra-long. ½ oz. . . . . **10¢**
Shiny Brite Ornaments. Box of 12 . . **98¢**

These suggested retail prices are effective through December 31, 1955, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, California.

★ ★ ★ See All of These and Many More Nationally

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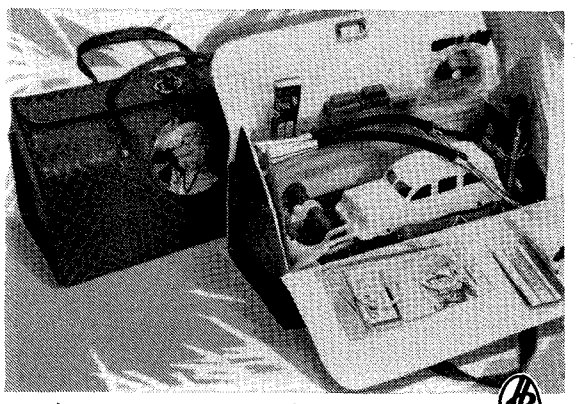
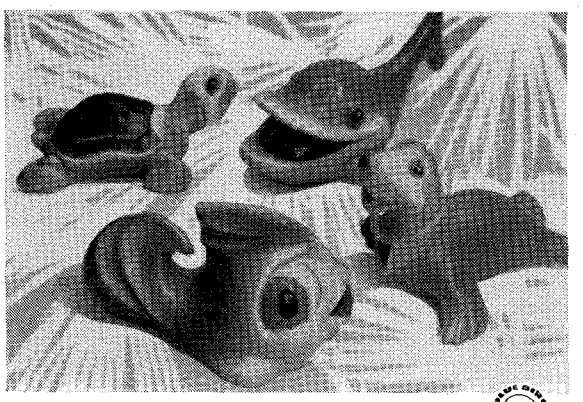
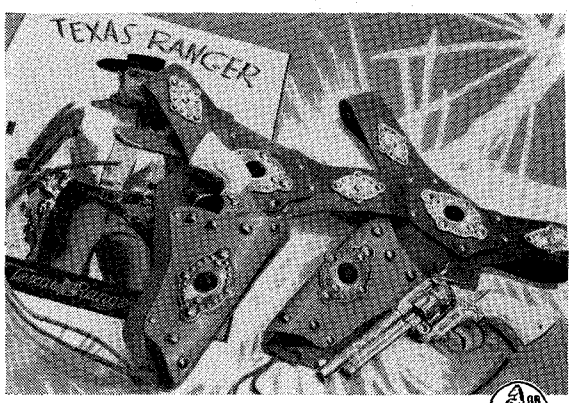


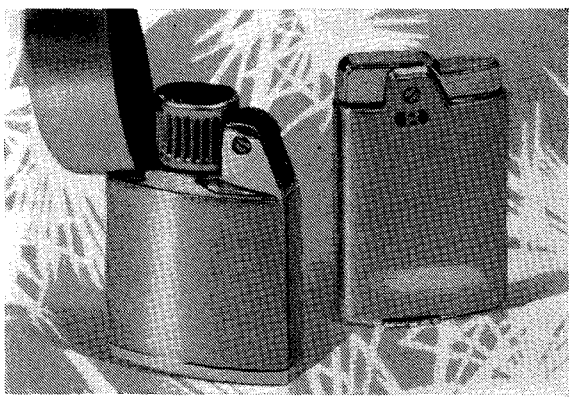
Deluxe Junior Doctor Kit for Young Medics. Everything he'll need to "treat" imaginary ills—more than thirty items in all, packed in a realistic-looking black bag of simulated alligator vinyl. Only **$2.98**
Jr. Doctor Kit. Over 20 items. In luggage-style box **$1.98**
Dolly's Nurse Kit. Over 30 items for girls.....**$2.98**



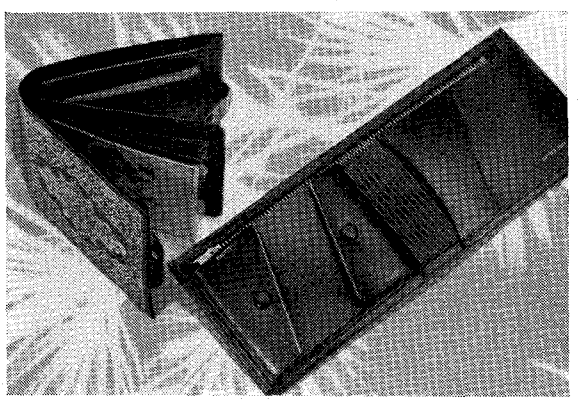
Lovable Squeeze-Float Toys for Baby's Bath. They float, "talk" and blow bubbles. Baby will love them all—Gilly the Fish, Sammy the Whale, Tillie the Turtle and Wilbur the Walrus—because each one's cuter than the last. Safe, non-toxic finishes. Each, **98¢**
Inflated Vinyl Play Balls. Durable. From **59¢** to **98¢**



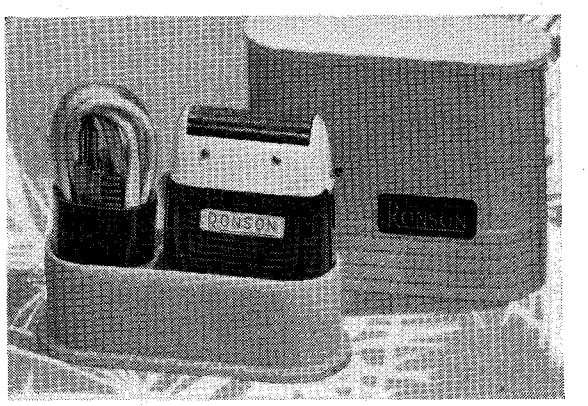
Double "Hipslinger" Gun and Holster Set. These look really authentic—crossover style, made to be tied down in true "old West" fashion. They're two-tone tan, genuine leather with thong leg ties. The nickel plated pistols can be "fanned" for fast firing.....**$3.98**
Other Gun and Holster Sets priced from just..**$1.00**



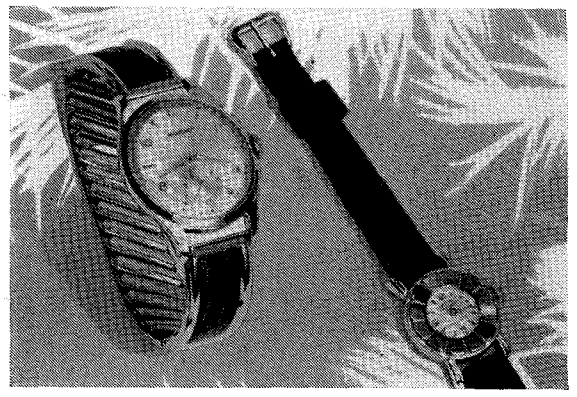
Gives Lights for a Lifetime—Ronson Lighters. RONSON
Ronson Windlite is *really* windproof, and has a Fiberglas wick that'll last a lifetime. Only.....**$3.95**
Ronson Capri is streamlined and sleekly styled, with Ronson's exclusive new "easy-fill" swivel base. Very attractive and compact, has satin finish. Only.....**$7.95**



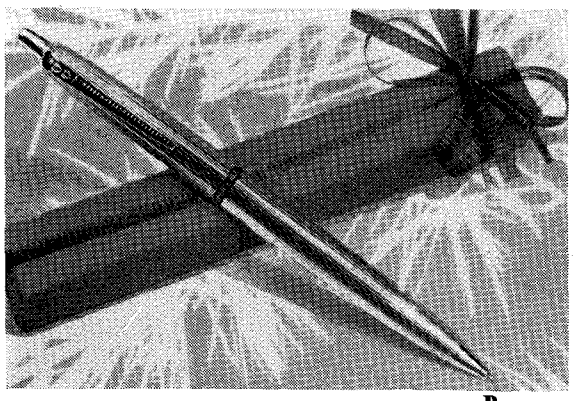
Fine York of Boston Wallets for Ladies and Men. Choose from a large variety of leathers and colors—all styled exclusively for Rexall by the House of Nash. All are genuine leather, with nylon stitching and smoothly turned edges to assure years of wear. Perfect for everyone on your gift list. $5.00 values, each.....**$2.77**



For "The" Man on Your List—a Ronson Shaver. RONSON Gives quicker, smoother, closer shaves, because its *flexible* curved steel head is 2½ times thinner than a razor blade. It's self-sharpening, lubricated for life, and really quiet-running. With plastic case, **$19.95**
With Deluxe Case, zippered, genuine leather..**$22.50**



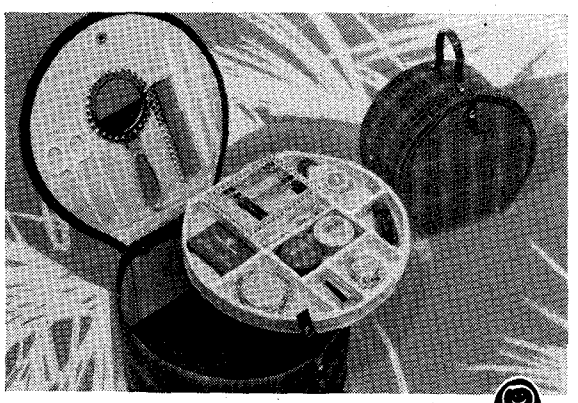
Hanover Watches with "Nevabreak" Mainsprings. Both have accurate Swiss movements, non-tarnishable cases and unbreakable crystals; are shock-protected and 1-year guaranteed. Attractively gift packaged.
Executive, Men's; wafer-thin, has expansion band. **$9.95**
Parisienne, Fashion colors; matching suede band. **$9.95**



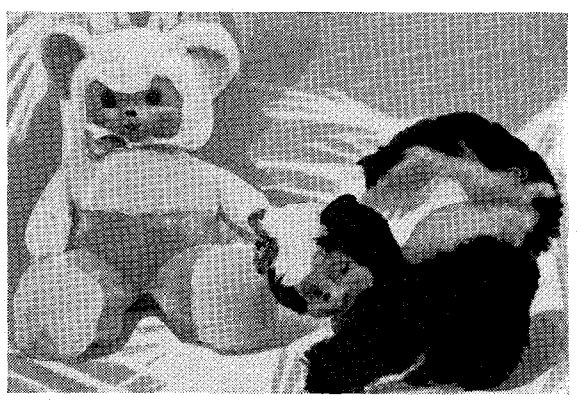
America's Favorite Gift Pen—Papermate Capri. PAPERMATE Handsomely jewelry-styled, with an ever-lustrous sparkling metal finish that will never chip or tarnish. Ink can't leak and dries instantly; point-retracting mechanism can't wear out. Writes as you write—fine, medium or broad. In an attractive gift box. **$2.95**

Trim Your Tree with Frosty Push-Button Snow. Big Aerosol can contains 10½ oz. of giant, life-like flakes that cling to trees and wreaths. Completely safe and non-flammable. With kit of 20 stencils that let you put holiday designs on gift packages, etc. .....**98¢**
Budget Size 5-oz. Aerosol, without stencils. Only..**69¢**

Betsy Wetsy—She Even Sheds Real Tears! IDEAL
She drinks and wets, coos, and goes to sleep, too. Her skin is soft and life-like, so she can be bathed and powdered. Betsy Wetsy comes with a complete layette, including a dress, bonnet, shirt, slip, diaper, bottle and nipple, clothespins, soap, cotton puffs.....**$7.98**



"American Beauty" Beauty Bag for Junior Models. She will love to carry this "luggage-type" model's hat box—and primp for hours with the "beauty aids" inside. There's a 4-pc. plastic manicuring set, comb, hand-mirror, gold-tone powder, rouge and lipstick containers, and more—in a removable tray. **$2.98**



Cute, Cuddly Plush Toys That All Kiddies Love. Both are 18 inches long, soft, furry, well made and durable. Their cute faces are hand-painted, washable vinyl.
Buster The Bear is ever-popular. $4.95 value....**$3.79**
Stinky The Skunk has a sly, friendly grin and a big, floppy tail. Wears a ribbon and flowers in her hair. **$3.98**

Advertised Gifts of the Finest Quality at . . . Rexall

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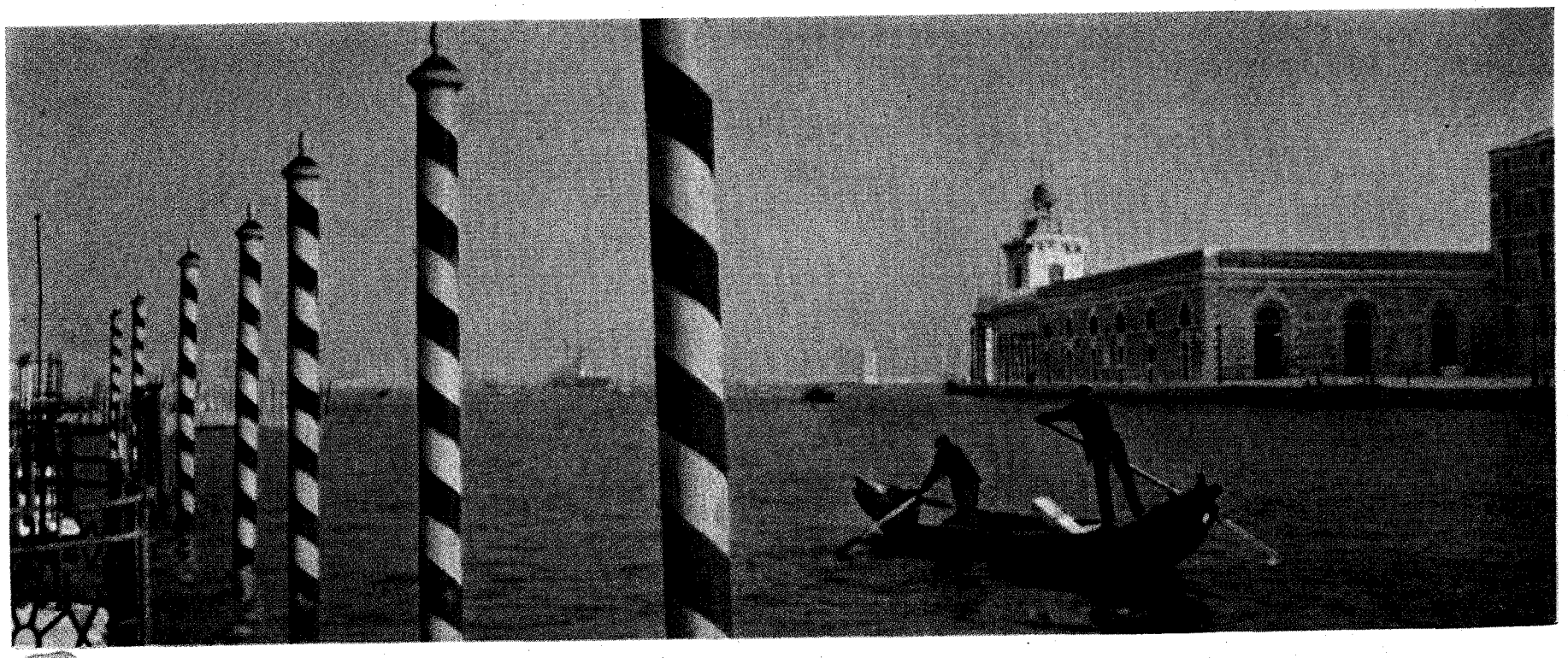


"You're only 5 minutes away from this real Italian-style meal"

You don't have to travel all the way to Venice to get a plate of really good Italian-style spaghetti (although it *would* be fun!).

Just 5 minutes from now—5 minutes from any time—you can sit down to the same wonderful kind of Italian meal . . . right at home. For famous Chef Boy-Ar-Dee brings you Spaghetti and Meat Balls made the way he learned to make it right in Italy.

Notice how the strands are cooked—perfectly tender but still firm enough to twirl

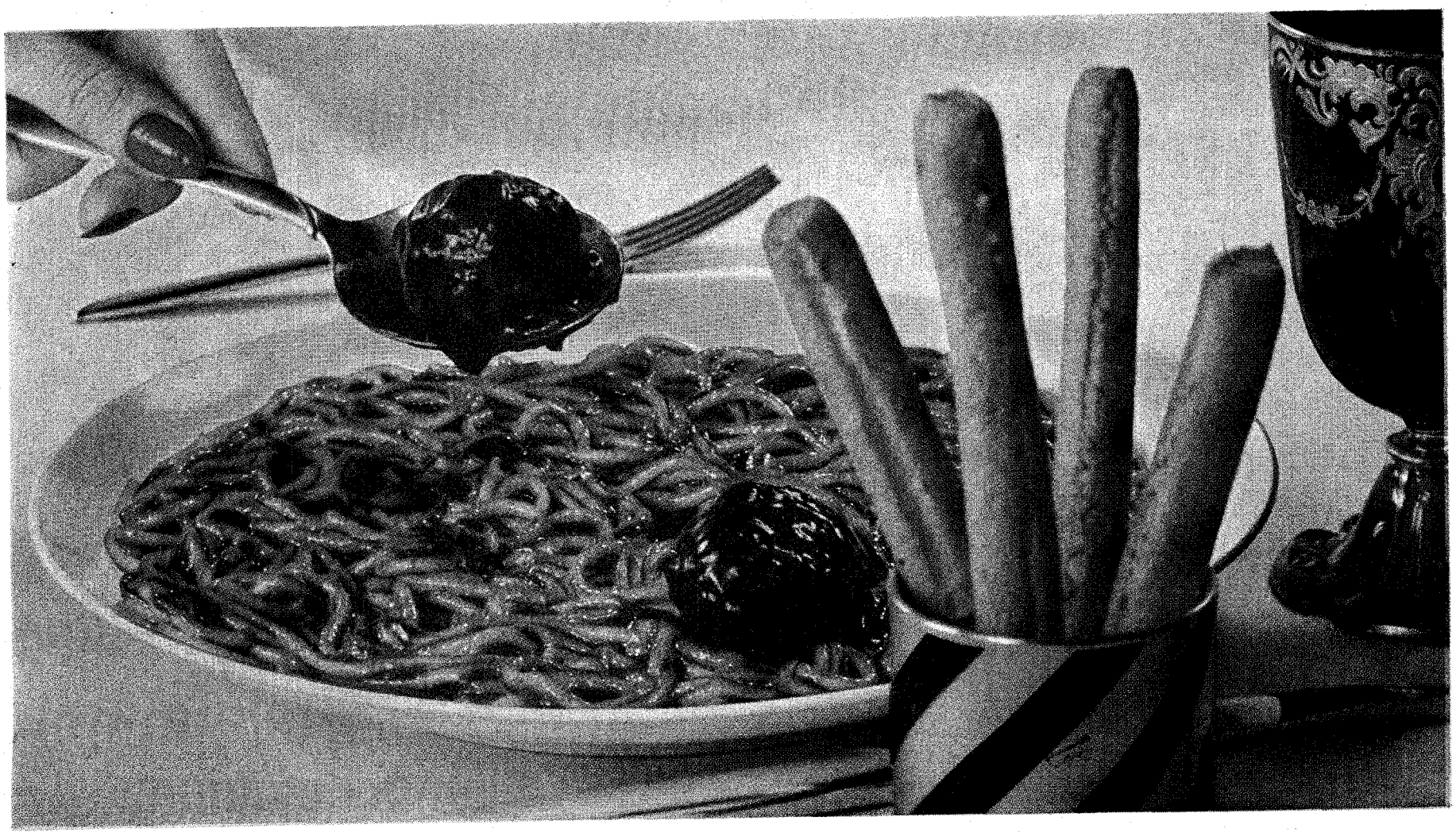
. . . the way the sauce is blended, so you almost taste the different flavors—the tomato, the choice spices—yet it all goes smoothly together

. . . and the meat balls—that important extra touch —made with pure beef, brown outside, juicy inside.

If you close your eyes you can almost imagine you *are* in Venice. And—how nice!—*this* experience in Italian eating costs only 13¢ a serving. You can get handy 2- or 5-serving cans. Do try it soon!

You'll find the same fine Italian touch in Chef's Spaghetti Dinners, Ravioli and Sauces, too. Look for them. Let Chef do the Italian cooking for you!

real Italian-style
CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®
Spaghetti and Meat Balls



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(Continued from Page 64) the afternoon of the day the prospectuses were to be picked up, the SEC demanded a change in the wording of the offering. This resulted in a six-hour printing delay, which meant that the shipment missed most of the evening flights. Bad weather moved in, grounding some early-morning flights and slowing up Eastern ground-transportation facilities. Twenty-four hours after the intended date of issue, 90 per cent of the prospectuses were still on the ground in New York. Meanwhile, an uncertain stock market had displayed a bearish trend. The underwriters of the American Balustrade issue decided not to underwrite. The following day the prospective stock issue was withdrawn. Chaos and lawsuits followed.

Mayport

(former Florida fishing village now a U.S. Navy Carrier Base)

By Kathleen Sutton

Once nothing happened
here of more import
Than shrimp boats casting
off or, stoutly loaded,
Returning from the
Caribbean. Crowded
The wooden piers were then
in gay retort
To vanished dreads, all joy
to welcome crew—
Strutting and loud, warmed
by the adulation
Of wives and children—
home to earthier ration
Than found at sea, as every
sailor knew.

Today a different fleet
weighs anchor here.
Its ships are sleek and gray,
embracing power
To shake the world, while
homing to the tower
The carrier's jets scream in.
Still at the pier
(Of steel and concrete now)
the same glad cries
Of welcome sound, as eyes
find seeking eyes.

The Emery staff—even though they were not responsible for these misadventures—contemplated mass hara-kiri until someone pointed out that it was just another foul-up, and that there would probably be worse ones to come. This philosopher reminded his unhappy colleagues that whatever moves must first stand still.

There have been, of course, other unhappy experiences—though none of them have been on such a magnificent, multi-million-dollar scale. There was the case of the ghost shipment which was put aboard a Seattle-bound plane at Chicago and disappeared from the sight of man for twenty-nine days. The package was finally found under a tarpaulin in one corner of the cargo compartment when the plane was taken out of service for its regular overhaul. Another bundle—construction plans this time—shuttled between New York and Chicago for weeks before an inquisitive stewardess found it in the crew's baggage compartment. No one knows how it ever got there, and the Emery staff hopes no one ever finds out.

Despite the occasional failures, the Emery system works well enough to keep 8000 to 10,000 shippers a month satisfied with what is probably the world's most streamlined transportation service. If there is one Emery customer who has more reason than all the others to be happy with the dependability of the company's service (and of air freight, in general), it is a client who, for very good reasons, isn't talking about it. Five days a week, for the last three years, an Emery agent has called at a classified laboratory in a classified New England city at four P.M. and picked up a sealed suitcase containing classified somethings. This shipment is loaded onto a plane at the originating city, transferred by Emery from one airline to another at New York, off-loaded in Washington and delivered to a desk in the Atomic Energy Commission at nine o'clock the next morning. During the three years this operation has been conducted, the shipment has missed connections just once. On that occasion it overflew Washington, was recovered in Atlanta (with the FBI already hot on its trail) and delivered that same afternoon, five hours late.

The fact that a dependable forwarding operation calls for organization and a system—and that Emery has both—is underlined by a statement in the 1954 Civil Aeronautics Board report on a relicensing investigation of the air-freight-forwarder field.

"Wide variations exist in the character and scope of operations conducted by the forwarders. Emery is the only one which offers a nationwide service maintaining offices in 28 cities, serving 990 points, employing 283 persons, including 40 salesmen—handling 80,000 pounds of air freight a day."

This sort of recognition by the Federal Government's air-transport regulatory body suggests that, in addition to being one of the first in its field, the Emery company has also done a sound job in realizing the potentialities of the new service. As with any service organization, Emery Air Freight's day-by-day accomplishments are due to the work of its—currently—300 human parts; the directive force behind those parts, however, is, in a good measure, centered in the man who began it all and whose name the company bears.

John Colvin Emery is a tall, mild-mannered Missourian who looks somewhat younger than his fifty-two years and who possesses a literate sense of humor—a gift which he used to advantage for some years when he was a fairly regular contributor of humorous prose pieces to this magazine. Emery, no hornblower, is somewhat embarrassed about his company's name.

"I was raised in the railroad business and they don't use personal names for railroad companies. But in 1946, when we started this outfit, there were so many people trying to get into the air-transport business in one form or another that the only company name we could legally clear in all of the forty-eight states was one with a personal name in it. That's how it came to be Emery Air Freight."

John Emery's growing up with the railroad business included a Midwestern period with the Chicago and Alton freight-traffic department and thirteen years, spent as an editor of Railway Age, the railroad industry's chief trade publication. In 1937, after a year as assistant to Joseph Eastman, then Federal Coordinator of Transportation, Emery moved over to the Railway Express Agency, where he negotiated contracts for the agency's trucking services. When the war came, Emery arranged the contract through which his company supplied trucking service for the Naval Air Transport Service.

"They asked me to join up and help them set up the Navy traffic department, so I went in as a lieutenant commander and

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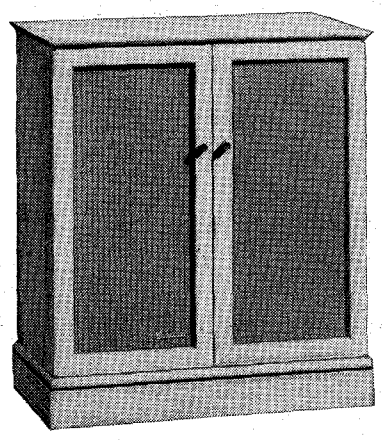

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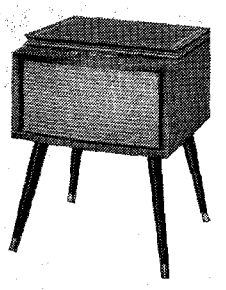

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became executive officer of the newly formed transportation division. Our job was to act as the forwarder for the Navy's wartime, world-wide airline. We picked up the freight from its source, gave it a priority and a routing, got it on the right cargo carrier—generally a NATS, an ATC or a commercial plane, but sometimes a naval vessel or a train—followed it to its destination and there off-loaded it and delivered it to the final user. The cargo ranged from whole blood for some South Pacific jungle hospital to gun directors for battleships in the Mediterranean fleet. Everything was urgent, everything was in short supply and there was never enough air lift to go around. It was a hard and wonderful school for this business."

The problems the Navy's transportation division (and, of course, similar groups in the other services) had to solve in moving air freight were all new, because there had been no air freight before the war. Occasional, special shipments had been made by air as early as 1928, and regular air express had been inaugurated ten years later, but until the war produced the four-engine C-54, with its big doors and relatively large cargo space, there had been no equipment to carry freight shipments by air. Once there was an air lift for freight, the air-cargo pioneers had to work out the means to get the freight to and from the planes, to devise special packaging and crating for air-lift purposes and to establish a control system which would keep the freight always on the move—for unless these ancillary operations functioned smoothly the speed advantage of the air lift would be completely vitiated.

The military-air-transport services solved the essential problems of such a forwarding service during the war, and though they did it without having to worry about the economics of the operation, the experience convinced Emery (and a number of other hopefuls) that forwarding air cargo and using the commercial airlines as an air lift could be turned into a profitable business. When Emery left the Navy in 1945 he decided to strike out in this new direction.

A dozen or so of Emery's close associates from the Navy were enthusiastic enough about the idea to enlist in the enterprise before the new company was formed. Two of Emery's neighbors in suburban Connecticut, investment bankers, and an old friend who is a lawyer in the transportation field, also thought well enough of the project to lend their aid in the complicated mechanics of organizing and financing the new company.

Early in 1946 a stock issue of $285,000 to finance the Emery Air Freight Corporation was placed on the market by two Wall Street investment houses.

"The stock," recalls Leonard Hunt, one of the neighborly founding fathers, who became a vice-president of the new company, "was subscribed to immediately. In 1946, of course, the investing public was ready for anything with the word 'air' in it. Well, that gave us a nest egg and a payroll—all we needed was some business. And along with that we hoped for something new and different—a license from the Civil Aeronautics Board as a common carrier in the air-freight-forwarding field. At the time we made our application in 1946 there was no such animal. And when we finally did get our license, in 1948, it had a pretty little No. 1 on it."

The little company sweated out two lean years, while it was waiting for its certification as a common carrier, by carrying out limited operations as a contract carrier. The race with failure was a close one; the first year's losses were $94,000, the second year's deficit $70,000. The first eight months of 1948 showed a further loss of $18,000, and then, in September, with but $103,000 left in the bank, Emery Air Freight turned the corner and made its first dollar of net profit.

As John Emery puts it: "That happened during a strike at the Railway Express Agency, which turned a lot of air express our way. It's a joke around here that strikes at Railway Express not only got us into the black but have since marked turning points in the company's history. Anyway, we've always been properly thankful. In 1949 we grossed our first million and we've been doing better and better ever since."

Though this statement may seem to suggest that the air-forwarding service is a bonanza, it is worth noting that the CAB report on the year 1953 shows that only half of the air-freight forwarders reported any operating profit at all. If Emery's $407,571 profit before taxes is excepted, the forwarders lost more than they made in 1953. Obviously, then, Emery is doing something more than riding a rising business curve.

For a company with little more than an idea and a hungry payroll, Emery picked a solid first customer. The company's first shipment, on August 8, 1946, was a bag of checks from New York for the clearing-house in Cleveland. The customer—the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. The checks were picked up at 10:30 P.M. and delivered in Cleveland four and a half hours later. An office story has it that the young firm's president picked up the first shipment and carried it to Cleveland holding it in his lap.

John Emery denies this: "It went by conventional channels. One Emery agent picked it up and another delivered it. Together, they represented about twenty per cent of our labor force."

The financial printers and their stock prospectuses were the second group to become regular Emery customers. In those early days of the company's history—say seven or eight years ago—the mid-Manhattan building now housing the Emery freight depot and traffic department hadn't even been thought of, and all the company's operations stemmed from a small huddle of offices in the New York financial district. The sidewalk was used as a loading platform and when the dispatcher had a pickup order he opened the window, whistled and then floated the order down to the truck driver.

Jim McNulty, now assistant vice-president in charge of operations, was then the company auditor—when he could find a chair to sit down on. Jim was working after hours on his books one Saturday evening when the phone rang.

"Being the only one in the place, I answered. It was a financial printer, one of our earliest and one of our very few accounts at the time. She had this package she had to get down to Washington right away—it seems that the treasurer of the Potomac Electric had to see these proofs and O.K. them so that our client could go ahead with the printing. Well, as the accountant, I didn't know what to do to get this package down to Washington and, for some reason, I couldn't get hold of anyone who could tell me. But I did know how to get myself down to Washington. So I locked up the place and picked up the package and went to LaGuardia Field and bought a ticket and flew down to Washington. There I delivered the package and got a receipt for it and caught a plane back home.

"I was supposed to have been home for dinner by seven. When I strolled in about eleven, my wife said, 'Well, where were you?' And I said, 'Just down to Washington, delivering a package. What have we got for dinner?'"

Such exertions above and beyond the call of duty are not exceptional in an organization dedicated to the proposition that the freight must go through, no matter what the cost. On one occasion the manager of Emery's Hartford, Connecticut, office, faced with a rush order of refrigerator hinges from Hartford to Erie, Pennsylvania, on a wintry day when bad weather had grounded most of the local airline flights, chartered a small commercial plane to deliver the shipment. The pilot got away from Hartford on schedule, zigged when he should have zagged and ended up in a heap on the side of Mount Greylock at the top of the Massachusetts Berkshires.

The Hartford manager, notified immediately by CAA of the crack-up, jumped into his car and raced north to the crash scene. There he joined the rescue party in extricating the pilot (who survived) from the wreckage, and then rented a dog team and sled and salvaged the shipment of door hinges.

Loading the hardware into his car at the bottom of the mountain, this zealot then drove forty miles to Albany and saw them off on a scheduled flight for Erie. That done, he presumably drove the 100 miles back to Hartford and cleaned up the mail on his desk.

Though it is doubtful that such do-or-die shenanigans had anything to do with it, Emery Air Freight has frequently been designated by the Air Force as a chosen carrier to be used in various experiments in air-borne logistics. As the only forwarder offering a completely monitored transportation service, Emery co-operated with the Air Force in Operation Red Head, the problem of air-supplying a fighter wing, and is currently participating in Operations Red Rose and Wild Call—both of which have to do with air-supplying cold-weather equipment to units in Alaska. For both of these projects, Emery offers normal, two-day delivery from the States—and guarantees third-day delivery. Pan American World Airways and Alaska Airlines are used for the air lift north of Seattle.

John Emery, who has already proved himself a practical visionary as far as air freight is concerned, thinks that everything his company and the other forwarders have done to date is just a small beginning. He does not forecast anything phenomenal just around the corner, but something big for the long pull. The Emery organization, which expects to be twice its present size by 1960, is guiding itself along the way with a fifteen-year plan. John Emery thinks that it may take a quarter of a century for air freight to come of age.

"And I don't think of that as meaning a world of freight trains flying through the skies—I'm referring to the profitable transportation of the lighter freight where speed is a big factor. The possibility of air freight taking over in this field depends a lot on technical developments—we don't have an airplane, now, which can carry cargo at freight-scale prices and show an operating profit."

The air-lift problem—which consists of designing and building planes for cargo work and getting them into the hands of the airlines so that a regular network of freight routes can be established—may well be solved by the Air Force's recently announced project of creating an air-borne logistical system to service our world-wide string of air bases. This logical development would mean fleets of flying freighters ready to follow our striking weapons halfway around the world on H Day. Essentially, these fleets would represent a stockpile of air lifts. The airlines would seem to be the most suitable operators of such an air-borne transportation force in peacetime, as they would in an emergency.

Though lack of air-lift capacity on airlines primarily geared to passenger, express and mail carriage is the main limiting factor in the present air-cargo business, the generating of air freight where there was no air freight before is also a problem. The major airlines, which are gradually introducing a few all-cargo runs into their schedules, do some of this missionary work, but the larger share of this induced traffic results from the efforts of forwarders such as Emery and the Railway Express Agency's air-express division. John Emery has no worries about this.

"We do business with perhaps twenty thousand different companies today, and as the field develops, new sources of freight constantly become apparent. For one thing, overnight delivery of freight any place in the country may change the whole distributing system. Why should a manufacturer maintain ten or a dozen widely spaced warehouses when he can air-freight from his factory to his customer's door on a few hours' notice? That may sound expensive at the present rates, but so are warehouses and the personnel to man them and the stocks of parts and goods which often become obsolescent while they're sitting on the warehouse shelves. Gear the factory production line directly to the customers' immediate needs and you're eliminating a major cost in almost any business."

As a way of making a living, the air-freight-forwarding business is considerably more traumatic than, say, landscape gardening or running a bakery. The uncertainties which at times bedevil all forms of transportation are combined with a twenty-four-hours-a-day service in which the common denominator is urgency—each customer feeling that his is the most important shipment ever sent by land, sea or air. The Emery staff have learned to roll with the punches and (Continued on Page 72)

"Can't you find something to read?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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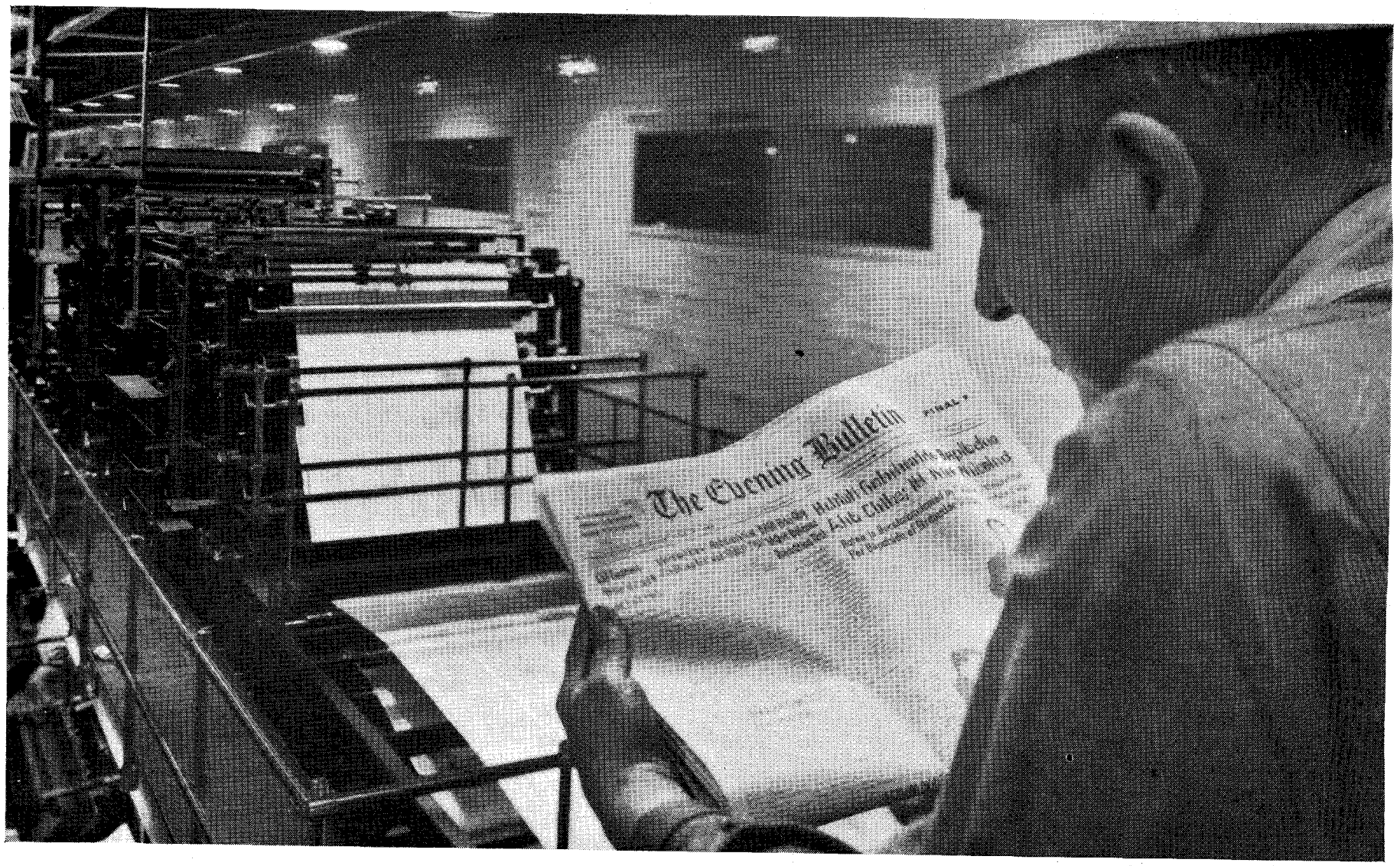

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(Continued from Page 70) to take their laughs where they find them.

Sometimes it's the triviality of a shipment that brings a chuckle or two. A New York executive, head of a large trucking firm, found himself in Chicago one morning with the coat but not the trousers of his dress clothes. Having an important speech that night, the executive—a gentleman given to girth—called his New York office and demanded that the missing trousers be delivered to him in Chicago before dinner. Emery proved to be the last-minute answer; one Emery employee solemnly escorted the missing pants to the New York airport and another just as solemnly delivered them to the waiting speechmaker when they arrived in Chicago.

A Hollywood producer and his wife commute between Hollywood and New York. Invariably, once they are in New York, the wife finds that she has left an absolutely necessary dress or accessory or bauble back in Hollywood—something she just has to have that night.

"So she calls her secretary in Hollywood," relates MacIver-Campbell, "and the secretary tells the maid what is wanted, and the maid tells the butler, and the butler calls Emery. And we pick up the package and put it on the first plane headed east and the Emery office in New York delivers it to the hotel. And if everything works out right, it gets there on time and another crisis is averted."

Emery's Albany office was startled one morning to receive a message directing them to pick up Hopalong Cassidy's guns at a certain theater and put them on the first plane for Washington. Somewhat incredulously, they sped to the theater and there, sure enough, were Hopalong's two guns. The great man had forgotten them the night before and had found himself in Washington, the next morning, without his shooting irons. The Emery staff has never figured out how Hopalong would have learned about Emery.

An even more engaging mystery was the case of the patriarch of one of America's greatest industrial dynasties. Mr. Patriarch called up Emery's Washington office from Savannah one day last spring and explained that he wanted an Emery agent to hasten to his home outside of Wilmington and pick up the cord of an electric razor, which would be ready and waiting for him. The cord was to be dispatched to Savannah on the first possible plane. The Emery office manager did a double-take on this and then suggested, as gently as possible, that there must be plenty of electric-razor cords in Savannah and that it would be much cheaper for Mr. P. to send someone out to purchase a new one. Mr. P. listened patiently, said he knew all that—but he happened to want his own razor cord. So the wheels were set in motion and the cord was picked up and put on the first plane for Savannah, where a messenger delivered it to the waiting Mr. P. Not only was the somewhat staggering bill for this shipment paid promptly—Mr. Patriarch even called Washington a second time, from Savannah, to thank the Emery office for its prompt service. Now, why would a man insist ——

You might as well forget that razor cord—The Emery Air Freight Corporation has been worrying the question for a year without finding a reasonable answer.

Boss of the Behemoths

(Continued from Page 47)

rings at two or three o'clock in the morning," he says. "Those West Coast fellas forget there's a difference in time here, but I tell her that any time a ballplayer or a newspaperman or a radio or TV man calls me he's makin' a living."

This availability, coupled with his friendliness and frankness, has made Bell immensely popular among the players and the press. Occasionally he has had to impose player fines. The stiffest of these was a $300 fine he assessed three years ago against a player whom he has never identified. More often than not he has returned the money or retracted his edict before payment.

In 1948, Frank (Bucko) Kilroy, bellicose guard of the Philadelphia Eagles, was ejected from a game. Bell fined him $150. Several weeks later Bell met Kilroy and his wife.

"So you're the man who took away my new coat," Mrs. Kilroy said.

"No, you're looking at the man," Bell said, nodding toward Kilroy. "I'll tell you this: You come back at the end of next season, and if he doesn't get thrown out again, I'll give it back to you."

Kilroy, who has been on the disabled list this season, has yet to be banished from another game. Bell has employed this psychology with others. On three occasions he plastered Tank Younger, massive fullback of the Los Angeles Rams, with fifty-dollar fines. After the third of these, he met Younger.

"I told him I'd give him the money back, and I did," Bell says, "but I also told him, 'If it happens again, don't wait. Send me two hundred dollars.' Then I made him 'President in Charge of Keeping the Rams in Line,' and I haven't had any trouble from them since."

Bell has made the players feel close to the league front office, and he has done the same with the press. He is boisterously friendly with virtually every newspaperman covering pro football. During the baseball season he will often sit until two A.M. in a midtown restaurant, swapping stories with out-of-town baseball writers, many of whom also cover the National Football League.

However, press and player relations have been only secondary among the accomplishments of this sixty-one-year-old former player, coach and club owner in helping his league to cash in on postwar prosperity. While there has been a general expansion in most industries since World War II, this has not been true in a number of sports enterprises. Baseball, for one, has had many of its minor leagues fold, and, faced with rising costs unmatched by increased revenue, has been casting about desperately for solutions. Boxing, for another, has seen the majority of its small clubs collapse and attendance elsewhere dwindle. Circumstances in each sport differ, of course, but the contrasting rise of the National Football League has been due in no small part to the aggressive leadership Bert Bell has supplied on each big problem as it came up. During Bell's first year in office in 1946, for example, he and the N.F.L. were faced with the competition of a new league, the All-America Conference. After a prolonged war that cost an estimated $6,000,000, Bell accepted the surrender of the All-America on December 9, 1949, on the National's own terms.

In December of that first year Bell and his league also were hit by a betting scandal, as New York gamblers attempted to fix the point spread in the championship game between the Chicago Bears and the New York Giants. The case was broken on the eve of the game by the New York district attorney's office. On the basis of the information then at hand, Bell declared Merle Hapes, the Giants' fullback, ineligible for the game.

Following a trial that sent a gambler, Alvin Paris, to prison, Bell indefinitely suspended not only Hapes but also Frank Filchock, the Giants' passer. Neither player had accepted money from Paris nor agreed to his plot, but they had associated with him and had failed to report his offer. There was some feeling, particularly among the Giants and their supporters, that Bell was too harsh on Filchock, who had played his heart out in the Bears game. But Bell made Filchock's suspension stick for seven years, and Hapes' for nine.

At the same time he bolstered the league's defenses against a recurrence of the same thing. He got together with leaders of both political parties in Pennsylvania and spearheaded the passage of a sports antibribery law. He had the league teams work for similar laws in other states which did not have such legislation. He compiled a list of all the big gamblers in the country. He hired an ex-Federal Bureau of Investigation man, Austin Gunsel, to work out of the league office in Philadelphia, and he employs, on a retainer-fee basis, at least one former FBI investigator in each league city.

"Not to tail the players, though," says Bell. "To watch the gamblers. Also they check on the sales of any team stocks, new owners, new officials, new broadcasters."

Bell also has established what might be called a system of listening posts, through which he will know if any large amount of money appears in the betting on any one team or any particular game. Each week during the season he receives the betting prices and point spreads on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, Saturday morning and Saturday night.

"One night," he says, "I got the price on a Cardinals-Cleveland game, and the next thing they said was that the spread had dropped to three points. I called Cleveland and found they'd just announced that Otto Graham wasn't gonna play. That's why our teams today must announce at least forty-eight hours before a game if a player may not play or will not play. The gamblers know these things. I want the public to know them too. I don't care if people bet, because people are gonna bet," he says, out of his own experience as a one-time healthy better on the horses, golf, dice, roulette, cards and backgammon. "I just want to be sure they stay away from our ballplayers and don't spread rumors."

In 1948, while attending an Eagles game in Philadelphia, Bell received a phone call informing him that a local gambler just out on parole was circulating a rumor about the point spread of a game being played that day by two of the Western teams. Bell dashed from the ball park to Lew Tendler's restaurant, where he got Harry Carlis, then Tendler's partner, to call in the man. Blazing now, Bell backed the gambler against the wall.

"But, Bert, I didn't do it," the gambler protested. "I'll give ten thousand to any charity you name if you'll tell me who said this."

"I'm not that much of a sucker," Bell shouted back, "but I'll tell you this: If you do this again, I'll have you put back in the can where you belong!"

Before the start of each season, Bell talks to every squad in the league. A major portion of every speech is devoted to player conduct not only on the field but off it. He invites the players, if they have any problems, to phone him, collect, either at his office or his home.

"I don't pretend to the ballplayers that I was any criterion in my day," he says, for he is frank about the foibles of his youth. "Some people thought I associated with characters I shouldn't. Even today maybe they don't like some of the people I sit with, but I've got (Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 72) to know what's goin' on. With the ballplayers it's different."

Bell has carried the same realistic approach into battle against two other major problems that have complicated his reign—television, and raids on American playing talent by the two affiliated Canadian football leagues.

In the field of television, baseball and boxing have yet to find a way to live happily with TV, but the N.F.L. has been able to shackle the monster to its own uses. Television revenue, in fact, is one of the prime reasons why for the past four years eleven of the twelve league teams have operated in the black.

Not only has the television money been coming in but attendance has been going up too. The league total was 1,732,000 in 1946, Bell's first year. Last year it was up to a record 2,219,000, and the early indications were that the record would be broken again this season.

"I'm a great believer in TV," Bell explains. "It creates interest, but it's only good as long as you can protect your home gate. You can't give a game to the public for free on television and expect them to pay to go to the ball park for the same game."

Accordingly, National Football League teams televise only their road games back to their home cities. Chicago, the only two-team city, is necessarily under a television blackout, since one team is always playing at home, and an N.F.L. by-law prevents any team from broadcasting into another's territory when the latter has a home game.

At one point this arrangement was challenged by the Federal Government, which, back in October of 1951, filed a suit against the league and its teams, charging that, through their by-laws restricting TV and radio broadcasts, they were violating the Sherman Antitrust Act. On November 12, 1953, Judge Alan K. Grim, of the Federal District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, handed down a decision holding the television plan not to be an unreasonable or illegal restraint of trade. He did not find the same in the matter of restricted radio. However, Bell and the eight lawyers with whom he had surrounded himself had won their major point.

The league suffered one TV setback this year. In addition to the assorted regional telecasts of Sunday-afternoon games, for which the total audience is estimated to run as high as thirty to forty million, the N.F.L. also had been broadcasting one Saturday-night game each week over a national hookup of the DuMont network. Now the DuMont network has been dissolved, and the Saturday-night television this year is on a limited local basis. One of Bell's big objectives for 1956 is to get the Saturday-night games back on national television.

As for the Canadian problem, Bell contends that it has been far overplayed. "They've taken about forty or fifty American players," he says, "but if a ballplayer don't want to play for you, what good is he? Our owners get sore, the same as I would if I was an owner. I don't want to lose anybody, either, but we've got all the good players we need, and the world isn't coming to an end."

On several occasions representatives of the Canadian leagues have come down to Philadelphia to see Bell, in the hope of signing an agreement. Bell has cautiously avoided this, for fear of monopoly charges, but not before he has impressed his visitors with his energy and forthrightness.

Just about everybody who has any dealings with Bell is impressed by these same qualities. Says Joe Donoghue, secretary of the Eagles and assistant treasurer of the league, "At our annual meetings Bert will walk out every fifteen or twenty minutes to tell the press what's happening. He doesn't believe in handouts, and he's always trying to make deadlines for newspapermen across the country."

"Outside of something personal, like finances," says Bell, "the fellas in our room know I'll talk. Why not? We got no secrets. The more the public knows, the better off we are."

Bell was originally appointed for three years by the owners on January 11, 1946, to succeed Elmer Layden, at an annual salary of $25,000. The following year his contract was renewed for five years at $30,000 a year. In 1949 it was extended to ten years. Last year, when George Halas, owner-coach of the Chicago Bears, announced that Bell had been given a twelve-year contract, the assembled press actually applauded. Last January the league decided to put aside an added $10,000 a year as a pension fund for Bell.

"At that second meeting I ran," Bell recalls, "the owners asked me to step out into the hall while they discussed something. That was one of the few times I sweated, because I'd grown to like this job, and once before they'd asked a fella to step outside and he'd never gotten back in. Finally they called me back to tell me I was a thirty-thousand-dollar-a-year commissioner instead of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar one. It was one of my big thrills."

Bell is in the same awkward position as his counterparts in other sports, in that he holds office at the pleasure of the owners he must govern. While this has tended to make others timorous, it has had no inhibiting effect on Bell. He repeatedly fights the powerful owners on behalf of the weak, in the belief that the league can be no stronger than its weakest link. The wealthier football owners, unlike some of those in baseball, have come to accept this.

"It's because we got great owners," Bell says. "They argue and fight. Sometimes they can't even agree on when to adjourn for dinner, but when it comes down to helpin' the league, they vote right every time."

"It's also because they respect Bert," says Donoghue. "First of all, he's square with everybody. As friendly as we are, if I brought up something he didn't like, he'd knock me down as quick as the other guy. You don't get mad, because he does it to anybody, and he doesn't hold grudges. At one meeting one of the owners was completely wrong, and said things he shouldn't have said. If that guy is in a jam, though, I know Bert will be the first to help him. And he's got the best knowledge of the operation of football of anybody you ever met."

Bell accumulated this knowledge and a worldly savvy to complement it in a manner that can hardly be recommended, even though it made him what he is today. His story also demonstrates that in the democratic arena of American sports a man doesn't have to be born poor to succeed.

Bell was reared in luxury, and in a fashion that undoubtedly set many tongues to wagging in Philadelphia social circles. He is the younger of two sons of John C. and Fleurette de Benneville Myers Bell. His given name is not Bertram, but de Benneville.

"I don't think ninety per cent of the people who know me know that," says Bell. "Once in a while, though, a bank will send something back if I sign it Bert."

On his maternal side, his grandfather, Leonard Myers, was a member of Congress. Bell's father was district attorney of Philadelphia from 1903 to 1907, and attorney general of Pennsylvania from 1911 to 1915. After that he pursued a highly successful law practice.

Bell's brother, John C., Jr., was elected lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania, and he succeeded Edward Martin as governor for nineteen days when the latter went to the United States Senate in 1947. Since 1950 he has been a justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

"But all I ever wanted was football," says Bell. "Football has been my life."

John C. Bell, Sr., was a back on the University of Pennsylvania teams of 1882–83–84. "At least I think he was a back," says Bell, who treats such things lightly. "He used to tell some story about fallin' over Harvard's goal line with the ball."

Later, the father became a trustee of the university, was head of its athletic association and served on the intercollegiate Rules Committee, where he was next in seniority to Walter Camp.

Bell remembers being taken to Penn games when he was six years old. He served as a sort of team mascot. He first learned to kick a football at Franklin Field about that time, and played his first football with boys his own age on the square at 24th and Pine, when the family home was at 24th and Delancey. Later the family moved into an imposing three-story stone house at 22nd and Locust.

Lou Little, the Columbia coach, who grew up in more modest surroundings in Leominster, Massachusetts, still has vivid memories of this home, and also of the Bells' summer residence at Radnor, on the Main Line, with eleven wooded acres that included a lake.

"For a fella like me," says Little, who was one of Bell's teammates at Penn and one of his closest friends, "that beautiful city home with the servants and everything was like walking into a hotel. And that summer home was like living in a country club."

In preparation for entering Penn, Bell bounced from Episcopal Academy to the Delancey School and finally to Haverford School. There he captained the football, basketball and baseball teams in his senior year, studying just hard enough to protect his athletic eligibility.

"I remember he was very much looked up to, even then," recalls DeWitt Clement, a Haverford School graduate who was two classes ahead of Bell. "He had the qualities of leadership. He seemed so much more mature than the rest of us, and he used to swagger a little and talk out of the side of his mouth and try to shock us with the stories he told. I remember one day at breakfast he told us his father would give him fifty dollars if he'd have his nose, that had been broken in a game, rebroken and reset. To the rest of us that seemed like a lot of money then."

Says Bell, who in college was also to have his collarbone broken, his ribs cracked and three front teeth knocked out, "The nose got straightened out in the next game. Besides, I didn't have to do that for fifty bucks. My father and mother gave me anything I ever asked for, and I was a pretty good asker."

He entered Penn in 1915, and, following the 1917 football season, served thirteen months as a first sergeant with the 20th General Field Hospital in France. He returned in time to captain the 1919 team, and left school the following February without graduating.

In his last year at Penn, Bell signed up for a course in English literature then given by Dr. Cornelius Weygandt. He may have attended the first class, although that is not clear in the memories of either Bell or Joe Labrum, his assistant and league public-relations head, who actually took the course.

"I sat near the back of the room," Labrum remembers, "and when Doctor Weygandt would call the roll, I'd answer for Bert like a quarterback barking signals. When he got to Labrum, I'd answer in my natural voice. Sometime in November, when he'd finished the roll, Doctor Weygandt asked me to stand up. When I did, he said, 'Gentlemen, I want you to meet Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Mr. Bell and Mr. Labrum.' Then he said to me, 'You tell Mr. Bell he'd better get to class or be dropped.' I told Bert, but I don't think he ever came."

As a quarterback, Bell, who weighed 155 pounds and stood five feet eight inches, was not a great one, but he was a good one. Penn was a national football power at the time, and Bell was a driving, resourceful field leader. Decaying newspaper clippings reveal that he won the praise not only of local sportswriters but also of opposing coaches, including Pop Warner, whose Pittsburgh team Penn tied, 3 to 3, in 1919.

Among Penn rooters, however, there was no such unanimity of opinion in regard to Bell. Although apparently almost everyone who has ever met Bell has liked him, there was some strong feeling against him on the part of those who may have resented his father's position at Penn or even the maroon Marmon in which they used to see Bell looping up Walnut and down Chestnut streets. At one game, in fact, a small riot broke out between Bell haters and Bell supporters in the Franklin Field stands.

Bell, who enjoys deflating his own reputation as a player, says, "In the Swarthmore game in 1916, I had a bad day. I dropped a couple of punts and once I kicked straight up in the air. After the game, Bob Folwell, who coached us, told me to go down to Atlantic City and relax for a couple of days. On the train, a guy sat down next to me, and he said, 'Did you see the game today?' I told him I had, and he went on from there.

"He said, 'Isn't that Bell the lousiest thing you ever saw?' I agreed with him. Then he said, 'You know, he wouldn't be playin' if his old man wasn't a trustee.' He went on like that, chewing my ear, until we got to his station. Then he got up to get off, and he said, 'My name's So-and-So. What's yours?' I said, 'Bert Bell.' He took off down the aisle like the cops were after him."

From 1920 through 1928, Bell was backfield coach at Penn, and he held the same job at Temple University in 1930 and 1931. At the same time he was doing more conventional work, first at the St. James Hotel and later at the Ritz Carlton, in both of which his father owned an interest. He also was associated with a brokerage house that had an office in the Ritz Carlton. Yet his life lacked direction.

He had two weaknesses. He was inclined to drink too much and bet too much. Each August he would rub elbows with Vanderbilts, Whitneys, E. R. Bradley, Samuel D. Riddle, Harry Sinclair and Bernard Baruch at Saratoga, betting sometimes as much as $500 on a horse. When he had a good day he would go against the wheels at the Brook and Piping Rock clubs at night. A better-than-average golfer and card player, he would back himself at those games.

Two things happened to change his way of life. The stock-market crash of 1929 put him $50,000 in debt—a tab picked up by his father, who never gambled on anything—and he met Frances Upton, a musical-comedy star playing opposite Eddie Cantor in Whoopee.

Although he inherited some money and securities upon the death of his father in 1935, Bell has neither played the stock market nor bet on horses since the crash. Since he became commissioner, he has gambled on nothing. He hasn't touched an alcoholic drink in twenty-three years, or since a night in 1932, when he and Miss Upton were dining in a restaurant in Margate, New Jersey, with Heinie Miller, a Penn teammate of Bell's, Lou Little and their wives. On that occasion Miss Upton made it plain that she and Bell (Continued on Page 77)

Most married men who speak from experience agree with their wives.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

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PICTURE FROM THE PAST. In this early telephone office, the operators asked only for the name of the party being called. In those days, connections were made by name instead of by number.

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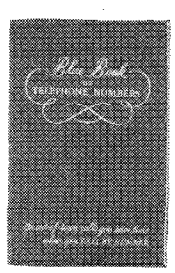

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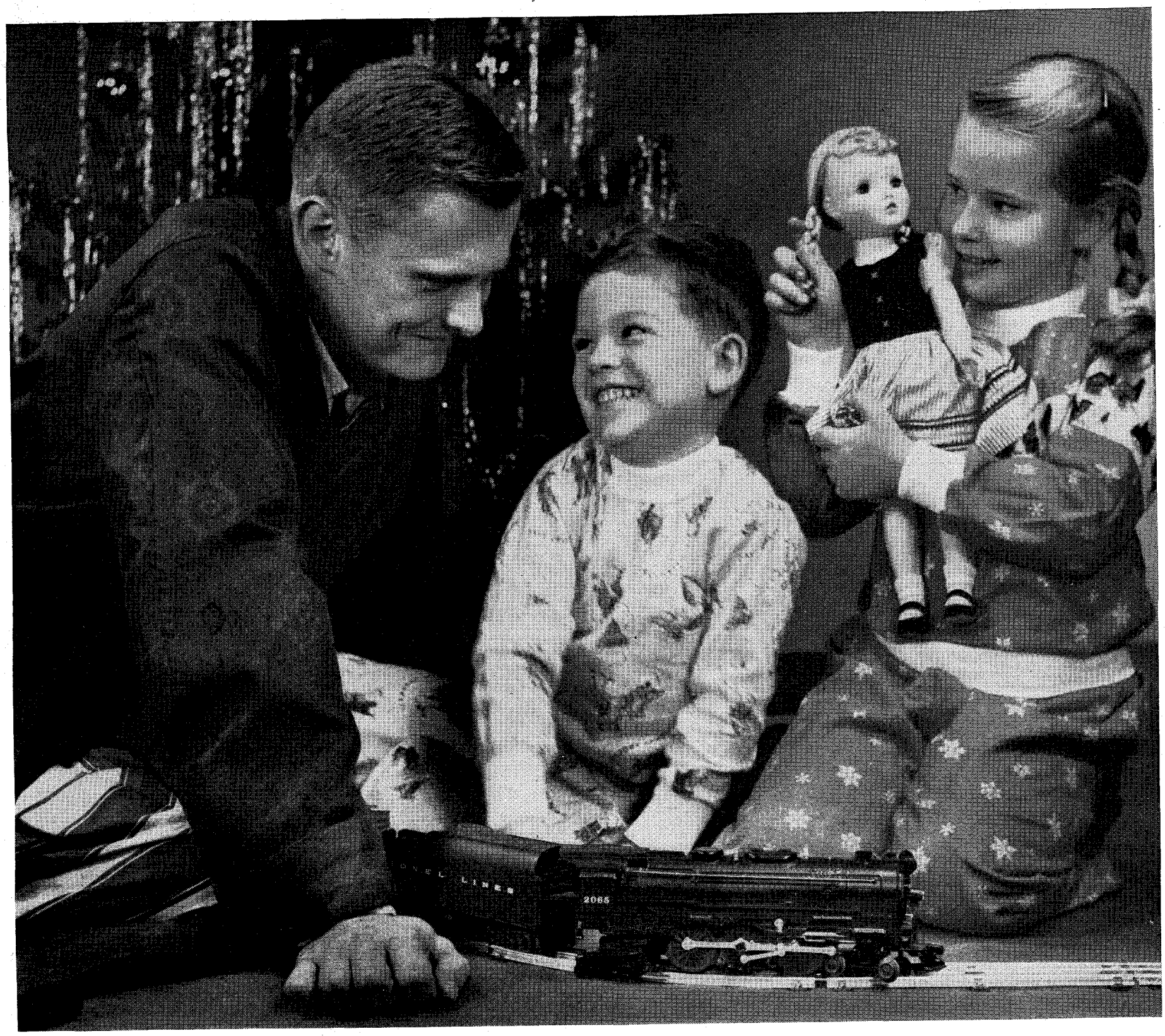

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(Continued from Page 74) could never be more than friends if he did not give up drinking.

Little recalls, "Bert said, 'All right, I've had my last drink.' We thought it was idle talk at the time, but he meant it, and he's a man of strong will power." Miss Upton was appearing with Joe Cook in Hold Your Horses when she and Bell were secretly married on January 4, 1934.

The Bells have two sons, John Bertram, nineteen, a sophomore at Notre Dame, and George Upton, seventeen, a student at Malvern Prep, and a daughter, Jane, thirteen, who attends Sacred Heart Academy. Bell often repeats that, whatever success he may have made of his life, the credit should go to the guidance and understanding he received from his wife.

In 1933 Bell and six others bought the franchise of the old Frankford Yellow Jackets for $2500 and changed the name to Philadelphia Eagles. In three seasons they lost $80,000. When the others pulled out, Bell, the lone bidder, bought the club back at a public auction at Samuel T. Freeman and Company on Chestnut Street for $4500.

No wonder women generally outlive men . . . they don't have to cope with wives.

HAL CHADWICK

From 1938 through 1940 he coached the club to four wins, twenty-eight losses and one tie, while he was also selling tickets and program space and handling the publicity. He paid himself a salary of $5000 and made a little money in addition. Following the 1940 season, in a three-way transaction he ended up with $50,000 and a half interest in the Pittsburgh Steelers. Alexis Thompson got the Eagles. Bell sold his share of the Steelers when appointed commissioner.

As a coach, Bell suffered from a shortage of playing talent, but not of energy or enthusiasm. In one game, when Luke Johnsos, the Chicago Bears' end, tricked one of Bell's players into lateraling the ball to him and then took off down the field for a touchdown, Bell raced along the side lines burning Johnsos' ears with abuse until his own wind and legs gave out.

When Bell moved into his job as commissioner, there was little, if anything, that anyone could tell him about the operation of a professional football club. For years, he, like the other owners of the weaker clubs, had been given the worst of the schedule by the more powerful owners, who preferred to fatten their records against the soft touches in October to build up their big home gates in November.

In 1948 Bell took over the schedule making, announcing that he was for playing the weak clubs against the weak and the strong against the strong. The difficulties of this job are compounded not only by the necessity of trying to assess the expected strengths of the clubs, but also by Northern weather and the unavailability of certain baseball parks early in the season. Bell spends between 400 and 500 hours at it, moving varicolored dominoes, representing the teams, across a big chart, often until two or three o'clock in the morning.

When the All-America Conference folded and three of its teams—Cleveland, San Francisco and Baltimore—joined the National Football League in 1950, Bell's experience again came to the rescue. The big problem was the distribution of about 150 players from the disbanded teams. For seventy hours the owners sat in a hotel in Philadelphia, arguing, seconding one another's motions and then vetoing them just to get them out of the way.

"I've listened to all I can listen to," Bell said finally at 1:30 one afternoon. "I'll have to take over. We'll adjourn until four o'clock."

On his way out of the room Bell was confronted by the representatives of the San Francisco Forty-Niners and the Cleveland Browns. Arthur McBride, then owner of the Browns, announced he was getting out of football.

"Don't say you're getting out," Bell said. "When I come down at four o'clock, if you're not satisfied it's honest, then get out."

Bell shut off the phone in his own room and went to work on the list. At four o'clock he reappeared.

"You could hear a pin drop," he says. "I was so nervous I couldn't see straight. I read my distribution list, and George Marshall, of Washington, made a motion it be accepted. Somebody seconded it, they voted and adjourned. Some of them, like Halas, got the worst of it, but they never kicked."

For several years now, Bell's family, his friends and associates have been trying to get him to slow down. He suffers from high blood pressure, and last year collapsed in the Racquet Club ten days before the championship game, which he was forced to watch on television. He has not had a vacation since he took the commissioner's job, and during the season doesn't even enjoy weekends off.

On Saturdays he sits at home in a ten-room stone residence in Narberth, a community he describes as "on the Main Line, but not one of those social places," watching a college game on television, consuming coffee, chain-smoking cigarettes and answering the phone. Saturday is the final day when teams can phone in changes in the eligibility of players for the Sunday games.

If the Eagles play in Philadelphia, he sees those games. Otherwise he watches on television on Sunday, when not walking into the kitchen and then the dining room to catch other games on radios. The next day he may be on the phone with any or all of the play-by-play commentators, giving them detailed critiques on the jobs they turned in. Whereas Bell recognizes that newspapermen are free to report as they please, he doesn't hesitate to dictate to the game broadcasters, whose jobs are subject to the approval of the league and the clubs. This is standard—if dubious—procedure in other sports.

"Now don't precede the officials on a call," he was telling one broadcaster recently. "Let them call it. That's what they're paid for. When a play doesn't go, don't knock a player. Give credit to the guy who stopped it. Another thing: brush off altercations. Just say, 'There's a little disturbance down there, but the officials have it well in hand.' Then talk about something else. Also, don't dwell on injuries. Say, 'So-and-So was shaken up on that play, but he'll be all right.' And one more thing: People say we pass too much in this league, so stress the running game. Any time a guy makes a good run, play it up."

Many listeners object to this sort of slanting, particularly when they learn in the papers the next day that some incident was much more serious than the announcer led them to believe. This may not be so sound a practice as most of Bell's policies. However, it is just one more reflection of his ceaseless determination to get the most out of everything for his league.

"I often ask myself," says Joe Donoghue, expressing the sentiments of other club officials, "what would happen to us if anything happened to Bert. How could the league ever replace him?"

They'd replace him, of course. But they wouldn't duplicate him. It is unlikely that pro football—or any other sport—ever will come up with another commissioner just like Bert Bell. THE END

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"They really have their hearts in their business," comments Dr. West's **John Weber,** as he visits Wausau, Wisconsin, to tell this

Wausau Story

"Right off the bat I noticed that Wausau people are proud of whatever job they do. Take young Jerry Olshankski. I met Jerry on his newspaper route. Since I used to deliver papers, too, we had some fun kidding about the best way to 'roll for a throw.' By really sticking to his job, Jerry's been able to buy himself a bicycle, a boat and even an outboard motor. While we talked Jerry kept right on working. He prided himself on never keeping a customer waiting."

In the pictures and captions on this page you will find four interesting examples of the 'Wausau way' of doing business—as told by John "Jake" Weber, assistant to the President of Weco Products Company (makers of Dr. West's dental products). You will find still another example of this energetic Wausau personality in Employers Mutuals. Here, briefly, is *our* story.

Employers Mutuals writes all lines of casualty and fire insurance, including automobile. And we are one of the largest in the field of *workmen's compensation.*

Our policyholders include some of the country's best-known firms. Yet a great part of our business is with companies employing a small number of people.

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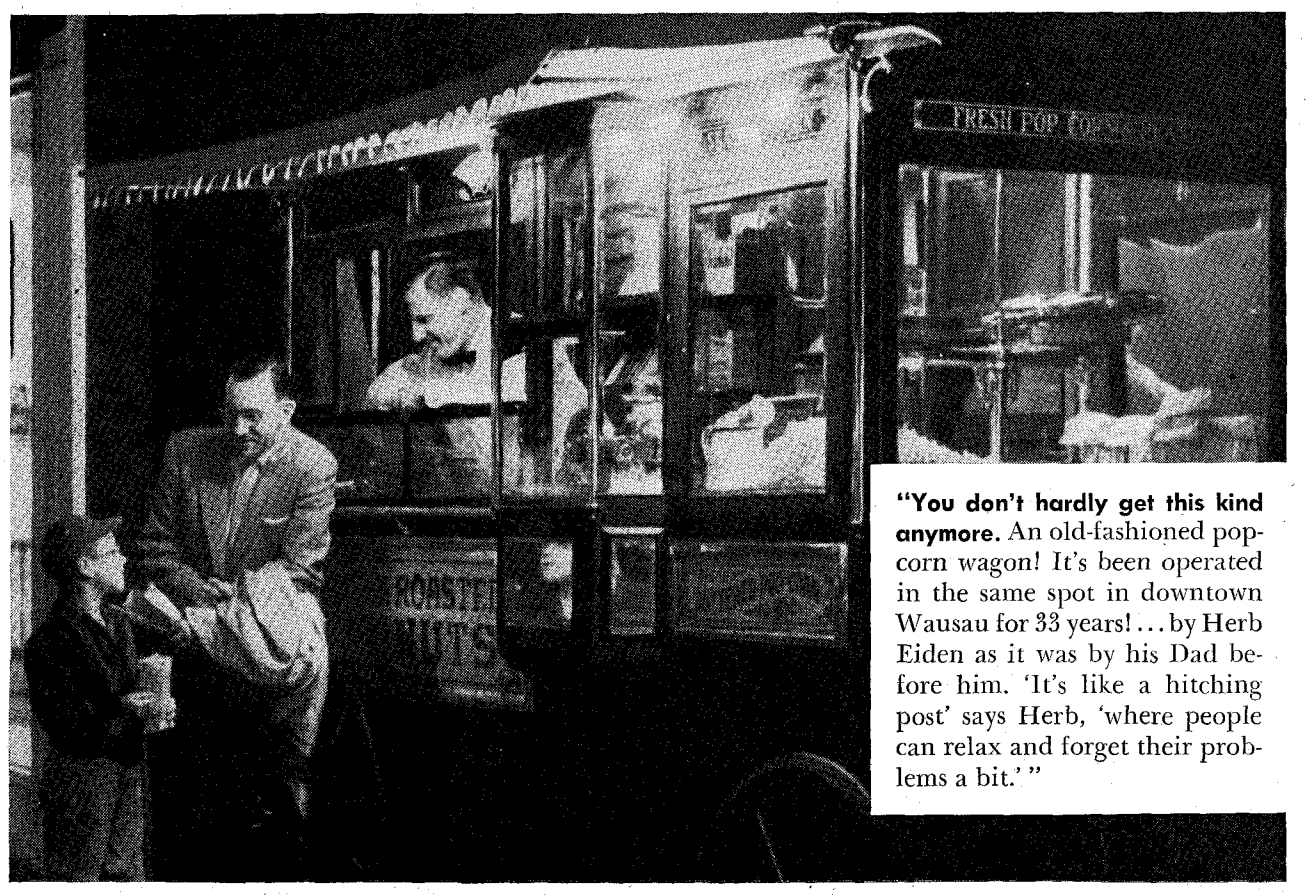
All policyholders, large and small, like our fresh enlightened view of workmen's compensation. We don't believe such insurance is just a way to pay accident claims. Under Employers Mutuals' supervision, it can actually lower costs of production and improve overall profits. Phone our nearest office, or write Wausau, Wisconsin.

"One of the things I liked most about Wausau is the *friendliness* of the folks I met. I wanted to find out about them, but they were just as interested in knowing who I was. Something Bob Hertz (left) of the Hertz South Side Drugs said really stuck with me. 'Whatever we do in Wausau —whether it's a community project or business—we try to do the best we can.' Bob's a good example. His store has shown a gain every single month for 9 years."



"You don't hardly get this kind anymore. An old-fashioned popcorn wagon! It's been operated in the same spot in downtown Wausau for 33 years!... by Herb Eiden as it was by his Dad before him. 'It's like a hitching post' says Herb, 'where people can relax and forget their problems a bit.' "

"On the job since 1922: That's how long Leigh F. Bugbee (right), Wausau City Health Officer, has been supervising bacteriological research on milk for Wausau and Marathon County. It's a big part of his job, too, because Marathon is the largest dairy-producing county in Wisconsin. 'I like it,' says Mr. Bugbee. 'We help people to learn for themselves that milk is something more than just white and wet.' "

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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Death in the Wind (Continued from Page 50)

said, with a nod. "That's why he was late for the poker game."

"He also denied that he went anywhere near Fawcett Point on Monday night," Vern Gray said. "That's why I want to talk to Pierre."

"I'll get him," Paula said.

Pierre was in the den with Horace Trent. She took his hand and said softly, "Lieutenant Gray wants to talk to you, Pierre. Don't be afraid to tell the truth."

"No, Paula," Pierre said.

The lieutenant was waiting on the porch with Alex Fawcett. Paula led the way to the living room, and no one sat down.

"Pierre, this is very important," Lieutenant Gray said. "Did you see your Uncle Alex Monday night?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "He came to see *maman* and brought her a present, something in an envelope."

"You've got your nights mixed up, Pierre," Alex said, and forced a nervous smile. "You'd better think back about it, fella. I guess I'd remember if I was there, wouldn't I?"

Pierre looked at Alex's face, then down at the floor.

"Last Thursday or Friday I did go there and I did take her a present, if you want to call it a present," Alex said. "She had bought a piece of land and I took her the warranty deed."

Pierre put the knob of his wrist to his eyes and started to turn away, but Horace Trent caught his shoulder, holding him.

Alex said, "You see how it is, Vern. The kid builds things up. He doesn't mean any harm. I guess it makes him feel important. . . . Pierre, how about it? Now that you think about it, don't you remember that it happened last week?"

"No," Horace Trent said, "it didn't. It happened Monday night, just as Pierre said. I understand everybody has been going around calling this boy a liar, lieutenant, and I've had enough of it."

"He won't be badgered, Horace," Vern Gray said soothingly. "I think he's a good boy. I've got a lot of respect for Pierre. The question isn't whether he told a lie, but whether he may have made a mistake. . . . Pierre, I'll ask you just once more, was it Monday night that your Uncle Alex was there?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "The night before the hurricane."

"Alex, I think you are lying," Paula said. "Why?"

Alex's face was flushed and his eyes had a glassy shine. He started to speak, then turned his head away.

"You were out teaching Pierre to surfcast just before I found the watch," Paula said. "You could have put it there, and I'm beginning to wonder if you did."

"Watch?" Gray said. "What watch?"

"I found a watch in the water," Paula said. "It was a wrist watch that belonged to Mr. Davis, and Ruth had put it away somewhere in the house. Someone planted it there in the water to implicate Mr. Davis."

Vern Gray was an angry man. His lips worked for a moment before the words came out, "Miss Trent, you found evidence and didn't report it to me? Where is that watch?"

"Mr. Davis has it."

"Davis has it!"

"He'll show it to you, for heaven's sake," Paula said. "You'll find him at the Menasset Manor. You see, lieutenant, it was because of the watch that he wanted to see the Frenchman and find out what he knew before reporting to you. I found the watch below the sea wall just where ——" She saw Pierre's alert face and big eyes, and said, "Honey, I think you'd better go outside and play."

Pierre moved reluctantly away, and Paula explained to Vern Gray that Brad had given the watch to Ruth on the way to the boat train two years ago and that it had never been returned to him.

"If I had given you the watch at the time, Mr. Davis wouldn't have had a chance, lieutenant," Paula said. "He'd be in the county jail right now, charged with murder."

"He may be there yet," Gray said.

Paula shook her head, "The man who killed Ruth Bellows was the man who used that boat Monday night. He was the man who killed the Frenchman, because the Frenchman had seen the boat, and he was the man who cleaned the things out of the Frenchman's shack."

Vern Gray grunted, still angry.

"And he was a man who was familiar with Ruth's house and knew where to find that watch and plant it to implicate Mr. Davis, after it appeared that he had been drowned in the hurricane."

Vern Gray glanced at Alex and said, "It all kind of adds up."

"Why, I never heard of that watch before," Alex said.

"But you were out at the point Monday night, weren't you?"

Alex's lips tightened, but he did not speak.

"He and Porter Bellows had a fight yesterday morning," Horace Trent said. "Porter said he caught Alex rifling Ruth's desk."

"That's true, lieutenant," Paula said.

"So I was out there Monday night!" Alex burst out. "What's the difference? I left there long before she was killed. You check those bars, Vern. They'll confirm it." His lips worked a moment; then he said in a trembling voice, "She was putting the screws in me, but I didn't kill her."

"What do you mean, putting the screws in you?"

"Out there at Steamship Point," Alex said. "Look, Vern, I pulled kind of a fast one on Ruth. I admit it. I padded some bills. I worked in some cheap stuff. I did it just to make her pay, just because I was mad and it gave me some satisfaction to do it, because it was the way she liked to do things herself—under the table, the knife in the back. But she got hold of a little information and she put the screws in me, and she wanted the fifty thousand she had invested out at Steamship Point paid back to her with interest at five per cent. I had to dig it up. Fifty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty bucks. Eighteen months' interest at five per cent."

"So what you took her in that envelope was a check?" the lieutenant asked.

"Yes."

"Where is it? She certainly never had a chance to cash it."

"You can stop a check," Alex said. "If I was going to kill her for that check, I wouldn't have given it to her in the first place, would I?"

"Where is that check?"

"It's legal to stop a check, isn't it?" Alex said. "That hurricane came along and just about washed Steamship Point away, and I looked at it and I thought why should I take the whole loss? I just stopped that check, that's all."

"What do you mean, you stopped it? It wasn't there. I went through her desk."

"There are secret drawers in that desk, lieutenant," Paula said in a low, dry voice.

"That's right," Alex said. "When we were kids she showed me how they worked. It was her grandfather's desk then, and he used to keep pint bottles in those drawers for his secret nips."

"So you went there and took that check?" Vern Gray asked.

"That's all," Alex said. "It was after the hurricane. After she was killed, of course."

"Alex, you're a fool," Horace Trent said with disgust. "What's more, you've got the morals of a tomcat."

"Tell me this," Alex demanded: "Is it legal to stop a check, or isn't it?"

"Don't ask me," Horace Trent said. "Ask some tomcat."

Brad sat in a shoe store while a clerk measured his foot. He had tried to telephone Vern Gray, but the lieutenant had been out, and he had driven Horace Trent's car around the green to this shoe store he had noticed earlier, before he went to lunch.

Alex Fawcett had not used the widow's boat on Monday night, because the widow had used it herself. But she could have picked Alex up somewhere en route to the point.

Someone was surely in league with this cool-eyed, handsome widow, he thought, and it had to be Alex Fawcett, unless it was the widow herself who had killed Ruth. She said that she had not known Ruth. She denied that she knew Porter Bellows. But she may have lied. Ruth had been killed for jealousy, for revenge or for profit, and if it was for profit, Porter Bellows was the man who stood to gain. And if it was Bellows who was in league with the widow, he could have provided himself with an alibi for Monday night while the widow went to the point and killed Ruth.

"It takes quite a while to get served here, but the food is tops."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Merry Crystal!
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She had used the boat herself, and Frenchy surely had seen the boat at Fawcett Point.

After seeing Frenchy examining her boat on Oak Beach yesterday, Muriel Parker had backed her car out and driven away along the same road he had taken on his bicycle, and in the same direction. The Frenchman must have turned his flashlight on the boat on Monday night, and if he had not identified its occupant, at least the widow had recognized him, and when she saw him inspecting the numbers of her boat, she had acted promptly and ruthlessly. She must have overtaken him on the road.

"I'll take this pair," he said to the clerk. "Just put the left one on."

Last night when Alex Fawcett had driven him to the barracks, the widow had been in the Fisherman's Bar; both she and Alex had had the time and the opportunity to slip over to the Frenchman's shack and remove his clothes, his razor and his mustache wax. And it was the widow who had reported to Lieutenant Gray that two unsavory characters were loitering on Oak Beach; it was the widow who had identified Brad to Alex at the Fisherman's Bar, and Alex had jumped at the chance of taking Brad to the police. There was a chain of circumstances to involve the widow, and Alex Fawcett was a link in the chain, but there was no reason on the surface for these two to have acted together.

It was time he tried the lieutenant again, and he asked the clerk, "May I use your telephone?"

"There by the door, sir."

He went to the telephone, looked up the number of the barracks and dialed it. Lieutenant Gray was in this time, and when he came on, Brad said, "This is Bradley Davis, lieutenant. I called the man who rented that gray cottage and he said he saw the widow go out alone in her boat just before dark, Monday night, and come back again some time later, after nine o'clock."

"Where are you?" Vern Gray demanded.

The lieutenant's tone sounded ominous, and Brad asked, "Why? What's wrong?"

"I sent a man to pick you up at the hotel and he couldn't locate you."

"Has something happened?" Brad asked.

"Mr. Davis, you knew all about how the French put a mark across their sevens," Vern Gray said. "It wouldn't surprise me a bit if you wrote that number on the back of the photograph and dropped a hint to Pierre where to find it."

"Oh, look, lieutenant," Brad said wearily.

"Where are you now?" Vern Gray asked again.

"How about Alex Fawcett?" Brad asked. "What did he have to say?"

"Alex is in the clear," the lieutenant said. "Davis, I want to know where you're calling from."

Some cautious gambit of instinct prompted Brad to say, "I'm at the Fisherman's Bar. Why?"

"You stay right there," the lieutenant said, and Brad heard him call out, "Tell Devlin to shoot down to the Fisherman's Bar! Davis is there!"

Brad's forehead was moist and his heart was pounding in alarm. Vern Gray came on again and said in a clipped, hard tone, "I got the report on Frenchy. He'd been dead at least twenty-four hours when they found him. That means he was shot soon after he talked to you yesterday. And I know the true story about that watch Miss Trent found."

"Oh, she told you about that? Lieutenant, it proves that the murderer is someone familiar with that house. It proves that the widow wasn't acting alone."

"Come off it, Davis," Vern Gray said. "I told you I knew the true story about that watch. Miss Trent only told me the half of it, but Porter Bellows told me the rest. He's here in my office now. Ruth Bellows mailed that watch back to you. She told him all about it. He saw her wrap the package."

Brad hung up abruptly. The shoe clerk was standing by, and Brad thrust money into his hand and did not wait for change. He ran out to Horace Trent's car. Porter Bellows had lied. Porter Bellows wanted to send him to the electric chair. It was because the police had traced the widow's boat, of course. The police were getting too close to the truth, and Porter Bellows had thrown in the last damning evidence against Brad, the clincher. The widow was in league with Porter Bellows. There was a link somewhere. There had to be.

He got into his car and drove away, and when the town green was behind him he breathed easier; he had seen no police car. He drove very fast to Oak Beach, slowing only when he was held up by one-way traffic where an emergency crew was mounting a new transformer on a pole. He drove out of the trees and parked the car a hundred yards from the widow's cottage, well off the road. He walked out on the beach and approached the cottage from the water side. He moved around to the side of the house and, hidden from sight by the garage, tried a window. It was unlocked, and he pushed it open and climbed in.

The cottage was cheaply furnished and the walls of

(Continued on Page 83)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yer darned tootin' I'm picking the Dodgers again next year!"

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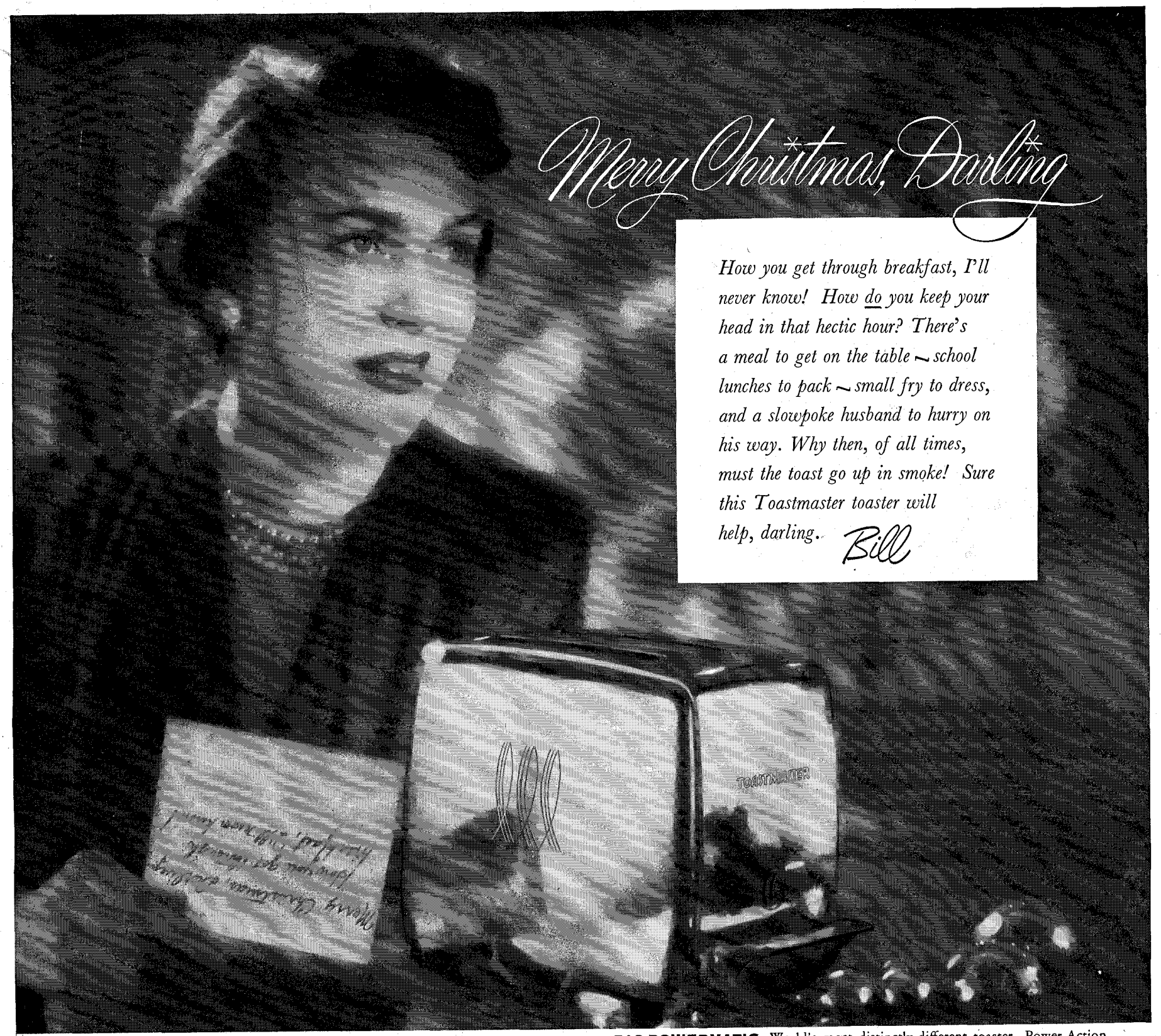
Merry Christmas, Darling
How you get through breakfast, I'll never know! How do you keep your head in that hectic hour? There's a meal to get on the table ~ school lunches to pack ~ small fry to dress, and a slowpoke husband to hurry on his way. Why then, of all times, must the toast go up in smoke! Sure this Toastmaster toaster will help, darling.
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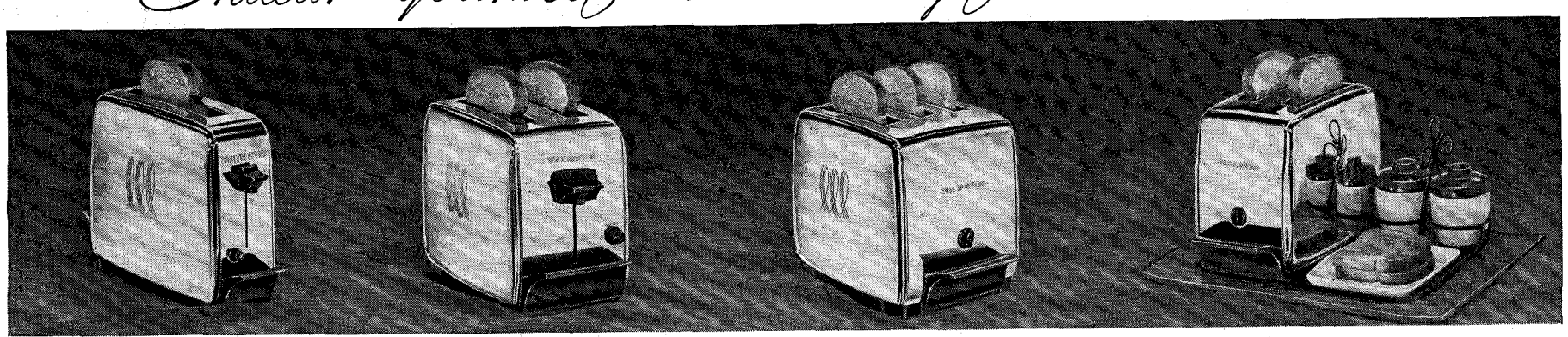

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(Continued from Page 80) the living room had been seared with hot irons to give them the appearance of knotty pine. He went into a narrow hall off which two doors opened. The first one he tried was the widow's bedroom. There was a bureau and a dressing table, and he hurriedly searched the drawers.

He turned to the closet, and found two suitcases back behind the dresses. The first one was empty, but the other was locked, and when he tilted it he heard something slide inside. He carried the suitcase to the kitchen, found a screw driver and hammer, and set about breaking the lock. At last he got it open. Inside was a jewelry case, and it also was locked.

He went to work again with the screw driver, prying at the lid until the hasp bent and the lock snapped open. He lifted the lid. There was an envelope inside; nothing else. He opened it, and the first thing he saw was a newspaper clipping with the headline: EMBEZZLER SOUGHT. He started reading: "The whereabouts of Philip Benton charged with ——"

"Having a good time, Mr. Davis?" a voice asked behind him.

He spun around. Muriel Parker stood just inside the door, cool and smiling, in her yellow dress, but the smile had a tight, compressed look at one corner of her mouth, and in her right hand she held a snub-nosed revolver, pointed at Brad.

She moved back and pushed the door shut with her shoulder. "I had a hunch," she said. "The cops came looking for you and couldn't find you, and I just thought I'd better come see about my little nest."

"Go ahead," he said. "Call the police."

"Now, I don't think that would be a very good idea, do you?" she said. "Just walk through to the living room, Mr. Davis. I'll be right behind you. Don't turn around."

Brad walked ahead of her along the short hall into the living room and her crisp voice said, "Stop right there. No, a little to the left of the window. Now sit down on the floor and stick your legs straight out in front of you. O.K. Now clasp your hands behind your head."

He put his hands behind his head, the fingers interlaced.

"If one of those hands even wiggles I'm going to shoot you," the widow said matter-of-factly. "I'll tell the police I caught you breaking open my jewelry case and thought you were a robber. Your fingerprints are all over it, you know."

He could not see her. But he heard a liquid sound as she poured a drink.

He said, "You killed Ruth Bellows?"

"Did I?" she said. "Watch those hands, Mr. Davis."

She was by the telephone, a yard or more behind him, and he heard the whirring sounds as she dialed a number. She was keyed up, and when she spoke, her voice sounded high and urgent.

"Phil?" she said. "Something has come up. I just found Bradley Davis going through my jewel case. . . . Oh, yes, dearie, there was something in it. I had a little package I was going to give her ladyship, with a newspaper clipping and a marriage certificate and other little items that would put her on the right track. I drove to New Haven, Monday, and got it out of my safe-deposit box. . . . Yes, he saw it. Too bad. We've got a problem."

She made a warning motion with the gun, and Brad faced the wall again. She said crisply, "He's going to have to disappear, what else? . . . Now listen to me." Her voice rose commandingly, "Damn it, I'll make the decisions. I'll give the orders. As soon as it's dark, you come here and bring that boat. And this time you tie an anchor around his feet or something. He's got to be sunk so he'll stay sunk. . . . Now look, Phil, we've got to carry this thing through. Davis is our big out. The cops are looking for him right now, and we'll just let them keep looking until doomsday. You be here as soon as it's dark." She slammed the receiver on its cradle and said, "My heaven, if you want anything done, pick a man!"

She poured another drink and moved into Brad's range of vision. He saw first a yellow shoe, then a firm and shapely ankle, and looked up into her eyes. She stood with the glass in her left hand, the revolver in her right.

"Did you kill the Frenchman too?" he asked.

"No, dear, I didn't kill the Frenchman," she said.

"But you did kill Ruth Bellows?"

"What do you care?" the widow said. "You hated her guts, didn't you?"

She laughed and moved away again, and before long he heard the splashing sound as she poured more whisky in her glass. There was a creaking noise as she sat down on a sofa, and when he turned his head a little, she said sharply, "Eyes ahead, Mr. Davis."

A long time passed as Brad gazed at the seared marks on the wall. His arms began to ache, and blood throbbed in his finger tips. He watched an angle of sunlight move across the floor, a brilliant segment of time measuring off the end of his days. Half an hour went by, and then the widow returned to the Scotch bottle. She poured a drink and moved around until she could see his face. Her eyes had the sheen of winter ice.

●

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CARL ELLSTAM

●

She was quite near him, and as she took a swallow of the whisky, her head tilted back; the gun was pointed a few degrees away from his head. It was his chance and he jumped at it. He threw himself sideways, dropping his right palm to the floor and grabbing with the full extension of his left arm for the gun. He missed, and his chin struck jarringly against her knee, but he caught her left hand and jerked her off balance, and as she staggered he reached again for the gun, caught her wrist, and heard the clatter as the gun fell to the floor. He dived for it and rose to his knees with the butt of it snug in his palm.

But there was a movement behind him, and his senses brought the delayed message that a car had stopped outside, that there had been a sound like footsteps. He had a glimpse of a brown shoe, a gray-trousered leg, and then there was a crushing impact on his head and he fell unconscious to the floor.

Vern Gray telephoned at half past four and asked Paula if Brad had been there.

"No, he's at the Menasset Manor," she said. "He's coming here for dinner at six."

"I doubt it," Vern said. "I sent a man there to pick him up and he cleared out. I made the mistake of tipping him off that I wanted him."

"I don't understand. Why do you want him?"

"For murder," he said. "Miss Trent, Mrs. Bellows mailed that watch back to Davis. Porter Bellows saw her do it. I want to warn you that you may face a serious charge for suppressing evidence. You gave Davis his chance to get away."

As Paula hung up, her father saw her face and asked, "What's the trouble?"

"They want Brad and it seems he's disappeared."

"Disappeared?" Horace Trent said. "In my car?"

"Damn your car, dad," she said.

"Sorry," he said, and met her eyes. "I know this is something of a blow."

"He hasn't run away," she said. "We'll hear from him. He's not a murderer."

"Honey, I hope not," her father said. "But it had to be either Davis or Porter Bellows, and Porter was playing poker."

"I know," she said, and walked away.

She had planned an elaborate dinner, and the champagne glasses were polished and ready. She saw them standing on a sideboard in the dining room and her eyes filled with tears. Everything had seemed to be going all right. Everything had seemed to be perfect.

It had to be either Brad or Porter, her father had said, and it was Brad's word against Porter's in the matter of the wrist watch. Either Porter had lied or Brad had lied. The thought made her uneasy. But Porter had lied about the photograph also. Of course, Ruth would have told him about it, secretive though she may have been. If a man walked in off the street and said he was the uncle of her adopted son, wouldn't any woman tell her husband about it? Of course she would. Porter had denied it because he had not known there was a way that Pierre's story could be verified. He had lied, and he must have lied about the watch. He had not been gathering mussels this morning; he had been looking for that watch.

Pierre came in from the street, and she said, "Good heavens, look at you! It's high time you had a bath! I'll put some kettles on the stove and heat some water."

Mary, the cook, was in the kitchen and had begun to prepare the celebration dinner. Paula glanced at the clock. In less than an hour Brad was due here. She filled a kettle and two big saucepans with water and put them on to heat; then she phoned the Menasset Manor. Brad's room did not answer.

But Porter couldn't have used the widow's boat, she thought, and it was the widow's boat that the Frenchman had seen at the point. Whoever had killed Ruth had used the widow's boat, and Porter couldn't have used it under any circumstances; he had been in the poker game.

When the water was hot, she carried it up and prepared Pierre's tub. When he got into it, she laid out clean clothes for him on the bed.

As she started downstairs, he called to her, "Paula, I know what I'm going to be when I grow up."

"Yes, what's that, Pierre?"

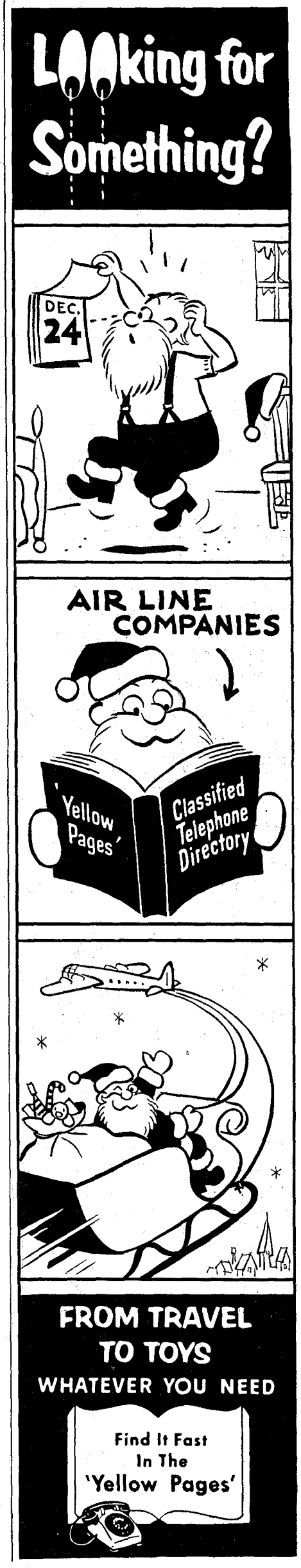
"A newspaperman like papa," the boy said.

"It's a very exciting life," she said, and went on down the stairs. But at the foot of the steps she paused with her hand on the newel, remembering the burned fragment of the Fawcett Point Bulletin that she had seen in Porter's fireplace.

She had a file of the papers in a cupboard in the living room; she had promised to show them to Brad. Could there have been any particular reason for Porter to burn the papers—some innocent item that might provoke investigation?

She got the newspapers out and carried them to a window seat, from which she could watch the street; it was past six o'clock now, and there had been no word from Brad. She remembered every issue. She had cut the stencils, preserving Pierre's syntax and spelling; she had helped him run them through the copying machine. Each issue had news stories on the front page and personals and editorial on the second page, sprinkled with such advertisements as, IF YOU WANT FRESH FISH JOE BURNS WILL CATCH THEM, and WANTED: AGREEABLE SECRETARY PREPARED TO TAKE DICTATION AT ALL HOURS. Alex had put that one in, and Ruth had reproved him for it.

She read each issue carefully as the sun sank lower and color filled the western



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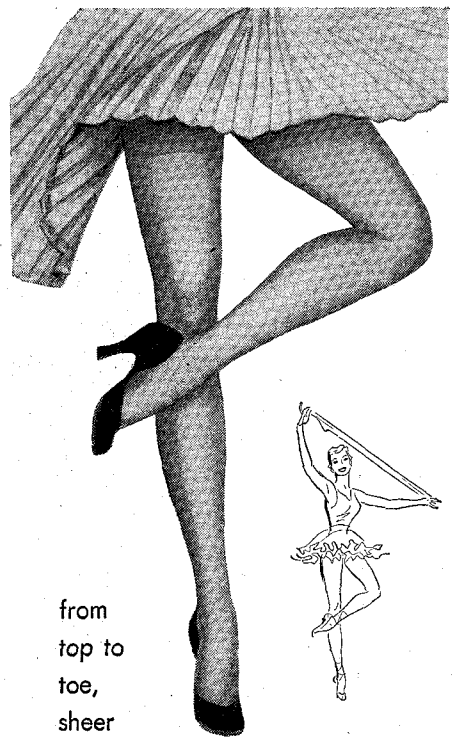
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sky, as Mary kept the dinner warm in the kitchen and rattled dishes in complaint. Here was the story of the hermit crab which had no shell of its own. Here was Peggy, the sea gull with one leg. Here was —— In the personals she saw an item that said, "Mr. Porter Bellows fixed a lady's car Thursday." She heard Pierre's voice in her father's den and carried the newspaper there.

"Pierre, I was looking through these newspapers. What's this item about Porter fixing a lady's car?" she showed it to him.

"Oh, that was Mrs. Parker," Pierre said. "But I didn't know her then or I would have put her name in the paper."

"Then she does know Porter?" Paula murmured.

"No. Dad-dee just fixed her car," Pierre said. "He told me he did not know who she was."

"Where did this happen?"

"You know where the road turns off the causeway at the end of the marsh toward town?" Pierre said. "It is an old dirt road that leads to a sand pit. I saw dad-dee's car turn in there and I followed, and Mrs. Parker's car was there too."

"How did her car happen to be there?"

"I don't know," Pierre said. "Dad-dee fixed it."

So there had been a reason for burning Pierre's newspapers, Paula thought with excitement. This had been a rendezvous. She looked at the date of the newspaper: Tuesday, August 10th. The previous Thursday had been the fifth of August. The date stirred her memory; she had noticed in the checkbook in Porter's desk that on the fourth of August he had withdrawn ten thousand dollars and had failed to fill out the check stub. And on the fifth of August—the next day—he had met the widow in a remote sand pit. And the widow's boat had been used the night of the murder. There was a connection. She was sure of it.

"Dad, I've got to go out for a minute," she said hurriedly. "Tell Mary to go ahead and feed you and Pierre."

She ran out to her car without giving him time to reply, and drove to the Post Road, where she turned right.

The sun had set and the twilight was passing swiftly when she reached the barracks and came to a skidding stop in the driveway. She brushed past a trooper in the hallway and threw open the door of Vern Gray's office.

He looked up and set his jaw. "What do you want, Miss Trent?"

She thrust Pierre's newspaper into his hand and said, "Read that item about Porter Bellows."

He read it and said, "Well?"

"The lady whose car he fixed was Muriel Parker," Paula said. "He met her in an abandoned sand pit, where they couldn't be seen from the road. It was a secret rendezvous and I think he paid her money. He drew out ten thousand dollars the day before."

"Why?"

"I'm not sure why, but I'm hoping you can find out," she said. "Lieutenant, Porter Bellows lied about that photograph and he lied about Ruth sending that watch back to Mr. Davis. He had a secret meeting with Muriel Parker. Why?"

"You tell me why," Vern Gray said.

"Ask him why," she said. "Ask the widow why."

"Look, Miss Trent," Vern Gray said quietly and with kindness. "The big 'why' here is why did Bradley Davis run out? He tried his best to pin this on Alex Fawcett and when I didn't go for that, he tried to pin it on the widow because she was the one who used her boat Monday night. But when he found out I could prove that the watch had been mailed back to him, he disappeared, but quick."

"The widow used that boat Monday night?" Paula cried.

"So Davis said. I haven't checked it yet."

"Lieutenant, will you please come with me?" she asked, her eyes shining. "And hurry. I have an idea. I think I may know where we can learn something about this widow."

"Where?" Vern Gray asked, but he got to his feet and approached her, his steps maddeningly slow.

"There's a man named Mort Brewster who knows Mrs. Parker," she said. "He introduced her to Alex. He may know something about her background, and I think that if you dig deep enough into that background you'll find Mr. Porter Bellows. I think you may find he's someone else altogether. I think he invented a character for himself and wrote a whole batch of phony correspondence about a sister in Honolulu."

"I read that stuff," Vern Gray said. "O.K., where is Brewster?"

"Working with a light-company crew," she said. "Come on. We'll look for him."

They went in Paula's car, and as she turned off toward the beach road she watched for orange helmets. It was dusk now and the headlights were turned on. Among trees far ahead she saw lights, saw an orange helmet, and said, "There they are."

Some men were fastening a transformer to a pole. Paula slowed the car and called, "I'm looking for a man named Brewster."

"Up here, Paula!" Mort called from the top of the pole.

"Can you come down, Mort? It's important!"

He came down the pole and walked over to her car, his climbing gear making a clanking noise on the pavement. "Mort, this is Lieutenant Gray, of the state police," Paula said. "What can you tell us about Muriel Parker? I mean who is she? How did you meet her?"

"She had a secretary's job in New Haven and did some typing in her spare time," he said. "She typed my thesis. That's how I met her."

"Who was Mr. Parker?"

"Just one of her past mistakes, she used to say. She never talked about him, except kind of kidding, and Alex claimed there never was a Mr. Parker. He claimed she played the widow angle, as he called it, but you know Alex."

"I know she followed him to Menasset," Paula said.

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Why?" Mort spread his hands. "Well, he's a big, good-looking lug, isn't he?"

"The important thing I want to know is what her connection was with Porter Bellows," Paula said.

"Did she have one?"

Paula groaned. "I was asking you, Mort."

"Say, I do remember something, at that," Mort said. "You know, after Ruth got married I ran into Alex in New Haven and he came around to a little party at my place. He was griping about his girl marrying another guy, and he had a newspaper clipping about the wedding, with a picture of Ruth and Porter. I remember Muriel asked a lot of questions, and after Alex had gone she said something about his name not being Porter Bellows."

"Said what?" Paula cried.

"Come to think of it, it was nothing," Mort said, with a shrug. "She said she thought she knew who that man was, and if so, his name wasn't Porter Bellows, and I asked her what his name was, and she said it was Milktoast. She laughed and said, 'His name is Milktoast,' just like that."

"Milktoast?" Vern Gray said.

"Yes, it was just a gag."

"I doubt it," Paula said. "I think when she saw that picture of Porter Bellows she did recognize him. She knew him from somewhere and she came here to blackmail him. I think he paid her ten thousand dollars."

"No kidding?" Mort said. "You know, she did give up her job, and I hear she rented a beach cottage."

"You bet she did," Paula said. "And she plunked down cash in advance. Mort, you knew her pretty well. Would it surprise you to know that she attempted suicide?"

Mort shook his head. "No, she'd never do that. Not her. That woman is cold as ice, Paula. There's no emotion in her, not even simple kindness. She'd never try suicide."

"She said it was an accident," Paula said. "But I have a hunch it was neither. Maybe somebody doped her and, when she was asleep, turned on the gas. That would be one way of getting rid of a blackmailer."

"Paula, you've got me confused," Mort said. "What is all this?"

"Let me ask you something," she said. "If Muriel Parker was blackmailing Porter Bellows and he tried to kill her, is she the sort of a woman who could go out to Fawcett Point and kill Ruth Bellows?"

"Kill her?" Mort said. "Paula, are you nuts?"

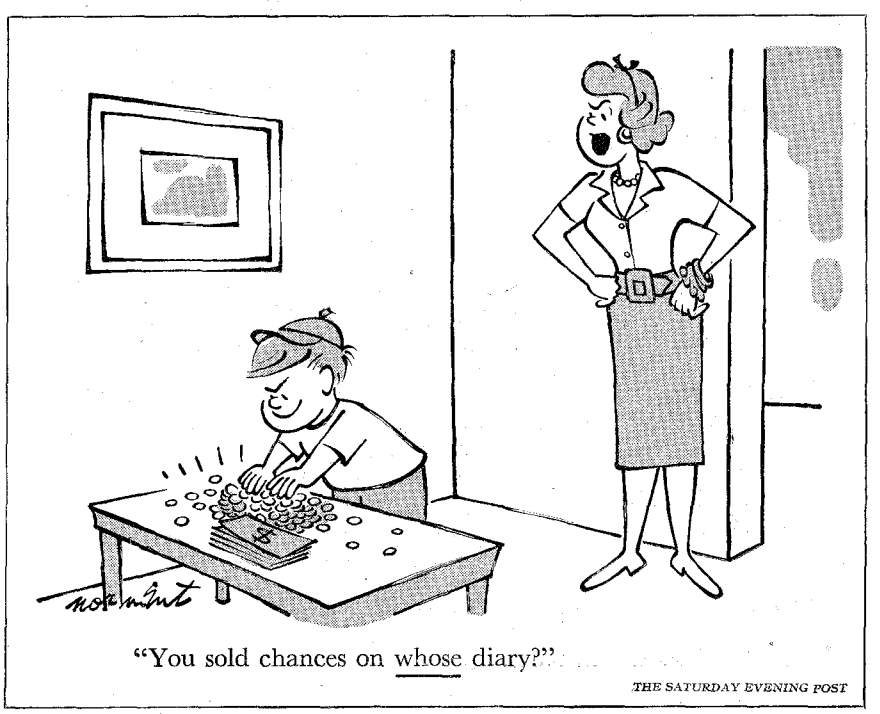
"In cold blood," Paula said. "So that Porter would stand to be accused."

"You mean is there enough iron in her?" he said. "Yes. My heavens, is that what you're trying to prove?"

"I'm just trying to prove that Bradley Davis is innocent," Paula said.

"I'll admit you're working hard at it, Miss Trent,"

(Continued on Page 88)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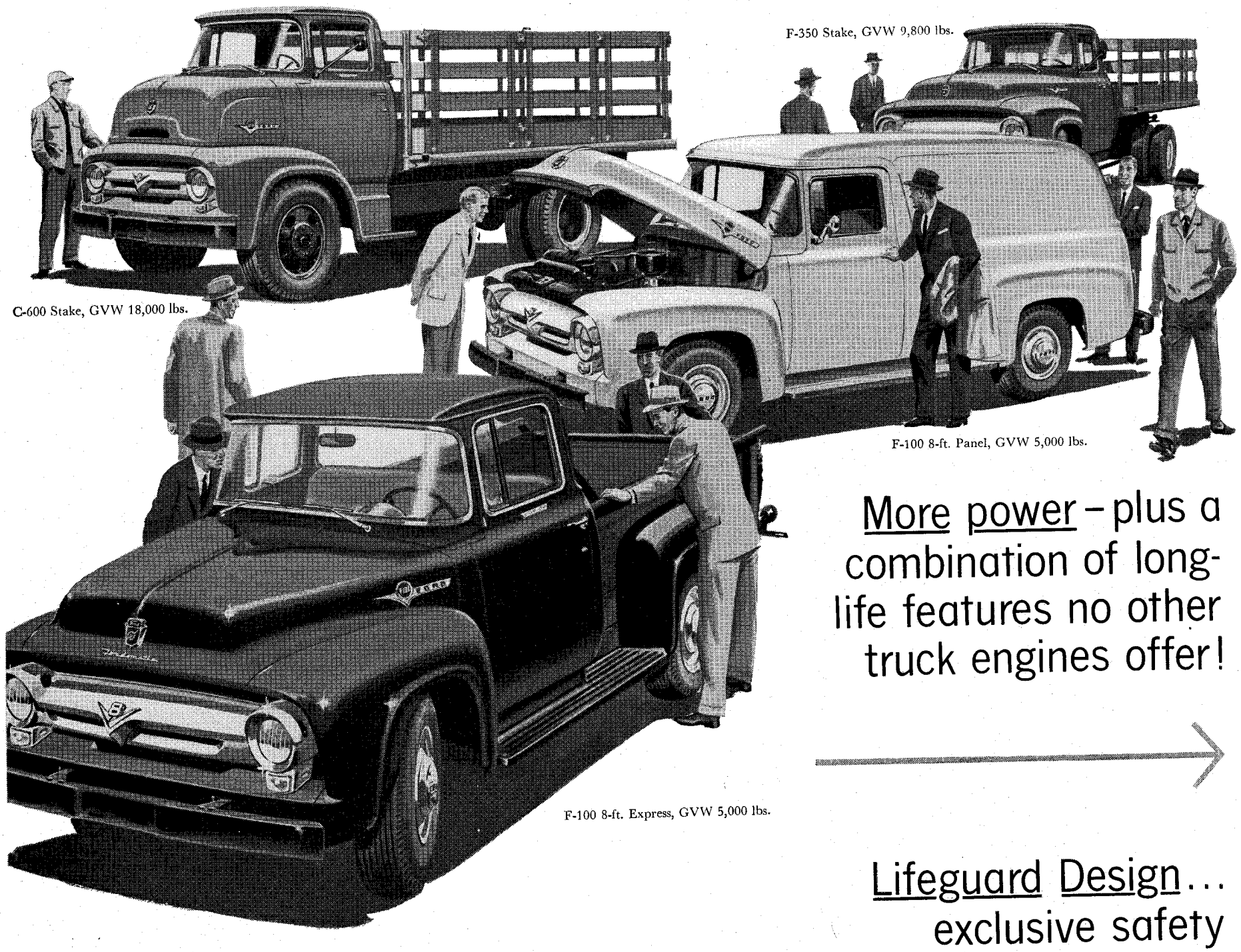

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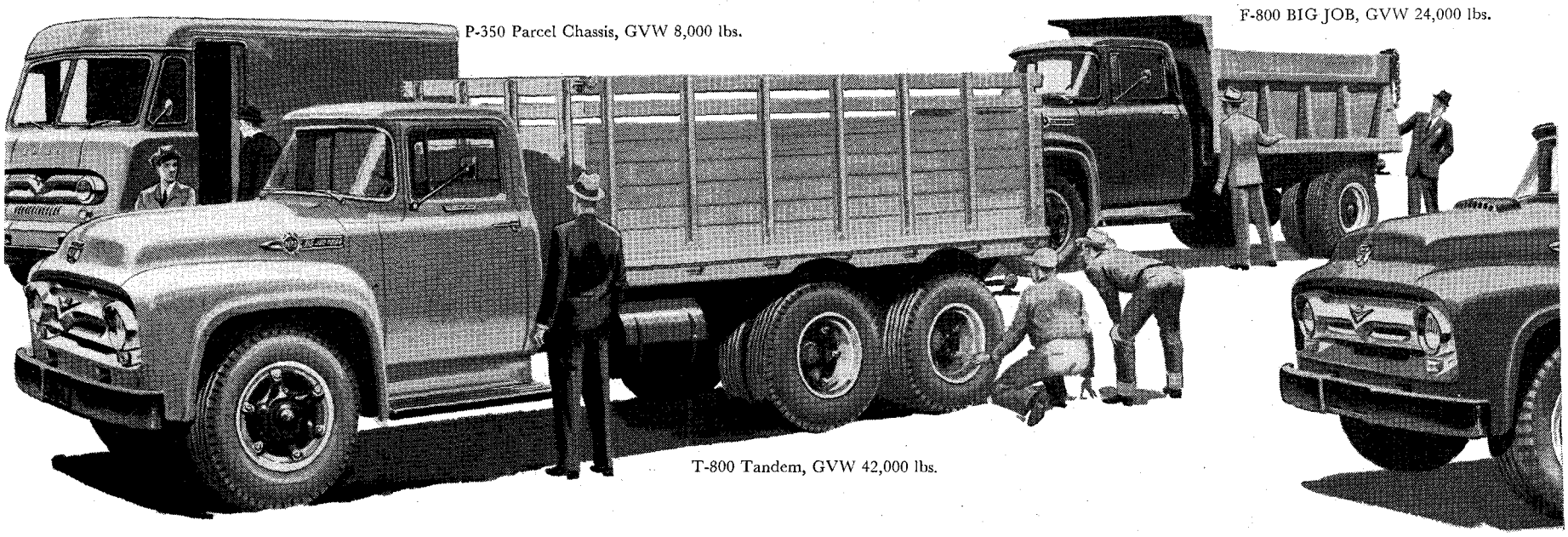

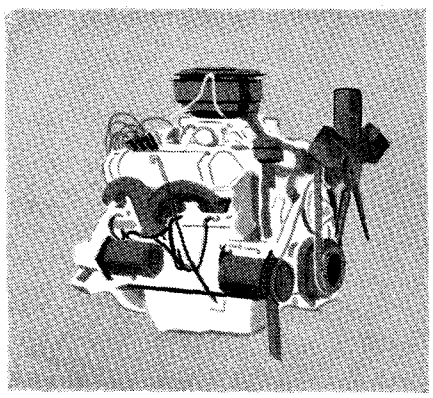

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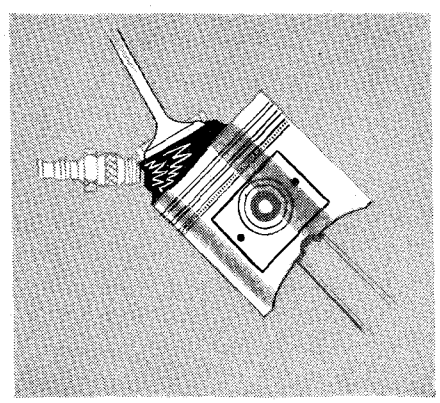

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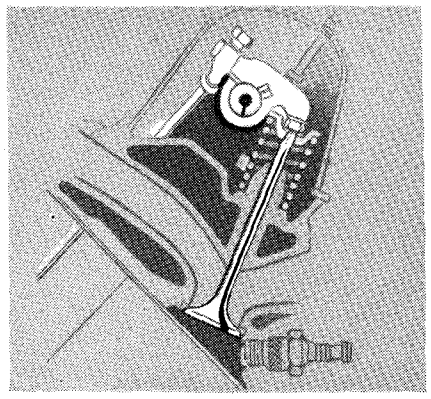

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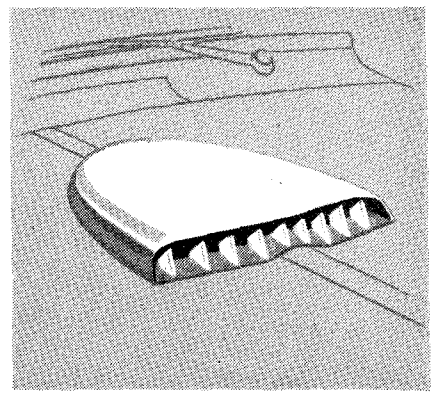

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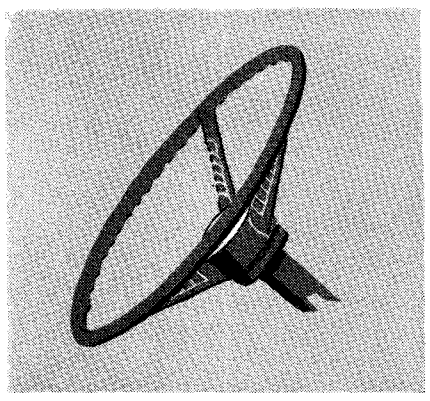
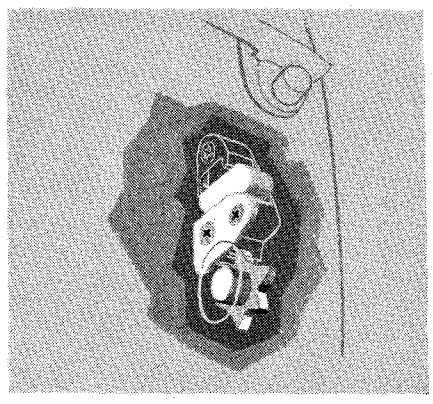
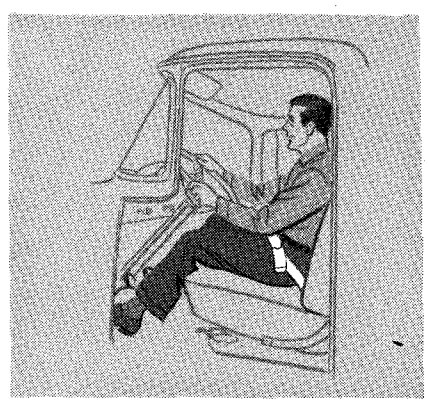


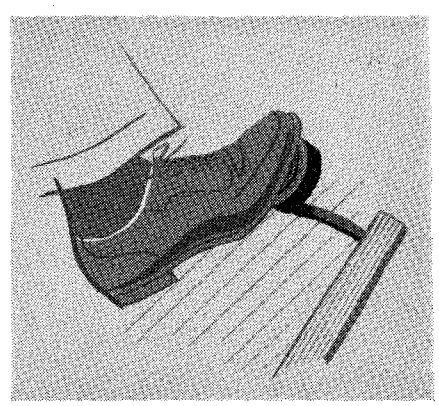
New deep-center Lifeguard steering wheel helps protect driver from contact with steering column in case of accident. No extra cost. *Only Ford Trucks have it!*



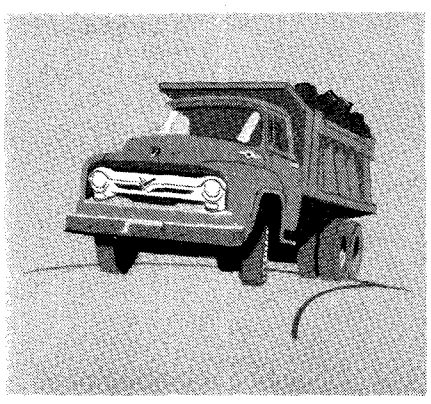
New Lifeguard door latches have double grip, give added protection against doors springing open in an accident. Only Ford Trucks have this safety feature!



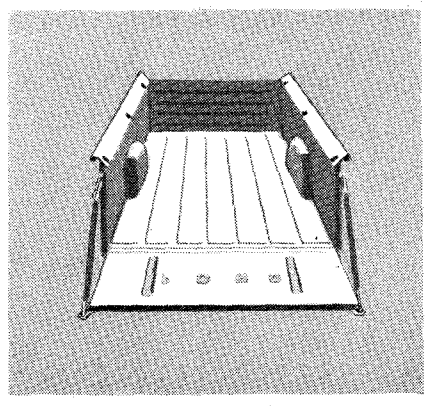
New Ford seat belts greatly reduce your chances of getting seriously hurt in an accident, by holding you firmly in seat. Available at low added cost.



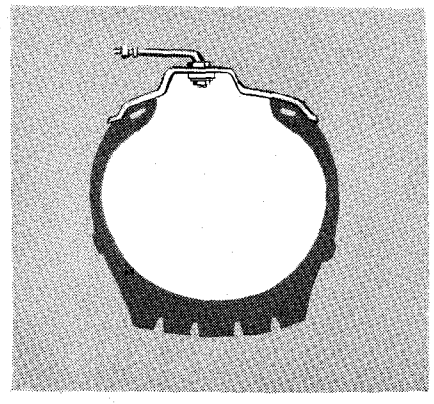
Biggest brakes in the ½-ton field! Ford light-duty models for '56 have new, thicker brake linings for up to 33% longer life. Power brakes, low added cost.



Now, payload increases of as much as one ton! Bigger payloads right down the line. New Ford T-800, for example, *hauls up to 3,000 lbs. more than other 6-wheelers!*



New! 8-ft. Express body, available on ½-ton Model F-100, has biggest load space of *any* half-tonner—65.4 cu. ft.! 6½-ft. Pickup box is standard. GVW 5,000 lbs.



New tubeless tires on every Ford model have greater capacity, run 25° cooler, give extra mileage, resist punctures and blowouts. Standard at no extra cost!

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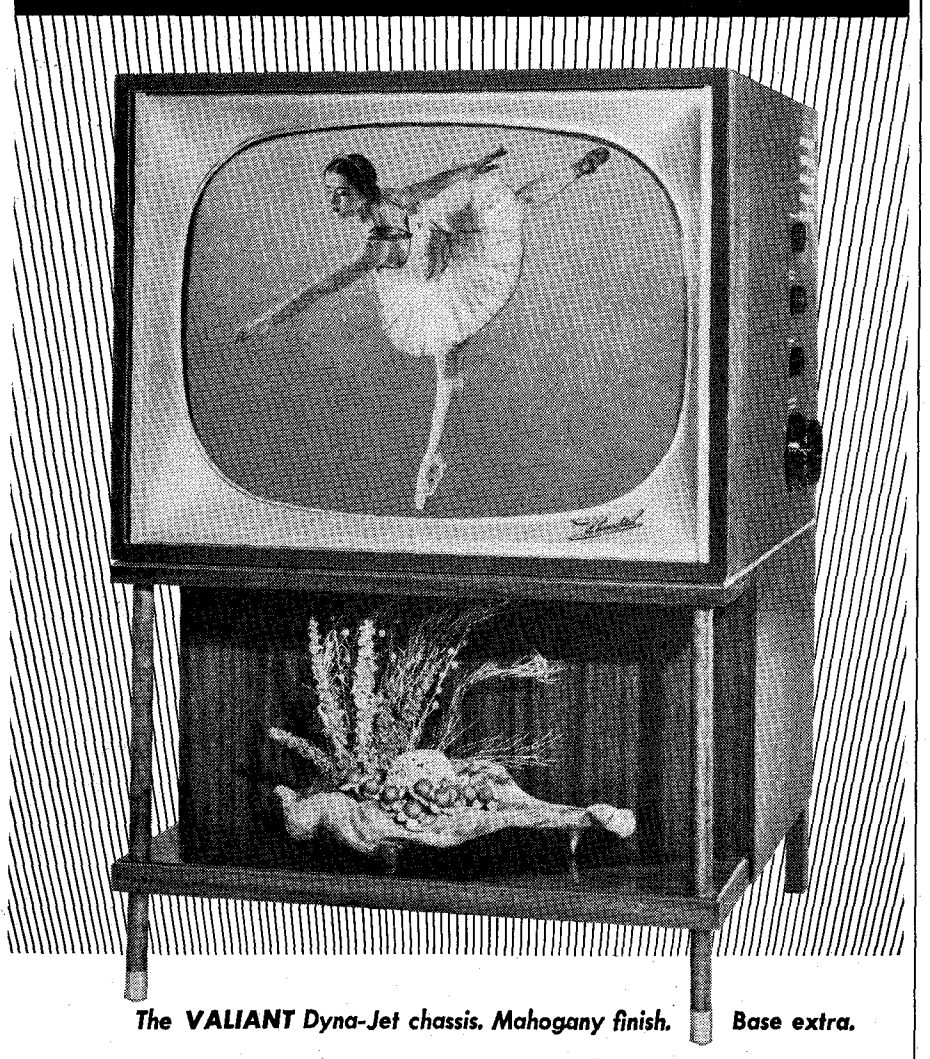

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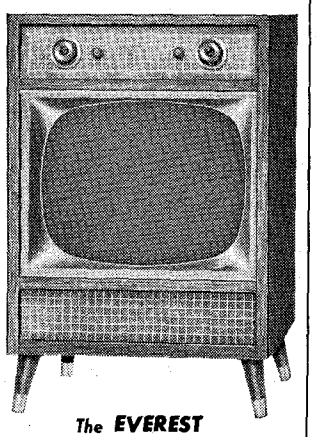

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(Continued from Page 84)

Vern Gray said. "You're moving like a jet, but I'm trying to keep up with you."

"Lieutenant, I love the man," she said.

He smiled faintly. "Want to drive me down to Oak Beach?"

"Oh, do I!" Paula said.

It was quite dark when Paula coasted to a stop in front of the widow's cottage. No lights showed inside.

"Garage doors are closed," Vern Gray said. "She may be here."

He got out of the car and stood poised, with his head turned, his ear cocked. "You hear that?" He started trotting toward the garage, and now Paula heard the sound of an automobile motor, throttled fairly high.

The garage doors were the type that lifted up and slid away horizontally. The lieutenant stooped, took hold of the handle and raised the door. The noise of the motor was suddenly loud, and the air inside the garage was smoky from exhaust fumes. The lieutenant ran inside and Paula got out of her car. Before she reached the garage, Vern Gray came out, carrying Muriel Parker in his arms. Her head hung down and her red hair fanned out. He put her down on the driveway and knelt beside her.

"I'm afraid it's too late," he said. "But I'll call for oxygen."

He went into the widow's cottage and she saw his flash beam inside. She stood by the car, leaning against it, with her forehead touching the cold metal. She had been fired up, enthusiastic and so very sure of herself.

The lieutenant returned. "You said she tried suicide once before?"

"Yes, Alex told me that. Is it suicide, lieutenant?"

"She wore plenty of make-up, but it's not lipstick that makes her lips so red tonight," Vern Gray said. "Carbon-monoxide poisoning did that. I found her lying half in and half out of the car, as if she changed her mind and started to get out of the car, but got dizzy and fell and hit the concrete. Her forehead is bruised and cut by the hairline."

"Maybe somebody hit her over the head and then started the car," Paula said.

"Miss Trent, why don't you drive on home?" His voice was low and gentle. "You made a wonderful try, but it's just not in the cards. It shows you how far circumstantial evidence can lead you off the beam."

"That watch is circumstantial evidence," she said.

"It is," he said. "But it's backed up by a powerful lot of motive. And the big question is: Where is Bradley Davis? The minute I turned him loose he disappeared. It's been hours now, Miss Trent. He's a long way from here by now."

Paula turned toward her car, blinking back tears. This was the end. She felt it. She knew it. She sighed and leaned against the car, feeling faint and unsteady on her feet.

There was hardly a light on Oak Beach, and no stars were out. It was desolate here, with a wind stirring on the water and sighing in the marshes.

A hurricane had swept down on Menasset, bringing death, devastating the harbor, uprooting trees and blowing down utility poles and lines, and leaving the shore in darkness. Paula put her hand on the door handle.

Suddenly there was light. A street lamp winked overhead. Lights flashed on in the widow's cottage, and all along the beach switches that had been snapped on hours or days ago in the hope that there was current now transmitted electricity. Light bulbs glowed in kitchens and living rooms and bedrooms and, in the gray cottage next door, in a window on the second floor.

The light flashed on in Thalassa, and Paula saw the figure of a man in the second-floor bedroom, looking out. As he ducked back out of sight, she cried out, "Look!" and the lieutenant said, "I saw it!" and started running toward Thalassa, pulling his gun out of its holster.

The upstairs light went out, but the lieutenant had reached the door and was inside. His flash beam showed, and Paula heard him calling, "Come down from there with your hands up!"

Paula stumbled over the buckled boards of the porch and reached the doorway. Vern Gray stood with his flashlight angled upward, and coming meekly down the stairs, with his hands in the air and his horn-rimmed glasses reflecting points of light from the flash beam, was Porter Bellows.

Paula turned on a floor lamp. Porter had reached the foot of the stairs and Vern Gray was going through his pockets. He removed a revolver from the hip pocket and hefted it. There was a thudding noise upstairs.

Paula met the lieutenant's eyes and moved past him to the steps, calling, "Is anybody up there?"

The thudding was repeated, and she ran up the stairs and switched on a light in the hall. In a bedroom, lying on the floor with his hands and feet tied and a gag in his mouth, was Brad.

She knelt and loosened the gag and he said thickly, "You're just in time. He has

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Pierre's boat out there. He was going to dump me out at sea, the way he did the Frenchman."

"Oh, darling," she said, "are you all right? There's blood on your shirt."

"It's just a bump on the head," he said. "Bellows knocked me out."

Vern Gray called, "Who's up there, Miss Trent?"

"Brad Davis," Paula said.

She was working on the knots that bound his hands, and got them loose at last. He hugged her close in a spasm of emotion. "Honey, I never thought I'd see you again," he said. He put his palm on her cheek and caressed it gently; then his lips met hers.

"Everything all right up there?" Vern Gray called.

"We're coming down," Brad said, and drew his feet up to his hands to loosen the knots. He kicked the rope away, stood up, then drew Paula to her feet. They went together down the stairs. Porter Bellows had slumped into a chair and the lieutenant stood by the lamp inspecting a wedding ring that lay on the palm of his hand.

"The initials are M.G.—P.B.," he said. "Was the widow his wife?"

"Yes," Brad said. "He killed her. She caught me in her cottage and pulled a gun on me; then she telephoned him and told him to bring Pierre's boat after dark. But he came over right away in his car. She had some papers proving who he is, and he wanted them. I had just got the gun away from the widow when he showed up and caught me from behind."

"Who is he?" Vern Gray asked.

"His name is Philip Benton," Brad said. "He embezzled some money about ten years ago, but when the money ran out, she left him cold. But she was still his wife, and she had that to hold over him when she showed up

(Continued on Page 93)

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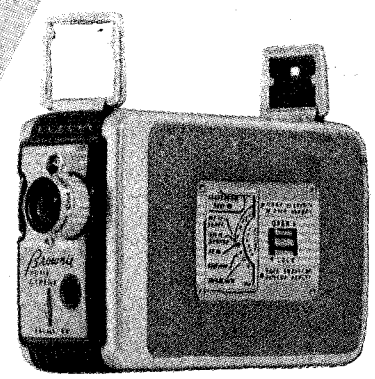

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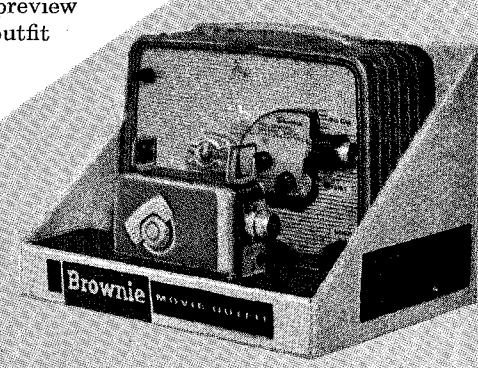

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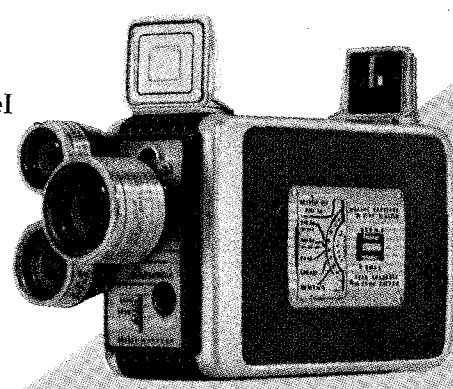

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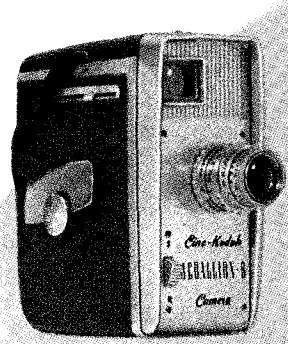

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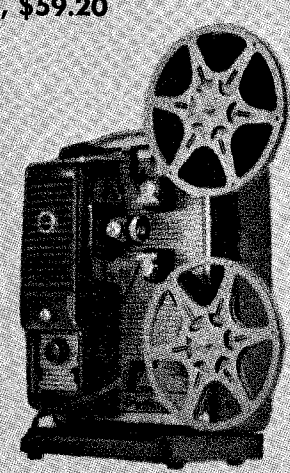

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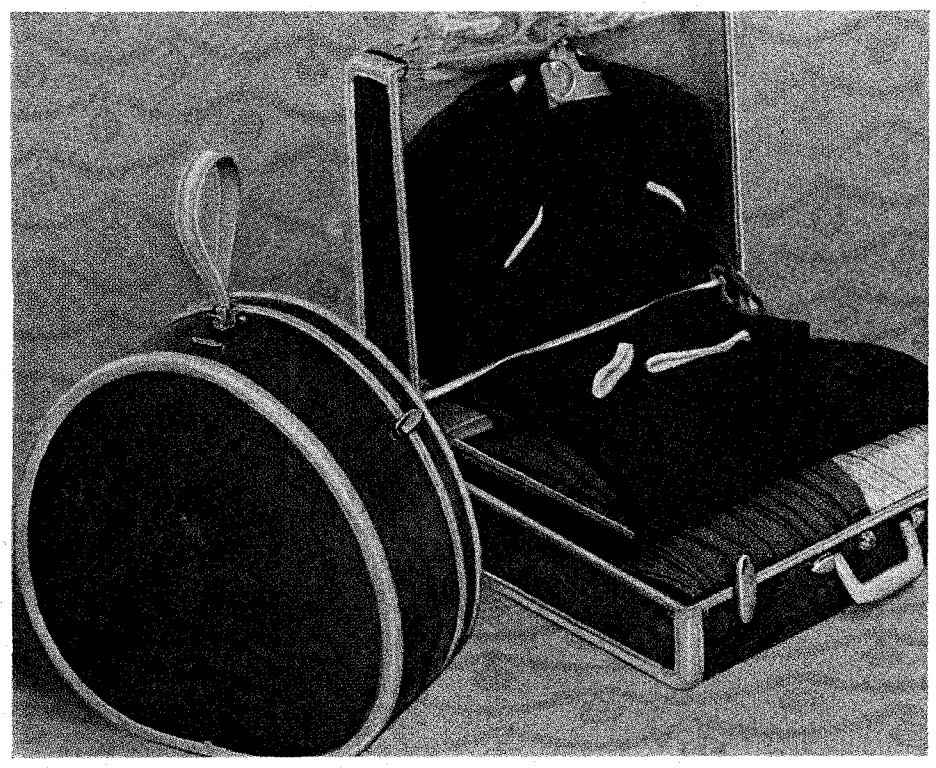

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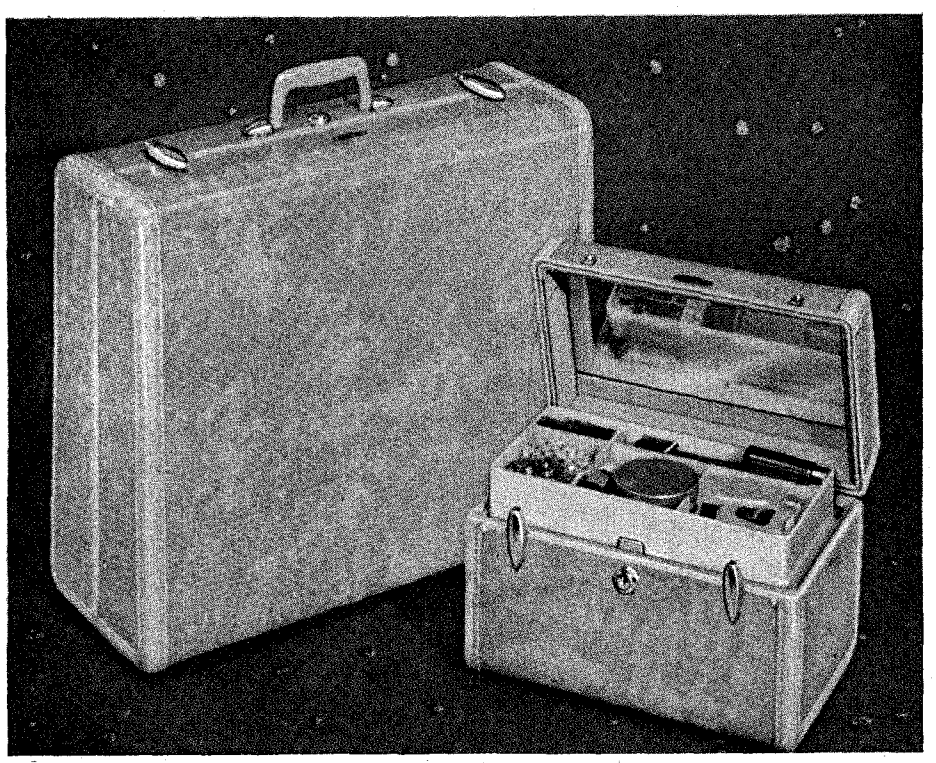

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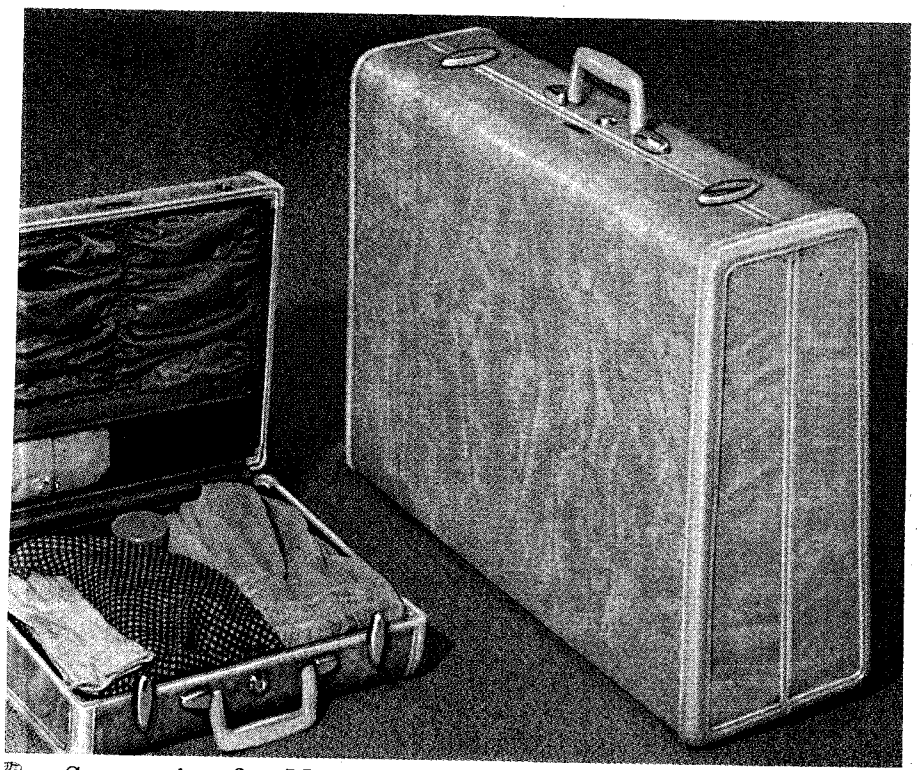

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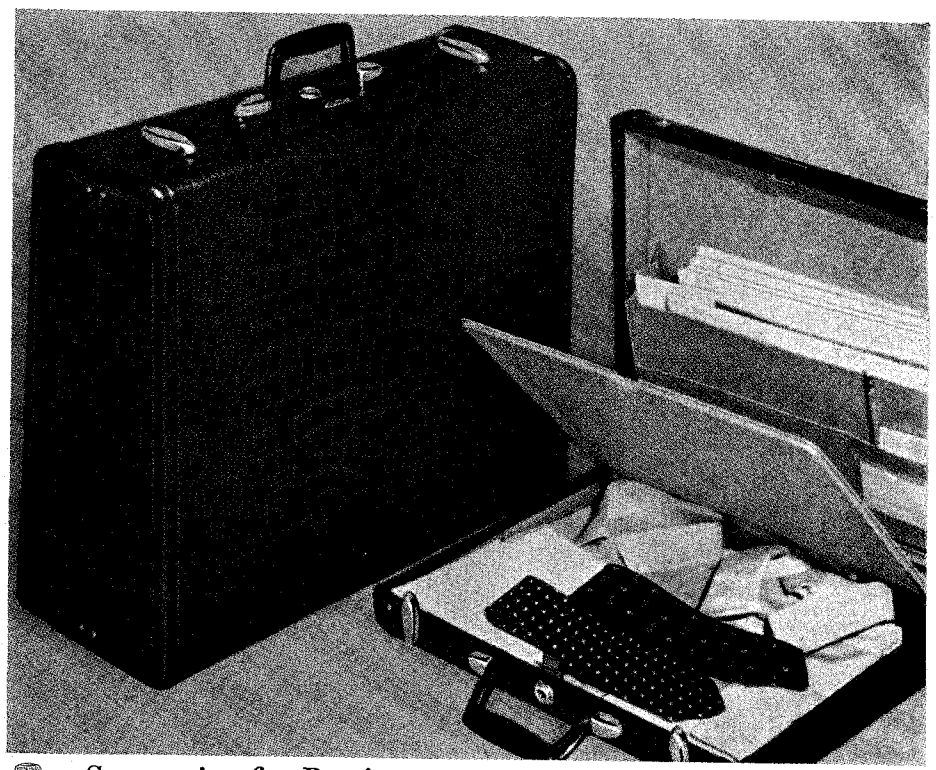

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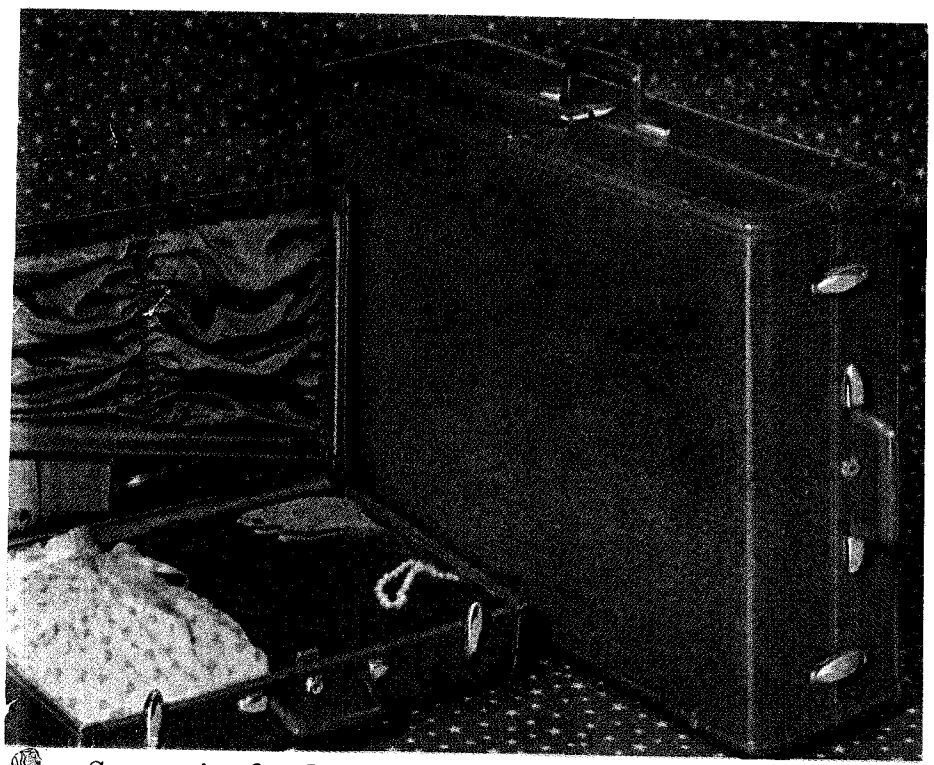

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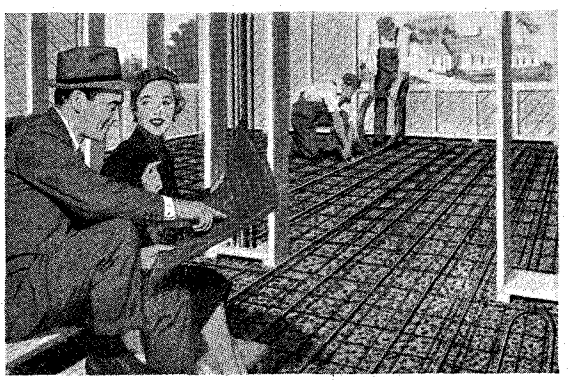

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(Continued from Page 88) here. He told me he tried to kill her last Sunday night, but he didn't know that she had her blackmail material locked up in a safe-deposit box in New Haven. But she went to get it Monday to show to Ruth, and she told him that on the telephone this afternoon. He came here and knocked her out and carried her into the garage, and he figured that if the police discovered it wasn't suicide, they'd find my fingerprints all over her jewelry case and pin it on me."

"Where are the papers she had?" Vern Gray asked.

"He burned them," Brad said. "When I came to, I was gagged and my hands were tied behind my back and he was burning the papers. When it began to get dark he brought me over here; then he drove home to get Pierre's boat. He was going to make me disappear for good, out there in Long Island Sound."

"You can thank Miss Trent that we found you," Vern Gray said. "It was her hunch that brought us down here."

"With an assist from Mort Brewster," Paula said. "Thank God, he got that transformer working. The lights came on in time."

"You want to make any statement, Mr. Bellows?" Vern Gray asked.

Porter Bellows looked up for an instant, murmured, "Yes, I killed her. I have no regrets about it, lieutenant. She was an evil woman. I met her ten years ago on the West Coast, and she was my secretary before I married her. I think now that the only reason she married me was that she had worked out a clever scheme for embezzlement and she needed me to carry it out."

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HARRY I. SHUMWAY

"And you did?" Vern Gray said.

"God help me," he said, "I did."

"How much did you get away with?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," Porter said. "It seemed to be a fortune at the time, but we were broke inside two years, and she disappeared, taking what was left of the money. I never saw or heard from her again until a month ago, when she telephoned and asked for money. I paid her ten thousand dollars, which practically exhausted my resources."

"You hadn't bothered getting a divorce, is that it?"

"Lieutenant, I changed my name. I assumed a new identity. How could I get a divorce?"

"So she came here threatening exposure," the lieutenant prompted. "Demanding money?"

"Money and more money," Porter said quietly. "She was a cruel and dominating woman. God help any man who got under her thumb. She had no compassion, no mercy. She thought that as Ruth's husband I had access to her portfolio and I could substitute some securities, sell what was negotiable. She wanted one hundred thousand dollars, and she said that if I didn't pay it she would expose me to Ruth. She said she would see to it that I was arrested on that old embezzlement charge. She was in the clear herself. She wasn't involved in the embezzlement."

"So you tried to kill her?" Vern Gray asked.

"She was a steady tippler," he said. "I doped a bottle in her cottage and watched from the beach. When she fell asleep, I carried her to her bed and turned on the gas. I thought the proof she had would be in the cottage, but it wasn't. Still, I could not consider reviving her. I knew that if she found out that I had tried to kill her, she would stop at nothing." He looked up at the lieutenant and said in a low, withered voice, "Of course that's precisely what happened. She did find out, and that night she went to see Ruth."

"In her boat?" Vern Gray asked.

"Yes, in her boat," Porter said. "I don't know what was in her mind, lieutenant. It's possible that she went there only to inform on me, but if so, why did she wait until after dark, and why did she go by water? They were both strong-willed and dominating women." He sighed. "I'm afraid it is a type that has had a fatal attraction for me. Muriel told me that there was a flare of tempers and that Ruth struck her, and in the anger of the moment she killed Ruth. I think it more likely that it was premeditated. She was taking an evil revenge on me."

"Look," Vern Gray said. "Why didn't you tell me this right off? You would have been in the clear, except for that old charge against you, and bigamy, but now it's murder."

Porter shook his head. "Muriel said that if she was caught she would swear that we were in it together. If she went, she said, she would take me with her. I thought Davis was dead and I took the step of attempting to incriminate him, and once I had done that I was finished. I had to go all the way. Muriel brought the Frenchman out to the point late yesterday morning. She had picked him up on the road and put his bicycle in the back of her car and promised to pay him money. He had the misfortune to see her boat on Monday night, as you know, and he wrote down the numbers and checked them."

"Who shot him?" Vern asked.

"She brought him to the house, and we went down in the cellar to talk. She took out her gun and said that the Frenchman would have to die. I argued with her, and said that as soon as the estate was settled, we could pay him off, but she refused to take any chances. She pointed the gun at him and shot him, and she turned to me with a smile like ice and said, 'He's your problem now, Phil,' and went out to her car and drove away." He looked up. "What could I do?"

"What you did do was wait until after dark and run him outside the harbor in Pierre's boat and dump him, is that it?"

Porter nodded. "Yes, that's it."

"And after that you came and said good night to Pierre," Paula said in a low, shocked voice.

He looked up at her. "I'm sorry, Paula. I love the boy. It broke my heart to call him a liar, but I had to. And I loved Ruth. I think you know that. I couldn't help what I did. I had to do it."

"But you were going to kill Brad too," she said.

Porter Bellows looked down at the floor.

"If he had, he would have got away with it," Vern Gray said with a shake of his head. "He sure would have got away with it."

Brad took Paula's hand and led her to the door. Her fingers clung tightly to his and, as they moved out to the porch, she murmured, "Are you in the mood for champagne tonight?"

"No, I'm not."

"Neither am I," she said. "I just want to go home and kiss Pierre good night and sit with you under a nice, bright electric light."

"Paula, you're coming to Washington with us," he said.

"Am I?"

"What I mean is we're a family," he said. "I love you, Pierre loves you, we both love you. We'll save that champagne for our wedding." THE END

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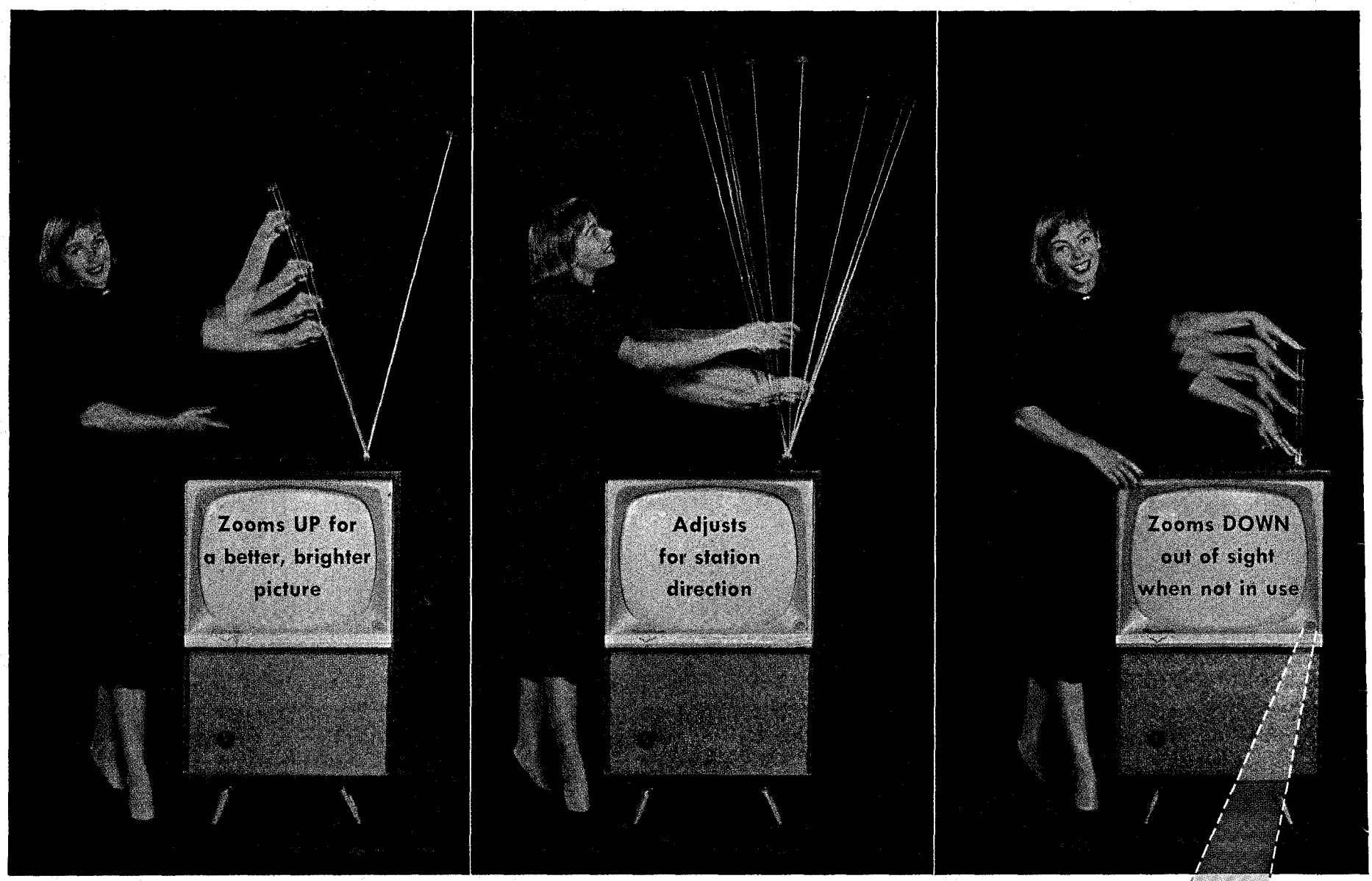

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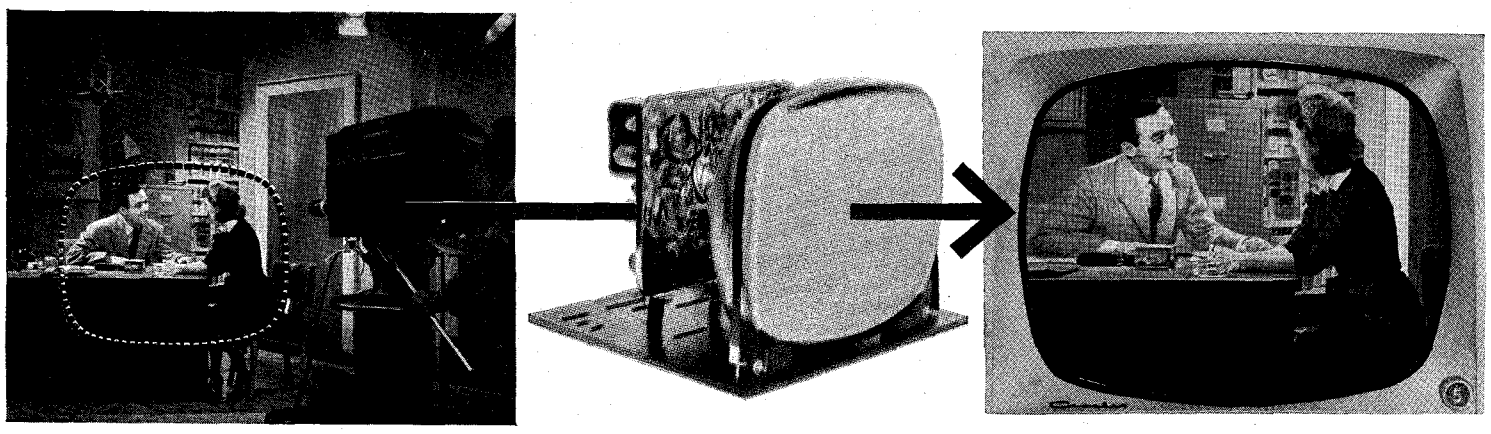

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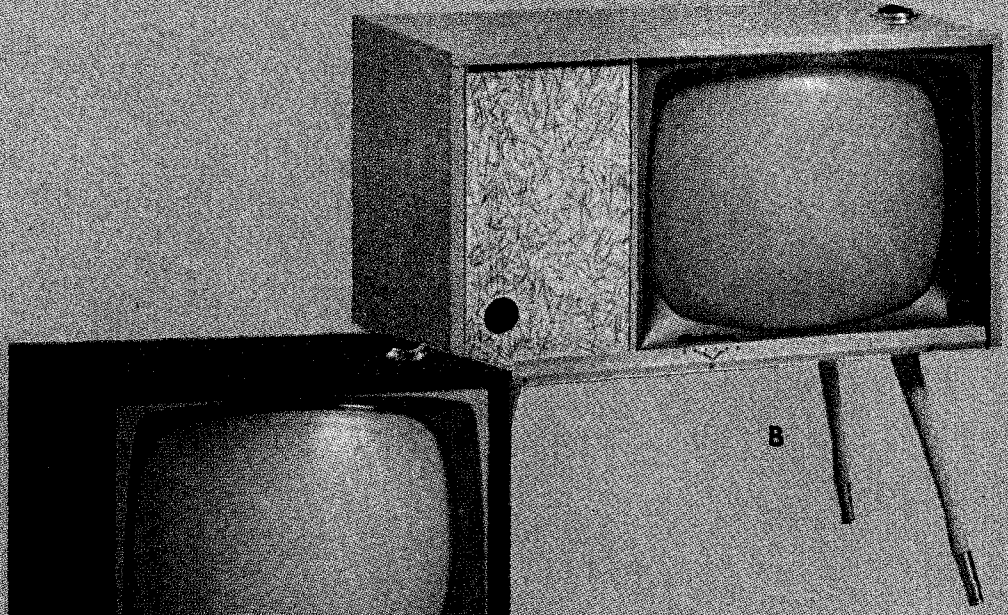

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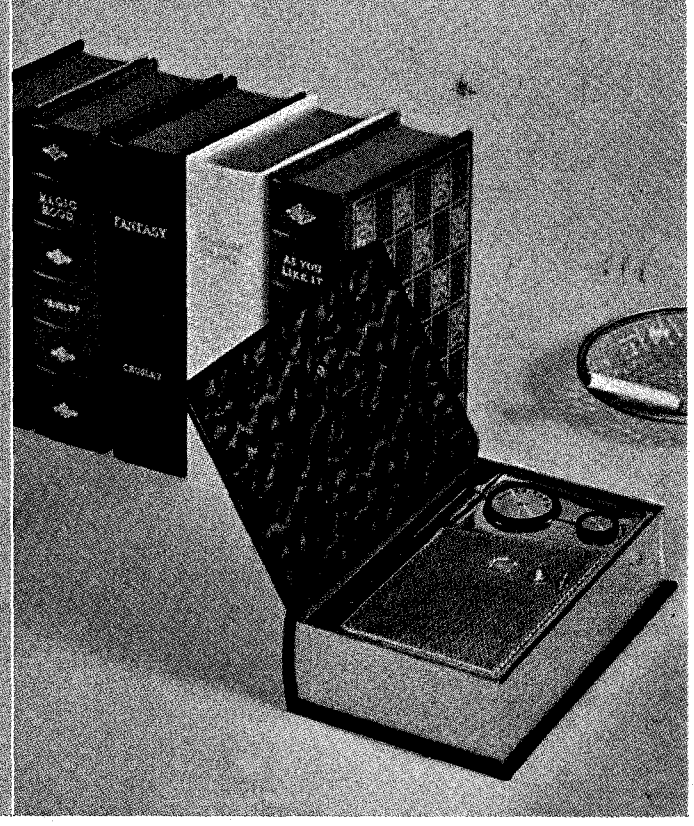

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Maggie and the Magnificent Man

(Continued from Page 22)

my real dad used to be a powder monkey for Pop, but one day, boom! That made me an orphan, so Pop gave me a job as his secretary. I felt so obligated I adopted him."

"I see," murmured Dugan. "I'm sorry."

"You needn't be," Maggie said. "Pop didn't seem to mind. We get along fine."

"I mean I'm sorry about your father," Dugan told her. "That's what I meant."

Miss Smith shook her head. "You have an awfully hard time expressing yourself, don't you? That's twice you didn't mean what you said. Have you ever considered marrying a nice intelligent girl to do your talking for you?"

"No, I haven't," Dugan said. "I ——"

"It figures," said Maggie. "In the meantime I'll try and pinch-hit until you can speak for yourself, John. Now give the man your baggage check. You're holding up the line."

Shaking slightly, Dugan handed his bagbage check to a grinning porter and, at that moment, the blond stewardess swung by with a smile for Dugan and an appraising glance for Miss Smith.

"Well!" the stewardess said. "I should look half as good when I'm a gray old man."

"Now what brought that on?" Maggie wanted to know, frowning after the blonde.

"Never mind," muttered Dugan. "I have my baggage."

Again grabbing Dugan's free hand, Maggie pulled him across a rain-swept drive where a score of taxis waited and on toward a multiacred auto park. And Dugan, conscious of staring eyes, began to feel like an ancient one being helped across the street by a Girl Scout, so he impulsively took a long step ahead and began to tow Miss Smith.

Not until they were a hundred yards into the auto park did he think to say, "Where are we going?"

"For heaven's sake!" cried Miss Smith. "You mean you don't even know that?"

"How could I possibly know?" Dugan almost shouted. "I just stepped off a plane from South America. I've been down there for years. Look, do you have a car?"

Maggie pointed. "Sure. It's back there. We passed it."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"How could I know what you had in mind?" Maggie wanted to know. "The way you started for that dark corner over there, I thought —— Didn't you feel me start to tremble with anticipation? You're still holding my hand, you know."

Dugan rather violently let go of Maggie's hand and followed her back to a little foreign sports car with the top up to keep out the rain. It almost succeeded in keeping Dugan out, too, because of his height. He had to sit with his head bowed, his knees drawn up and his suitcase on his lap.

"They certainly built a lot of protection for girls into these cars," Maggie observed, starting out. "I'll bet you couldn't make a pass at me if you wanted to, could you?"

"No," Dugan muttered. "I certainly could not."

"Good!" enthused Maggie. "Now tell me what that blond stewardess meant when she said ——"

"Nothing," declared Dugan. "She didn't mean anything. I was just in such a hurry to get off the plane she thought I was meeting a girl. I told her I wasn't."

"Well!" said Maggie. "I don't see why you thought you had to lie to her."

With that, Maggie wheeled her car out onto the main highway.

"I did not lie to her," Dugan finally said. "How could I possibly have known you were meeting me? Under the circumstances I felt sure Pop would be there."

Miss Smith shrugged. "I don't see how you could have possibly thought that. How could Pop meet you if he didn't even know you were coming?"

Dugan became exasperated. "Miss Smith, if Pop did not know I was coming, why did he send you to meet Flight Four and tell you to look for a big, handsome man by the name of Johnny Dugan?"

The way Maggie looked at him made Dugan wish he had left out any reference to manly beauty, but Maggie only said, "Good heavens, Dugan! Did I say Pop said that?"

"You certainly did."

"Then I'm going to have to watch myself," said Maggie. "This scheming business is all new to me. I do much better when I stick to the truth."

"There's no substitute for truth," Dugan pointed out, sternly. "Lying never got anyone anyplace."

"Lester will tackle you now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ha!" said Maggie. "On this big deal I'm trying to swing, the truth would not have got me anywhere. For instance, would you have come all the way to Southern California just to help me, if I had sent you a message and signed my own name to it?"

Dugan stared at her sharply, but the soft glow of light from the instrument panel made her look so lovely he swallowed the loud "No!" that teetered on his tongue. Instead he said, "I don't see why not."

"You see?" Maggie cried. "You're doing it yourself. You're lying through your nice white teeth, and you know it."

"I do not," Dugan insisted. "What I said was the truth."

"I wish I had known. I thought you would get so mad you'd bounce me around like a basketball."

"For what?" Dugan wanted to know.

"For sending that SOS and signing Pop's name to it. Which is why he doesn't know you are coming."

Dugan straightened so suddenly he almost put his head through the car top. "You did what?" he yelled. "You ——"

"I knew it!" cried Maggie. "I knew you were lying, even though you did swear you were telling me the truth when you said you were willing to help me."

"I was telling the truth ——"

"Then what are you so mad about?"

"Look," said Dugan. "If Pop's in trouble, why didn't he send for me himself? Who has a better right to ask a favor of me? He not only saw me through school, he once saved my life. I even wrote him an IOU for that."

"I know," said Maggie. "He drags out that corny note every time he starts bragging about you. But you know how Pop is. He'd die before he'd trade on a favor. Wouldn't he?"

"I suppose so," Dugan agreed reluctantly. "If you could weigh pride, Pop would break down a truck scale."

"You're right," Maggie murmured. "So you're not really mad that I sent for you, then? You were just pretending?"

"I was just confused," Dugan told her. "I thought for a minute that —— But never mind. As long as Pop is involved, I am glad you sent for me."

"Oh, he's involved," declared Maggie. "Believe me."

"I believe you," Dugan assured her. "And now let's forget this beating around the bush and get down to business. Tell me everything. The important things first."

"Very well," Maggie murmured. "I'm five-three tall and weigh a hundred and ten. I can eat like crazy and not gain weight, so a husband would never have to worry about sharing rabbit-type diets with me. I also would not mind five or six charming children around, knocking their brains out trying to find where I hid the cooky crock. I guess that about covers it. Now it's your turn."

"Miss Smith!" Dugan managed. "Please. When I asked you to tell me everything, the important things first, I was referring to Pop Tucker."

"What's so important about Pop Tucker?" Maggie asked.

"He's in trouble," Dugan reminded her.

"That's right," admitted Maggie. "I did say that, didn't I? But he's not any more. Pop said the minute you got here there would be nothing to it."

"How could he say that if he didn't know I was coming?"

"Dugan," complained Maggie, "the trouble with you is, you confuse me. What I really meant was ——"

"Never mind," said Dugan. "Let's go at it this way: What was Pop's trouble before I arrived?"

"Oh, that," said Maggie. "The way it looks to most people, though Pop won't admit it, he's going to lose his shirt. He was low bidder on a job of building a con-

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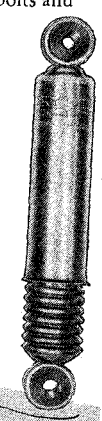

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crete flume across Arroyo Diablo. That's on the desert about a hundred miles east of here."

"Pop's been low bidder on every job he's built," Dugan said. "That's how contractors get work. Don't tell me Pop made a mistake in his estimate and ——"

"Oh, he didn't make any mistake," Maggie said. "He did it on purpose."

"He what?" Dugan gasped.

"He did it on purpose. You know how it is, Dugan. Sometimes a contractor can get more work than he can handle and sometimes it's hard to come by. Right now we're in a hard-to-come-by cycle. So Pop deliberately bid real low to get this job. He has a good crew and he wanted to keep them working. You know how Pop is."

"I know he's smart enough to realize he can't keep anyone working if he goes broke, so he wouldn't cut it that thin," said Dugan. "And if his men knew he was working on a slim margin, and I'm sure they would, they'd really put out. Men work good for Pop."

"That's so," admitted Maggie.

"Then he must have made a mistake," insisted Dugan.

"No," said Maggie. "The trouble is with the contract terms. This flume is a half mile long and it's carried on twelve high towers. The contract calls for Pop to get paid in three equal payments, which means he can't draw any money until he completes four towers and eight hundred eighty feet of flume. With so much preliminary work and grief on the job, Pop is going to spend more money than he collects before he catches up with the first payment. So that's why I sent for you."

A horrible premonition worked its way through Dugan. "I see," he said.

"I knew you would," said Maggie offhand. "The moment I laid eyes on you at the airport I knew the money was in the bank."

"Money?" mumbled Dugan. "What money is that?"

"Ha!" said Maggie. "I guess a rich railroad builder like you wouldn't call a hundred thousand dollars money. But that's all we need. Honest."

Dugan stared through the windshield.

"Miss Smith," he said, at last, "I do not have a hundred thousand dollars. I do not even have a thousand dollars."

"What!" exclaimed Maggie. "Don't tell me you squandered all the money you made building that South American railroad on those dark-eyed *señoritas!* How could you do such a thing at the present rate of exchange? Pop figured from your letters that you would come out with at least a million dollars profit."

"I have never squandered a dime on any *señorita* in my life," said Dugan defensively.

"You mean you found a nicer way to spend money than on women?"

"No!" said Dugan. "What I'm trying to say is ——"

"What, for heaven's sake?"

"That I never made any money. I mean I made it, but I never got it."

"You sound confused again," frowned Maggie.

"I am not confused about that," Dugan barked. "The day after I finished the job down there, there was a political coup and a new government took over. The man in charge of the new gang could not remember having ordered any railroads built. Actually he didn't. My contract was signed by some nice gentlemen whom the new man had tried and convicted for crimes against the people's state. I've spent months and practically every cent I had left trying to collect, but it did me no good."

"Well, I'll be darned!" cried Maggie, completely devoid of any of the sympathy Dugan had expected. "And you're the man who sat right there and told me there was no substitute for the truth. You said that. But you spent months writing Pop big whopping fibs. You wrote him that everything was going fine. Just great. If that isn't lying, what is it?"

"Bluffing," argued Dugan. "I was bluffing, just like Pop taught me to do. A man, Pop taught me, keeps his troubles to himself and grins at the cockeyed world."

Maggie shook her head. "This is awful, Dugan. You know how Pop feels about you. How do you think he's going to take it when he finds out you have been bluffing?"

"He doesn't need to know," Dugan pointed out. "At least not until I've had a look at the job. Maybe I can figure out some way to pull him out of it."

"And if you can't, what about me?" Maggie wanted to know. "I was counting on Pop being so pleased about me raising some money for him he would forget to unadopt me for going over his head and sending for you."

"He doesn't need to know you sent for me, either," Dugan explained. "When we get to Pop's place, you go in first. I'll show up a few minutes later and tell him I just hit town on a big deal and dropped by to say hello. After I get his slant on the flume job, I'll tell him I'll mosey out there for a look-see and you can drive me to Arroyo Diablo."

"Brother!" Maggie breathed. "And I thought I was getting real good at laying down smoke screens and sneaking up. What I'd like to do, sometime, is sit at your feet and learn the rudiments of the trade."

"You do all right. You're the most beautiful liar I've ever met."

"And I'm going to take that the way I hope you meant it," said Maggie. "Now tell me more. How would you feel if you found out somebody was running a king-sized bluff on you, like you're planning to run on Pop?"

"How else could I feel but good?" Dugan asked. "After all, we're doing this to help a friend, aren't we? And if that particular friend has so doggone much pride he wouldn't accept help if he knew he was getting it, then I think any means justifies the end."

"By golly," cried Maggie, "you sound like a man with a genuine two-way-stretch conscience. Hang on. We're home."

With that, Maggie whipped the little car onto a side street and sent it racing toward the curb before a tall apartment house. Just short of disaster she applied the brakes with such force that Dugan folded over his suitcase.

While he untangled himself, Maggie opened the door on her side and climbed out into the rain. "Wait ten minutes, Dugan," she ordered. "That will give me time to powder my nose so I can make a better impression on you. Apartment Seven Ten."

After impatiently waiting but half that time and deciding Miss Smith's cute little nose could not be improved by any means, Dugan struggled out of the car, straightened his back, kink by kink, and hurried after her. And not until he confronted the door bearing the number 710 did he realize he had been actually chasing after a woman instead of hurrying to help an old friend. Flushing guiltily, he leaned his two hundred pounds against the door-bell button by way of his thumb.

In a few seconds the panel swung and Maggie stood there minus her raincoat, which made it even more difficult for Dugan to keep his mind on the business at hand. Her hair, which he saw for the first time, was dark and riotously curly and short, the kind of hair a girl would not mind having tousled by a man's hands.

"You're sure rushing things, Dugan," she whispered, glowering at him.

Dugan swallowed and said loudly, "My name is Johnny Dugan. I wish to speak to Mr. Tucker."

A roar came from inside, "Maggie, did he say 'Johnny Dugan'? Bring the rascal in here! Quick!"

"This way, please," Maggie murmured.

Dugan got hold of himself and followed Miss Smith down a short corridor and into a large, tastefully furnished living room, a far cry from the tobacco-crumb-and-rivet-keg motif Pop had been wont to employ in the days when a homeless kid named Johnny Dugan had wandered into a Tucker construction camp and hit the old man up for a job.

Pop himself had changed in only two ways. Instead of crusty boots and leather jacket, he wore a nice dressing gown. And instead of jumping up and slugging Dugan affectionately he continued to lounge against the arm rest of a big divan, his right leg stretched on the cushions, stiffly held that way by a heavy plaster cast.

"Johnny!" Pop bellowed. "Don't stand there and gawk! Come over here and let me break your good right hand!"

"Henry likes breakfast in bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dropping his suitcase, Dugan strode across the room and let the old man try to carry out his threat.

"I still can't do it," Pop finally growled, letting go. "How are you, Johnny? How are things going?"

"Fine, Pop," Dugan said, pulling up a chair. "Now how about that leg? Nobody told me you'd hurt your leg." He glared at Maggie.

"How could they?" Pop wanted to know. "Just broke it a few days ago. Fell down." He waved his arms. "Maggie, this is the one. This is Johnny Dugan. Nice, isn't he?"

"The Johnny Dugan that made a million dollars building a railroad in South America?" Maggie said sweetly.

"The same," enthused Pop. "Johnny, this is Maggie. Ever seen a prettier picture?"

"No," admitted Dugan, grateful for the chance to stare at Miss Smith. "No, I never have."

"You never will, either," said Pop. "You two are going to see a lot of each other, Johnny, if I have my way, and I usually do. Now tell us about yourself. What brings you to town?"

"Oh," said Dugan, stalling for time to think. "I'm meeting some people here. I have a big deal cooking."

"Hear that, Maggie?" roared Pop. "You'll never catch Johnny Dugan sitting around on his big fat ——"

"Pop!" cried Maggie.

"—— bank account," Pop went on innocently. "No, sir. He'll always be up and at 'em." He beamed at Dugan. "What kind of deal?"

"An oil company," said Dugan brightly. "Yeah, that's it. I have a big deal on with an oil company. Saudi Arabia. Miles of pipe line and hundreds of big oil-storage tanks."

"Great!" said Pop. "Maggie will like Arabia. Won't you, Maggie? Fine country. Scenic. Wonderful climate."

"I'll love it," Maggie said, smiling fondly at Dugan. "I can't think of anything more romantic than endless miles of sand dunes and a lot of folks running around wrapped up in bed sheets."

"Pop!" said Dugan, loud enough to break through the sound barrier the old man had set up. "What about you? How are things going?"

"Like a barrel of beer at a riveters' picnic," said Pop. "Just great. Didn't think you'd find them different, did you?"

"I was hoping," Dugan muttered, staring hard at Pop. "I was hoping I'd find you in some sort of a jam, so I could help you out and sort of square things between us. Maybe lend you some money or something."

"You would, too, wouldn't you?" Pop said, chuckling. "You're nice people, Johnny. Just like Maggie. But I'm in no trouble. In fact I'm going to retire just as soon as I finish up a little job I'm doing over in Mesa County. I've got it made."

"You?" was all Dugan could say without giving away his own bluff. "You're going to retire?"

"Ye-ap," said Pop. "I figure when a man starts falling down and breaking legs, it's time to get out." He paused and looked away, the perfect picture of an honest man who knows he's trying to put something over on someone.

"Of course, it's going to be pretty hard to teach an old dog new tricks," he finally went on. "Maybe, when you and Maggie get to building that Arabian job, I'll come over. Be a timekeep or something for you. Just some little job to keep me from getting bored. How about that, Johnny?"

This time Dugan looked away to hide the tears he felt inside him. This fine, big-hearted, gruff old man who had taught him to grin at the cockeyed world when things went wrong

(Continued on Page 101)

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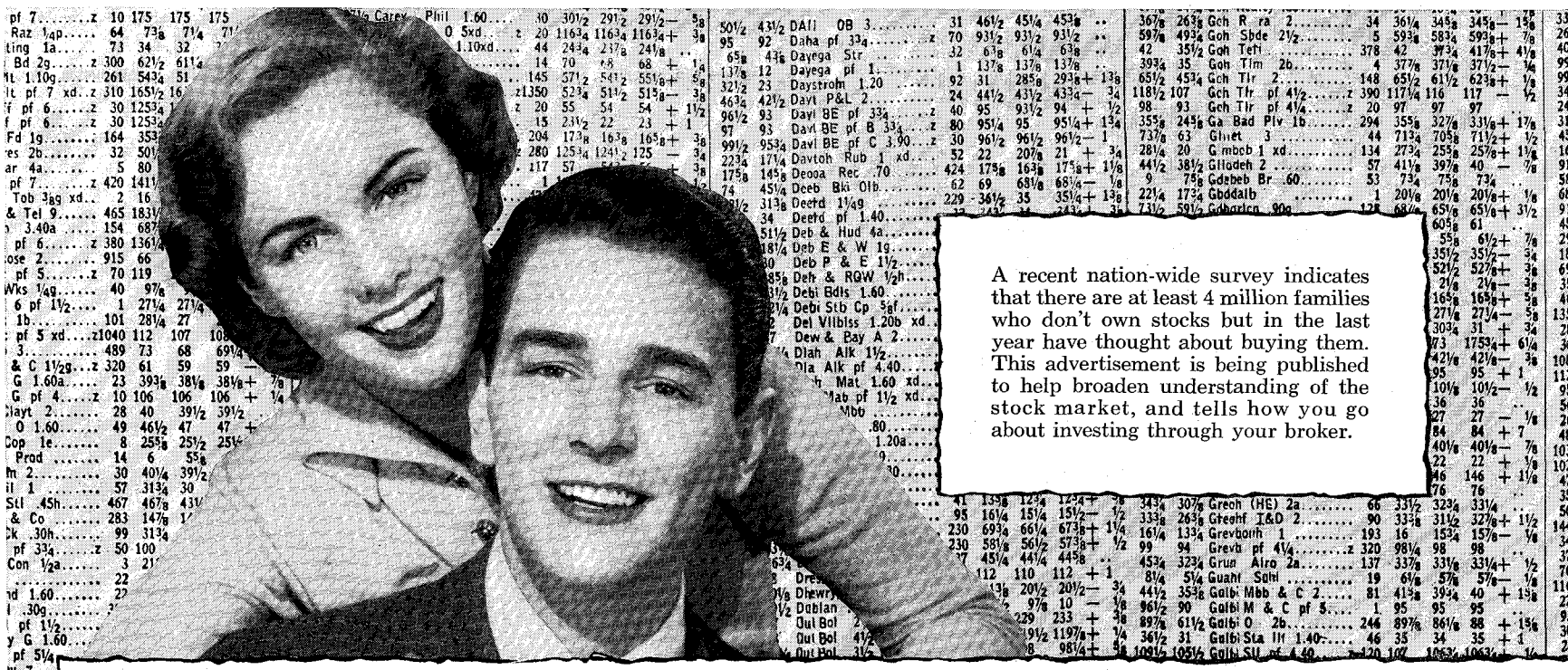
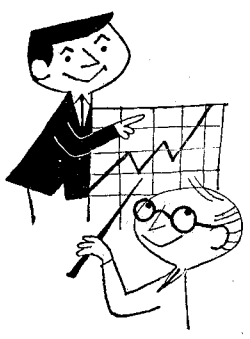


A recent nation-wide survey indicates that there are at least 4 million families who don't own stocks but in the last year have thought about buying them. This advertisement is being published to help broaden understanding of the stock market, and tells how you go about investing through your broker.

What is a stockbroker ...*and why?*

1. He helps you invest on a sound basis – first, by talking over your objectives with you. A married man investing as part of a retirement plan may have different objectives from a single man who's more interested in immediate return. For some people, the monthly pay-as-you-go plan is best. Perhaps some people shouldn't invest at all. A partner or registered representative with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange will be happy to discuss all such questions with you.



2. He gives you facts about stocks that will help you make up your mind what to invest in. For example, he can tell you about stocks that have long growth records, stocks that have paid dividends regularly for years. Perhaps he'll suggest that you put your money into bonds – or both stocks and bonds. All this information and advice won't cost you a penny.

3. He handles your order fast. After discussing the different kinds of securities and the risks and rewards of owning them, you may decide to buy stock in a particular company. Your broker can usually have your order executed in a matter of minutes.

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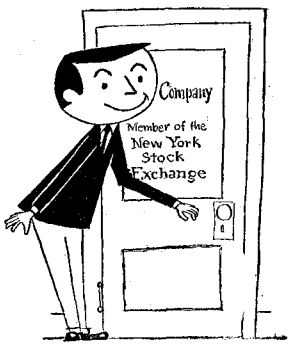

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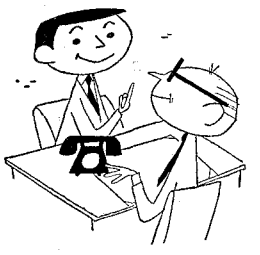

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Get the facts first. Any Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange can supply you with information about the 1,522 common and preferred stocks and the 739 corporate bonds listed on the Exchange. But remember, before you invest, be sure you have adequate savings to cushion your family against emergencies.

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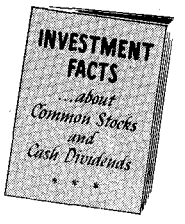

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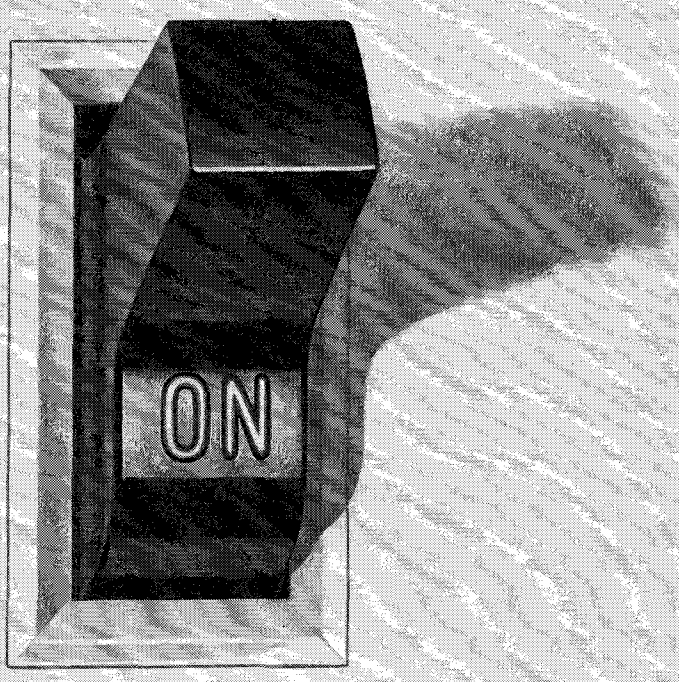
ELECTRICITY FROM THE ATOM

What will it be like?



Now that electric light and power companies are building plants to produce electricity from the atom, you may well ask—*what's atomic electricity like?*

The answer: *exactly like the electricity you're using now.* The only difference is in the electric power plants themselves, where there's an atomic furnace instead of a furnace that burns coal, oil or gas.

But that difference can be important to your future. For you—and all America—will need much more electricity in the years to come, and atomic energy promises a vast new source of heat to make it.

Today many electric companies across the country are working on the development of atomic-electric power plants. They're among the companies that have brought abundant electricity to a whole nation in the span of a single lifetime. They have the experience to find the best and quickest way to bring atomic-electric power to all.

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

**Names on request from this magazine*

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(Continued from Page 98) was playing his own game right down to his last miserable white chip. It was no time to tell him now that the younger man he was so proud of was also a failure. Then, out of Dugan's heartbreak, came an idea, full-blown and shining with purpose.

"Pop," he said, "I've got a better idea. Why don't you come in with me on my deal? That way you could keep your hand in and not be bored, without having to wrestle with any grief. The grief I can handle."

Maggie gasped and Pop yelled, excited, "Come in with you? Be partners?" And when Dugan began to feel real good, the old man added, "Why should I do that? You wouldn't come in with me when I wanted you to."

"That was different," Dugan argued desperately. "You had already done too much for me; put me through engineering school and everything else. If you had let me go to work for you, like I wanted to, so I could pay you back a little, I would never have left you. But no. You insisted I become your full partner or nothing. I have a little pride, too, you know."

"Pride," murmured Pop. "Pride plays tricks on a man, Johnny. You got to be old before you can handle it right."

"I'm older," said Dugan. "So are you. How about it, Pop?"

Pop looked at Maggie, as if for advice, and Maggie stared speculatively at Dugan. Dugan pleaded with her with his eyes, wishing and willing her to take his side.

Finally Maggie said, "Maybe what I have is the opposite from pride, Pop, but if you think I'd go to Arabia or even a less hot place without you as Mr. Dugan's partner, you're wrong. I say take the man up before he changes his mind."

"I don't know," Pop muttered. "I hate to take advantage of the boy. I'm getting old. He's young and full of vinegar. He'd have to do most of the work from here on out."

"So what?" scoffed Dugan. "I like to work. How about having Miss Smith draw up a little agreement right now?"

Pop eyed him shrewdly. "How much do you want me to put up against your capital?"

"Not a red cent," Dugan told him. "You can give me—I don't know—what about half that job you're doing in Mesa County? That would satisfy me." After that, he held his breath waiting.

"Don't seem like I'd be putting up enough," said Pop.

"Pop!" cried Maggie. "Don't be such a stubborn jack animal. If Mr. Dugan is satisfied, then what ——"

"All right," Pop said. "I'll do it on that basis. . . . Maggie, you go ahead and draw up a partnership deal. Make it airtight, legal and binding. Johnny to get half the Mesa County job and we share and share alike from here on out."

"Sure, Pop," said Maggie, and it seemed to Dugan she choked on the words as she fled hastily from the room.

"She's a lot of woman, Johnny," Pop said, when they finally sat alone, listening to typewriter keys pounding in a distant room. "You could look a long time and never do better."

Dugan smiled faintly. "You're an ugly cupid, Pop, but you got a deal if I can figure a way to swing it. We'll see how the future turns out."

"With you and me together," Pop said, "how can the future miss? You wait and see."

"Sure," Dugan muttered, feeling lower than he had ever felt in his life. As he had told Maggie, lying never got anyone anyplace—except into more trouble.

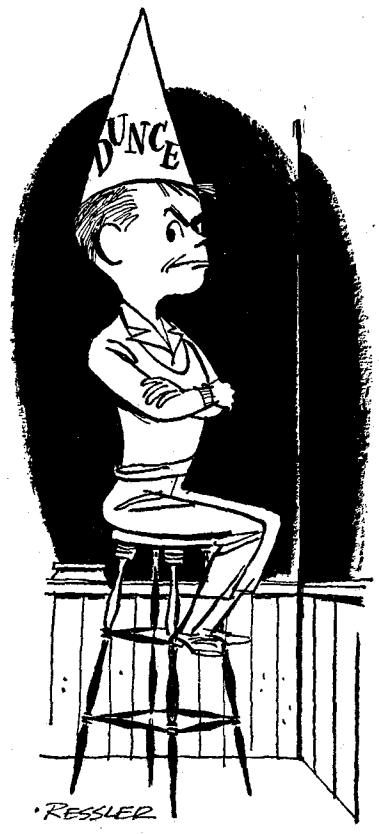
Maggie came bouncing back into the room, and she seemed more like her old self. She handed Pop two copies of a neatly typed partnership agreement and a pen. And after Pop had scrawled his bold signature on both documents, Dugan hastily did the same. Then he folded his copy and quickly stuffed it in an inner coat pocket.

"Now," said Pop, suddenly enthusiastic again, "let's celebrate. . . . Maggie, break out that bottle of interior liniment and we'll have a couple while Johnny tells us all about what happened in South America."

Dugan could not take any more. Not right now. He had to get away from Pop for a while. He jumped up and said, "No, Pop. Later, maybe, when there's more time. Right now I've got to work on this big deal that brought me to town."

"At two o'clock in the morning?" growled Pop.

"There's no time to lose," Dugan maintained. "At least that's what I've been told. If you don't mind, I'll leave my gear here and take a taxi to ——"



People are Like That

Do you suppose that it is true that children who are backward in their classroom studies are compensated by a natural skill in the use of their hands? That a poor student may be a "born bricklayer"?

Contrary to popular opinion, a study by a leading teachers' college shows that general intelligence and manual dexterity go together. Children who are mentally "slow" usually reflect this slowness in using their hands. Teaching a retarded child to use his hands is an important means of solving his mental problems.

Henry C. Nicholas

"You will not," declared Pop. "It's too far. Maggie will take you there, won't you, Maggie?"

"Sure," murmured Maggie. "I'll get my coat while you two kiss each other good-by."

Not until they were sitting in Maggie's car again did Dugan explode. "Did you hear that man?" he gasped then. "Of all the liars I've ever met, he's the most outstanding and still world's champion. He looked me right in the eye and told me he had it made and wanted to retire. Ha!"

"You put on a good performance yourself," Maggie said. "I'll bet Saint Peter never heard such whoppers in all the years he's been trying to keep sinners from talking their way in through the pearly gates. I wouldn't have missed it."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Dugan. "After hearing Pop carry on, you certainly can't hold my letters against me."

"I don't know about that," argued Maggie. "Suppose we both got hit on the head at the same time and woke up married, and I said, 'Dugan, darling, will you buy me a fur coat for Christmas?' What would you say?"

"I would say 'no,'" Dugan stated emphatically. "Right now I couldn't afford ——"

"If you said that, would you be lying or bluffing?"

"Neither," declared Dugan. "I would be telling the truth."

"You see?" exclaimed Maggie. "But poor little me, knowing what a big bluffer you are, wouldn't believe you. I'd be on needles and pins until Christmas and, when it finally happened and I found out you were really telling the truth, I'd be as mad as I could get, and that's awfully mad. Wouldn't that be a fine state of affairs—a wife getting mad at her husband for telling her the truth?"

"Miss Smith," said Dugan, "I don't think ——"

"Oh, it's perfectly all right," Maggie assured him. "The odds against us both getting hit on the head at the same time are ridiculous anyway. The most important thing right now is: why did you have to connive Pop into a partnership with that Arabian Nights tale? Why, Dugan?"

Dugan shrugged. "You said Pop was losing his shirt, didn't you?"

"I did," Maggie admitted.

"If he does that he'll have debts," Dugan pointed out. "And you know Pop. He'd sweat blood as long as he lives to pay everything off and settle up. This way he won't have to try so hard. Half his obligations are now mine because I became his legal partner before the ax fell."

Maggie stared at him, her mouth open. "Dugan, you're horrible!" she wailed, bursting into tears.

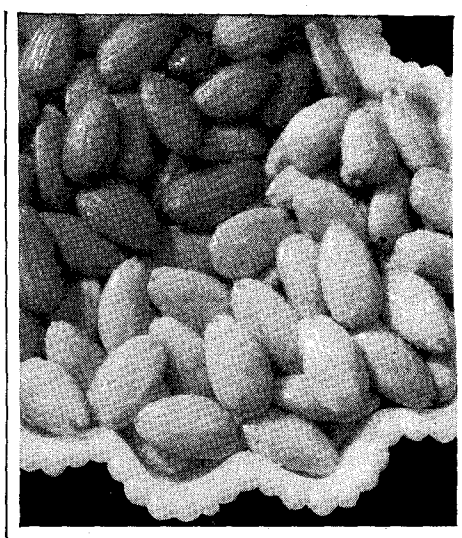
"Now what's the matter?" Dugan demanded. "You got me up here to help Pop, didn't you? Well, I did. The only way I knew how."

"You didn't have to think up such a nice way, did you?" Maggie sobbed. "You didn't have to turn out to be such a fine friend you make me feel like a heel. Why didn't you wait until you looked at the job? Maybe you could have figured out a way to help Pop without sharing half his debts."

Dugan shook his head. "If I had looked at the job first and Pop heard about it and knew I knew the mess he was in, he would never have agreed to come in with me. I must have caught him off guard as it was. And as for me being able to do anything at Arroyo Diablo, I doubt that I can. Pop's got more brains in his one head than I'd have if I had two."

"You mean you're going to quit now and not even go through the motions?"

"I don't mean anything of the sort," said Dugan roughly. "We keep swinging until we win or (Continued on Page 103)



SALTED ALMONDS
Quick 'n Easy

MAGIC IN MINUTES. For the holidays roast almond meats 15 minutes in a slow oven (300°) with a teaspoon of butter or margarine per cup. Salt while warm. Use either blanched almonds or the natural meats. (Blanching is not necessary) Make enough, because you'll want to chop some for topping holiday desserts.

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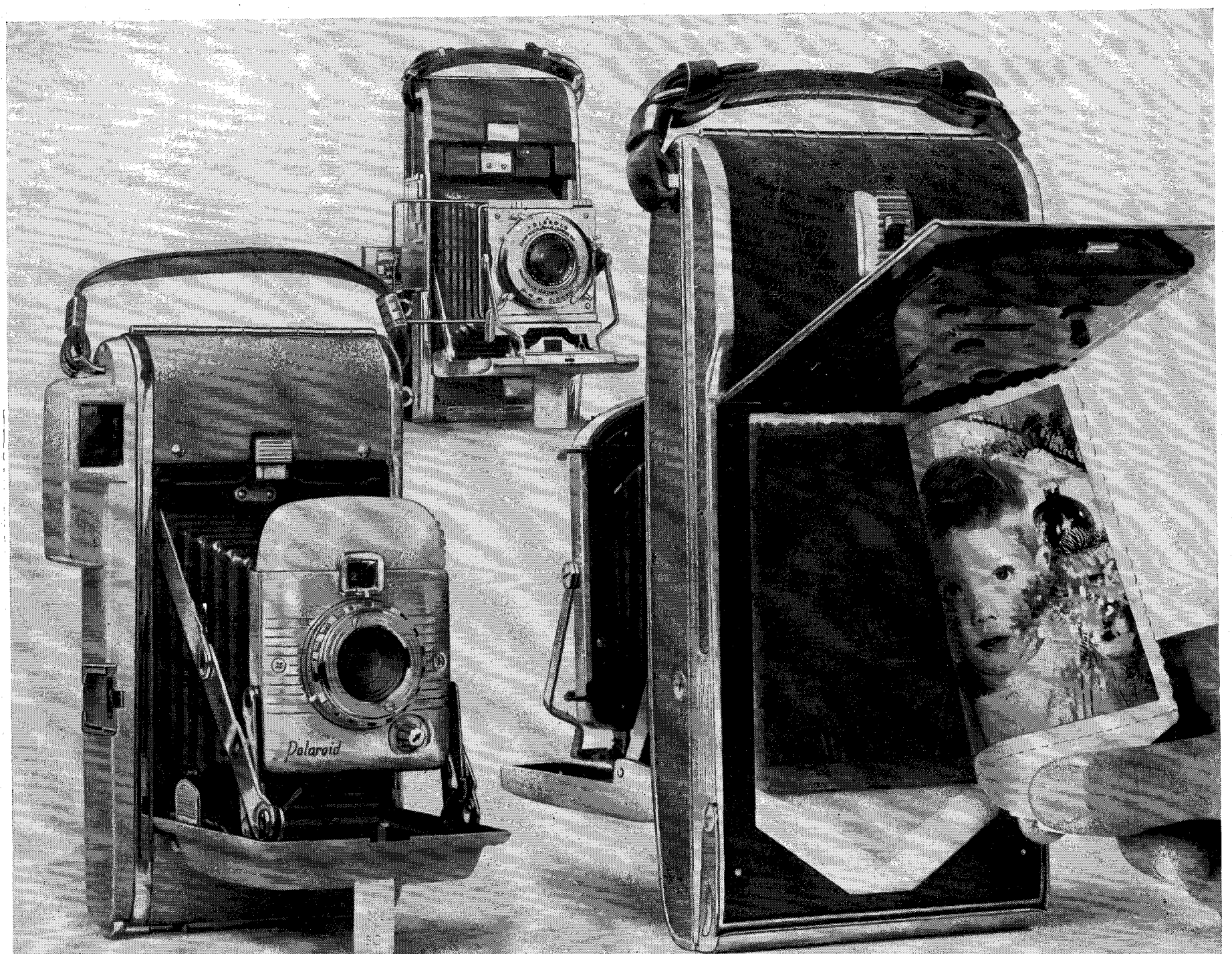
But does he have a camera that gives him a finished print 60 seconds after he takes a picture? Does he have a camera that gives him a second chance — that lets him see his results right on the spot so he can take a picture right over if somebody made a face or the composition wasn't just right? Does he have a camera that's so much fun to use that you can build a whole party around it—or make new friends on vacation in less time than it takes to introduce yourself? Does he have a camera that uses the newest kind of film in the world — a film so fast you can take delicate pictures in soft light, pictures that never before were possible? Does he have a camera that's so simple to use that even a beginner can get terrific pictures right off the bat? Does he have a camera that's so versatile, so useful in so many ways . . . that three out of five owners use it in their work as well as for fun?

There is no end to the advantages of owning a Polaroid Land Camera. You can do things with it that are just impossible with any other camera. It's the only camera of its kind in the world.

OK—so he has a camera

Even if he already has a *couple* of cameras — think about getting him one of these. It's the most exciting Christmas gift you can give him. You can put it under the tree with his name on it for as little as $1.19 a week. Drop into any camera dealer's for a demonstration. Ask to see the sample Polaroid Land pictures he has. And if you've got a spare minute, let him take your picture. You'll be sold. Left to right: Polaroid Highlander, $69.95; Pathfinder, $249.50; and Speedliner, $89.75.

POLAROID CORPORATION, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



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(Continued from Page 101) get knocked out. That's another thing Pop taught me. Now start the motions. Next stop Arroyo Diablo."

Maggie indulged herself a final sniff, started the motor and said, "Dugan, no wonder Pop loves you. So do I. And if you try to make anything out of it, I'll barrel-roll this jalopy and land it wrong side up. Hang on!"

Dugan hung on, sometimes grimly, as Maggie negotiated the city traffic, wound through some foothills and finally started up a twisting canyon that plunged through high mountains. Near the summit they left the coastal storm behind and then started down toward a great desert valley, washed by the light of a brilliant, high-riding moon.

It was beautiful. The view and the intimacy of Maggie's small car, along with the pressure of vast distances pushing in around them, made Dugan even more conscious of Maggie's loveliness. So far she had been moody and withdrawn, and had refused to respond to Dugan's attempts at conversation, but he kept trying.

"Maggie, about that fur coat you want for Christmas."

That did it. "Oh, stop it," Maggie pleaded. "How can you think about fur coats when you don't even know what you talked yourself into? You don't even know yet how Pop broke his leg."

"He fell down," Dugan reminded her. "He said so himself."

"Sure," said Maggie. "He fell down from the top of a seventy-five-foot-high concrete tower form when it collapsed after they had poured concrete into it to about the thirty-foot level. The two men who were tending the pouring spout, on top, where Pop was watching, were killed."

Dugan forgot all about fur coats and Christmas. "Are you trying to tell me that Pop tried to cut corners to the point his forms collapsed and killed some men?"

"No, I am trying to tell you that he built real good forms that fell apart, anyway," Maggie told him. "You know Pop. He wouldn't take chances with human lives. He just made a mistake, I guess."

"Pop doesn't make mistakes," growled Dugan.

"I hope you're right," Maggie murmured. "I sure hope he didn't make any mistake about you."

She fell silent again, and finally turned off the main highway to leap-frog through a sprawling desert town with a courthouse, and on across a desert mesa. Eventually they came to the brink of a half-mile-wide dry wash that ran along the base of glittering rock mountains like a moat.

"Arroyo Diablo," announced Maggie.

Dugan caught a glimpse of a concrete-mixing plant, the framework gaunt and white in the light of the waning moon. Beyond sprawled rows of house trailers, barracks, storage sheds and an office shack. There were few lights showing and the only sounds came from the muttered exhaust of a diesel generating plant and the far-off, forlorn quaver of a coyote. Then Maggie sent the little car down a road bulldozed out of the arroyo's steep bank and out onto the floor of the wash.

Three high tower forms reared their graceful shapes up from the beginnings of their shadows, all of them connected by the flume flooring supported on spidery trusses that arched from tower to tower. But jutting out beyond the third tower the trusses sagged crazily, broken in two and, on the floor of the wash, the splintered form of the fourth tower sprawled in a sickening mass of wreckage. Maggie stopped her car so that its headlights played upon the frustrating scene.

"How did it happen?" Dugan asked.

"The bolts at the corners of the timber collars that locked the form together sheared in two," Maggie informed him. "I'll show you."

Maggie led the way to where the car lights beamed on the ends of two collar timbers sticking out of the mass of hardened concrete. The sheared bolts showed plainly.

"That's impossible!" Dugan declared. "A bolt that size wouldn't shear under a pressure of less than a hundred thousand pounds. The timbers would have split first."

"You are absolutely right," agreed Maggie. "What happened is impossible, but it happened. That opens up all kinds of scary possibilities, doesn't it? Like marriage?"

Dugan scowled at the bolt to avoid comment, and Maggie rambled on.

"All that has to be done now is clean up this mess, build a new tower form, beef up the collars on the others and pour the whole shebang before you and Pop can collect your first payment. Think you can bluff your way through it?"

Dugan jammed his fists in his pockets and shook his head.

"Fred Basset doesn't think you can either," Maggie continued. "He's been

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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hanging around Mesa City for a week, waiting for Pop to give up, so he can take over on a cost-plus basis."

"Basset?" cried Dugan. "Fred Basset, of Seaboard Construction? A great big moose, larger than I am?"

"That's our boy," said Maggie. "You know him?"

"I do," admitted Dugan. "I know him very well."

"Then the next time you see him," said Maggie warmly, "tell him to stop acting like he's irresistible, before I have to enact my favorite role of Maggie-the-giant-killer. What's next on the agenda, boss?"

"We'll go up to the office," Dugan informed her. "I want to figure out how the impossible could possibly happen."

"You going to think about bolts or me?" Maggie inquired.

"Bolts," said Dugan.

"Nuts," Maggie murmured.

Dawn grayed the east when Maggie led the way into the one-room office shack with its two desks, big drafting table and litter of engineering equipment. Dugan slumped into a chair behind one of the desks, leaned back and closed his eyes. Maggie sat down across from him, watching and waiting, but the sun struck through the east windows before Dugan finally stifled a prodigious yawn and came to life again.

"Well!" exclaimed Maggie. "I'm glad that's over. I've never kept my mouth shut for so long in my life, and I hope what you were thinking about was worth the sacrifice."

"I hope so, too," said Dugan. "I've been thinking about a nice pot of coffee. Think you could manage it?"

Maggie gasped. "Do you mean to tell me you have been sitting there all this time thinking about coffee?"

"Miss Smith," Dugan said, with an aggressiveness that made Maggie jump, "I am not in the habit of having secretaries find fault with my thought processes. Now go rustle that coffee. And on your way —— Wait a minute. Somebody's coming."

The office door banged open and a man stomped in. A grizzled, bronzed old-timer in heavy field boots, leather jacket, and with a tin safety hat cocked aggressively over one eye. He stopped, stared a moment, then leaped at Dugan.

"Johnny!" he bellowed. "Am I glad to see you!"

"Sam Timbrell!" Dugan yelled, jumping up. "What are you doing here?"

Sam let go of Dugan's hand and poked himself with a blunt thumb. "Me? I'm pushing this job for the Tucker-Dugan Construction Company. Didn't Pop tell you?"

"No, he did not," declared Dugan, glancing at Maggie. "And how did you know Pop and I joined up? He phone you?"

"He phoned a couple of hours ago and said Maggie was bringing you up here," Sam admitted.

"I see," said Dugan, looking at Maggie again, but she seemed absorbed in some doodling on a scratch pad. "Now, I wonder how Pop knew Maggie was going to do that?"

Sam did not seem to care. "But," he went on, "everyone's known about you being Pop's partner ever since we started this job under the new company name. You sure made the old man feel good, Johnny, agreeing to come in with him. He was all broken up about that raw deal you got down south."

Dugan turned toward Maggie, but she was not where she had been the last two times he had looked. She was sneaking out the door.

"Come back here, you!" Dugan raged.

"I will when I get that coffee you thought up," Maggie called back. "Maybe."

"Now what's eating her?" Sam wanted to know.

"Never mind!" Dugan barked, startling the older man. "Now tell me some more, Sam. From where you sit, how do you think we'll come out on this job?"

Sam pushed back his hat and scratched his head. "From my figures we should break a little better than even, what with the accident we had and all. But with you here, we should do right well. You always were one for making the dirt fly."

Dugan sat down on the end of the desk. "You mean Pop isn't losing his shirt on this job?"

"Ha!" hooted Sam. "How could he? Pop could do this job for free and never miss it. That old bird's got more dollars than the breweries got bottles."

Dugan kicked the end of the desk, and Sam went on:

"Of course an outsider would never think Pop has to rent part of Fort Knox to keep it in, but you know how Pop is. He always did think money was to help folks with and not to put on the dog. I'll bet if it wasn't for him insisting that Maggie grow up like a lady, he'd still be living in his old trailer, on the job, instead of in that big apartment building he owns in town. Well, what's the orders for the day, Johnny?"

"Get that Tower Four mess blasted apart and bulldozed out of the way," Dugan told him. "But don't let anyone touch a form collar on any of the standing towers. Leave them alone."

"O.K.," said Sam.

"And, Sam," Dugan continued, "tell whoever works in this office not to come near it until I say different. That includes you. I want to be alone with Maggie Smith. There are a few things I want to get straightened out with that woman."

Sam started to smile. "I get you, Johnny. Sure."

"You don't get me at all," Dugan stated coldly. "So wipe that leer off your face."

"Sure," said Sam, his smile widening. "See you later."

When Sam went out, Dugan stomped angrily back and forth a few minutes; then spread the plans of the project out on the drafting table and huddled over them. He did not even turn around when Maggie came back in.

"I brought you that pot of coffee, boss," she said in a small voice.

"Thank you," Dugan murmured.

After several minutes, Maggie began to clink two heavy coffee mugs together and bang the pot around.

"I'll pour your coffee now," she announced.

Dugan continued to study the drawings. "Thank you."

After several more minutes had ticked away, Maggie said, a little desperately, "Look, Dugan. There's no reason for you to be mad at Pop. He told you nothing but the truth. You and I did all the lying."

Dugan still did not look around. "I am not mad at Pop. And the only reason I told Pop what I did was that I had been informed he was broke and on his last good leg."

Some time later Maggie said, "I don't see why you're mad at me, either. Just because Pop couldn't think up a way to bait a trap to catch a proud mouse, and had to lean on my scheming brain, is no reason for you to blow your top and keep facing in one direction. How could you possibly buy anyone a fur coat for Christmas if you stayed broke?"

Dugan turned slowly from the drafting board, walked over and leaned toward Miss Smith.

"Miss Smith," he said, clearly and distinctly, "when I want a scheming woman to ball up my private life, I'll ask her to do it. And, furthermore, I am not in the habit of discussing my personal affairs with any secretary during working hours. Understand?"

Maggie's eyes narrowed, she practically closed the gap between their noses and seemed to expand to the point where Dugan became concerned about her sweater flying apart.

"Yes, sir," she said, suddenly subsiding.

"Good," said Dugan. "Now get me the county engineer of Mesa County on the phone as soon as possible. Point out to him that I am on the job, with full authority to act. Then let me talk with him."

"Yes, sir," said Maggie meekly. "His name is Vaughn Wood, sir. It's too early for him to be in his office, but I have his home phone number. I'll get him at once."

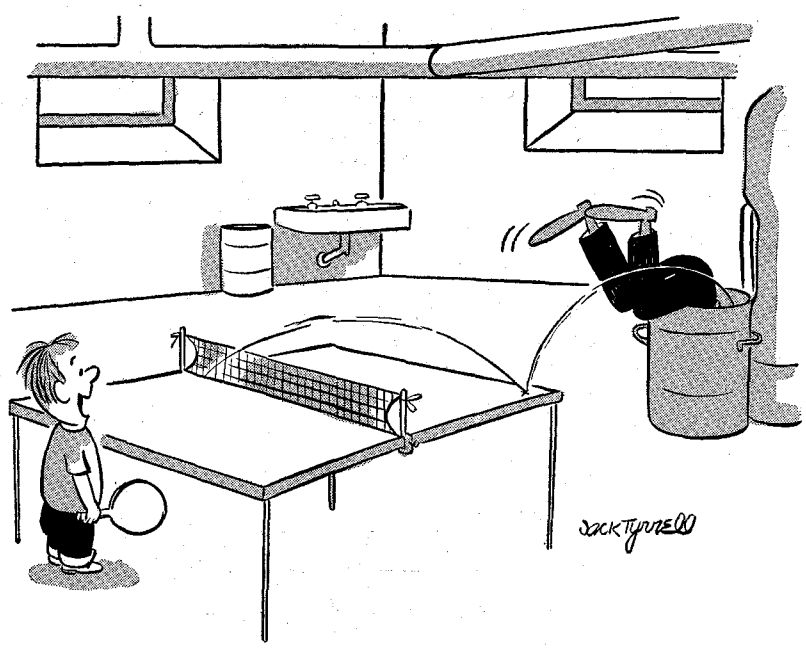
When Maggie had accomplished her part of the mission, Dugan took the instrument from her and said, "Wood? This is Dugan. Is my friend, Fred Basset, still hanging around Mesa?"

"Why, yes, he is," Wood said.

"Fine," said Dugan. "That will save a lot of time. How soon do you think you could get Basset and the county brass out here on the job?"

"Oh, by nine o'clock, I suppose," Wood said, obviously puzzled. "That is, if there is any good reason for bringing them out there."

"There is," Dugan told him. "A very good reason. Tucker and Dugan are pulling off this (Continued on Page 107)



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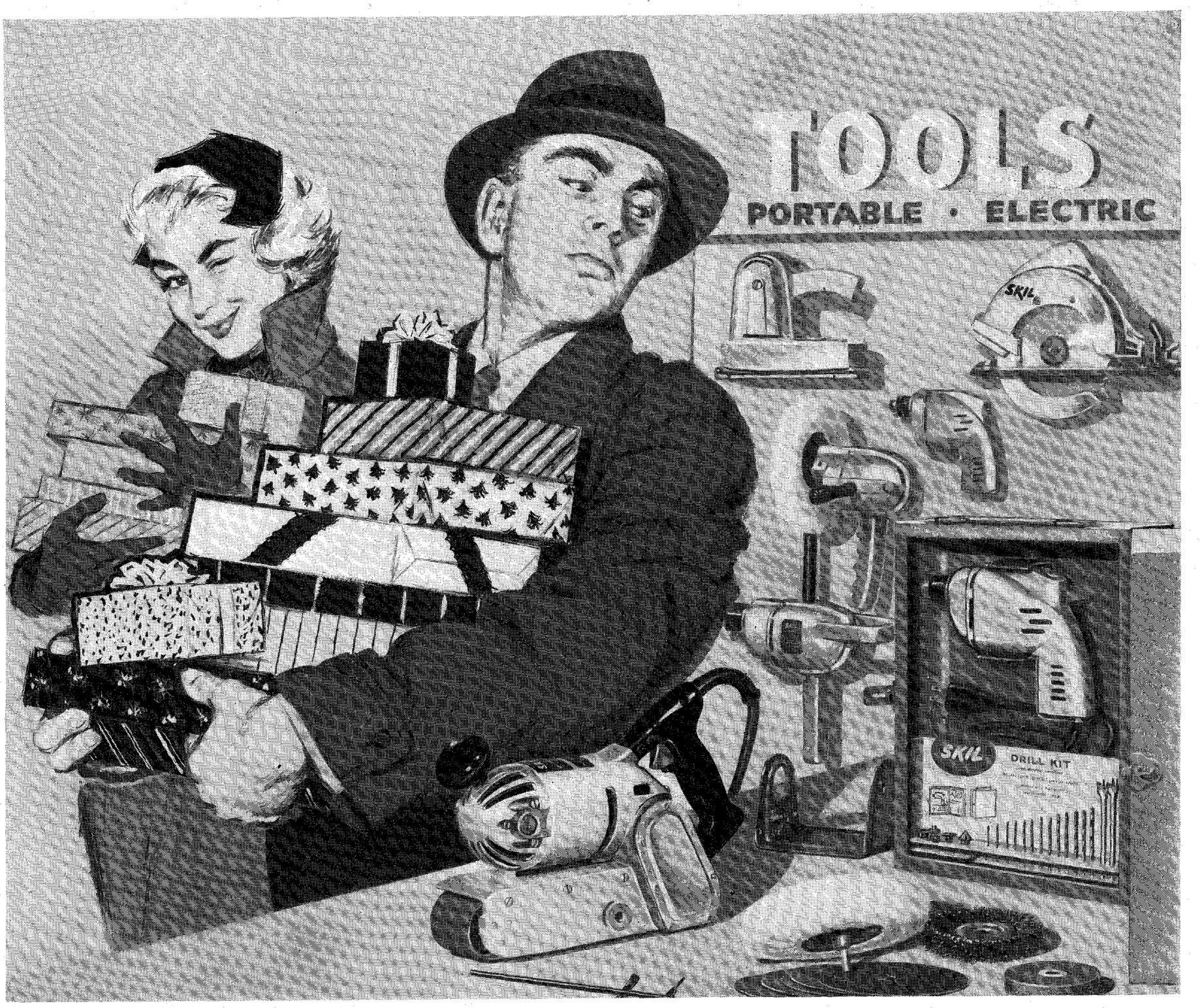

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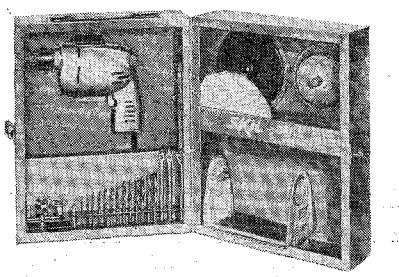

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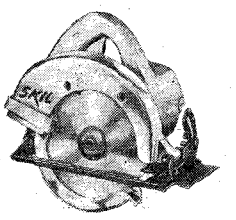

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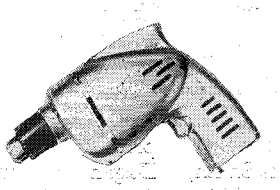

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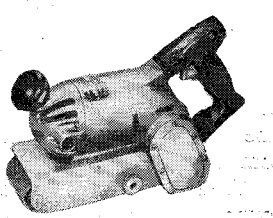

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(Continued from Page 104) project. We're giving up. I want to turn the work over to Basset."

"What?" gasped Wood.

"Johnny!" cried Maggie, leaping at him and trying to snatch the telephone from his hands.

Dugan evaded her by turning his back. "That's right, Wood," he said. "See you around nine." With that he broke the connection and turned back to face an outraged Maggie Smith.

"Dugan, you dumb ape!" she yelled at him. "You can't do that! Pop isn't broke! Let me explain what ——"

"You don't have to," Dugan informed her. "I already know about Pop. My old friend Sam told me the whole thing and I believe him. But don't tell me you believe what I just told Wood. Surely you know I was bluffing."

"Bluffing, my eye!" stormed Maggie. "I heard what you said. You told Vaughn that Basset was a friend of yours and you wanted to turn the work over to him. You're just trying to get even, that's what. You're just mad because a girl made a dope out of you."

"No girl can make a dope out of me," Dugan told her.

"I already have," sputtered Maggie. "You let me lead you around like a little lamb. But if you think you're going to give this job away to get even, you have a couple of thinks coming. Now give me that telephone. I want to call Pop."

●

The difference between some graduate psychiatrists and their patients is just a matter of degree.

HAROLD COFFIN

●

With a sudden surge, Dugan broke the phone cord in two and handed Maggie the useless instrument. "Here," he said.

Maggie hefted the phone, eyed Dugan's head speculatively; then put the instrument aside and scooted for the door. But, fast as she was, Dugan got there first, leaned his broad back against the panel and folded his arms.

"You!" fumed Maggie, glaring up at him. "Don't you know all I have to do to get out of here? All I have to do is scream and every man in this camp will come running to see why, even the married ones."

"But you won't," Dugan told her. "If you screamed, you know what the boys would do to me before they asked you why you made so much noise. Where would this partnership you tricked me into be then? No, you've got to understand that what I'm trying to do is for Pop's own good. Believe me."

"Believe you?" gasped Maggie. She opened her mouth and expanded her chest, and Dugan braced himself for a blood-chilling sound, but no such hideous thing happened. Instead, Maggie deflated herself and shook her head.

"No, I can't do it," she admitted. "If I screamed, it would be the same as telling a king-sized fib. I couldn't do it unless you really tried to kiss me or something." Lowering her long lashes, she rose on tiptoe and offered Dugan her exquisite lips. "Go ahead," she challenged him. "Kiss me or something. I dare you."

When Dugan regained consciousness, he found he had his arms around Miss Smith, that Miss Smith had her arms around him and that everything had a rosy, perfumed glow. And when he fully realized what he had done he broke loose, straightened and glared at her.

Maggie stood there a moment, looking up at him, wide-eyed. Then she said, "Dugan, that's twice you're the most horrible man I've ever met." And with that she moved over to a chair, curled up in it and started to cry.

Dugan watched her awhile, wanting to do something about her tears, but afraid that if he went near her he might give her a good reason to start screaming. So he did the next best thing. He walked over to the drafting table, propped his elbows on the board and tried to concentrate on the project drawings. He was still trying when a large sedan stopped beside the office and four men climbed out.

The first one to enter the office was an affable, barrel-shaped man dressed in worn, comfortable tweeds and, right now, obviously deeply concerned about something. "Hello, Maggie," he said. "Pop get here, yet?"

"No, Vaughn," said Maggie, pointing. "But if you want to talk to Mad-Man Dugan, that's him."

Vaughn Wood, the Mesa County engineer, met Dugan halfway and shook hands as the others came in; the first a lean, tall, distinguished-looking gentleman, followed by a nervous little character distinguished by a bulging brief case and horn-rimmed spectacles. The last man over the threshold filled the doorway. He was blond, well dressed and outsized in every dimension, including his teeth.

"Pleased to meet you, Dugan," murmured Wood, and then came straight to the point. "There's something haywire, Dugan. After our talk this morning, I checked with Pop Tucker in the city, and he said you were—er—out of your mind. He told me he had no intention of turning this job over to anyone. But under the circumstances, with you being his partner, I thought we ought to have a meeting here, anyway. He's having an ambulance bring him up."

"Good," said Dugan blandly. "And Pop's right about me being wrong. We don't have any intentions of giving up."

Maggie made a choking sound and jumped up and Wood started to say, "Then what ——" changed his mind and covered his confusion with introductions. The tall, distinguished-looking man turned out to be Jess Malnick, chairman of the board of county supervisors. The nervous little man with the brief case was Clyde Shawn, county attorney.

"I don't get the meaning of this at all," Shawn stated. "What's it all about?"

Dugan smiled at him. "I just wanted to prove the impossible can't happen, Shawn." He looked at Maggie. "No matter what some people think."

Vaughn Wood waved at Basset and concluded, "Fred Basset you know, Dugan. I think you said he was a friend of yours."

"He's no friend of mine," growled Basset his massive jowls quivering. "I've never met this Dugan in my life."

"You're lucky you haven't," murmured Dugan, moving to a spot between Basset and the door. "But I know you by reputation, mister. You're the joker who wrote the book on how to graft on county work. Your favorite trick is to get to the legal department where the contracts are drawn up and have them rigged so ——"

"Just a minute, Dugan!" cried Shawn. "Before you go any further, let me bring you up to date on the laws regarding slander and defamation of character."

"And have the contracts rigged so the second-highest bidder takes over at cost-plus when the low bidder goes broke," Dugan went on. "And if the low bidder doesn't quit as fast as you want him to, you'll stoop to any dirty trick to make him go bust."

"Dugan," said Basset, his big hands working, "when a man slanders me, I don't go crying to the law. I take care of it myself."

"I was hoping that," purred Dugan, taking off his coat and tossing it aside. "Should we go into that subway job you sabotaged for that contractor I worked for, back East, or should we stick to how you made a tower form collapse on this job because you thought Pop Tucker was a shoestring operator?"

"Makes no difference to me," Basset said, inching closer. "I'd just as soon have two reasons to beat your brains out as one. Nobody proved anything on me back East and you can't prove anything here."

"Yes, I can," Dugan murmured. "I already have."

"Now wait a minute, you two," Vaughn Wood ordered. "Dugan, are you trying to say Basset had something to do with that tower form collapsing?"

Paying no attention to the engineer, Dugan kept right on talking to Basset. "This time you outsmarted yourself, my friend. That tower form caved because the collar bolts sheared when they started to pour concrete. But that's impossible, Basset. Utterly impossible."

"But they did!" crowed Basset. "And the proof of it is right down there in the wash!"

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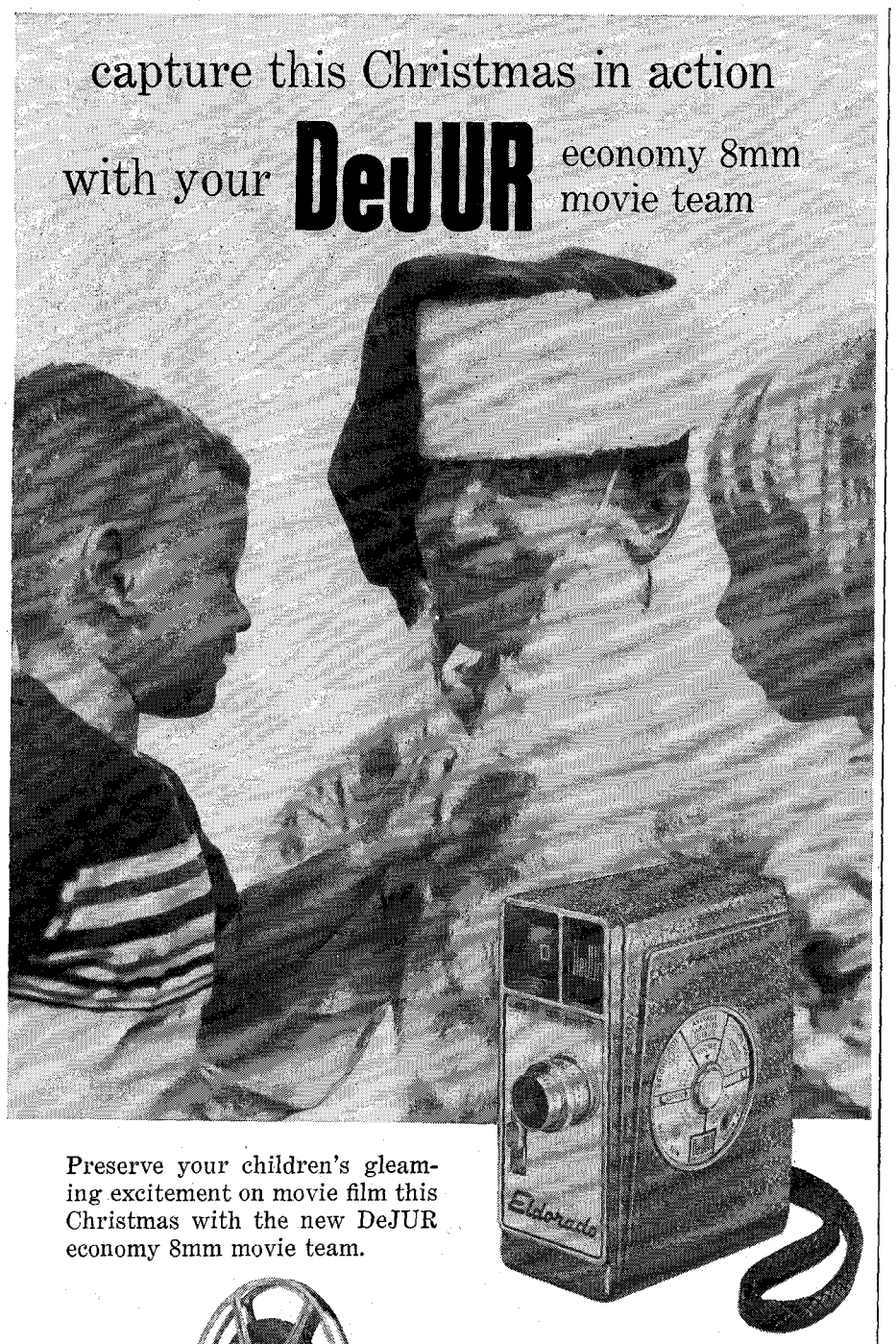

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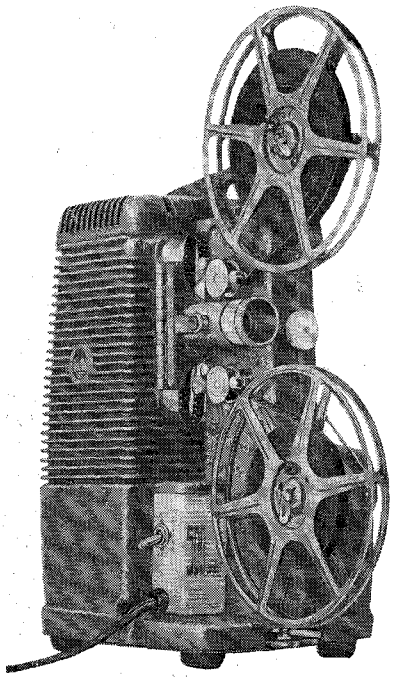

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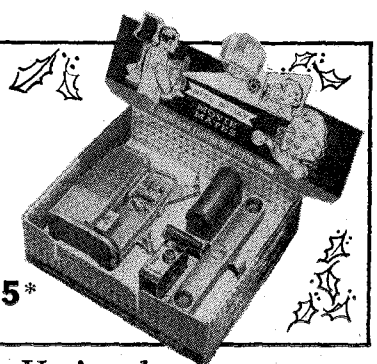

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"That's right," agreed Dugan. "Only these bolts didn't get sheared down there, and you know it. They got sheared in a materials-testing laboratory. Then, no doubt in the dark of the night, the real collar bolts were removed and the sheared ones hammered back in their places, top and bottom." He paused and doubled his fists and took a deep breath. "We checked out the testing laboratories, Basset. We found the one you used. Besides that, there are fingerprints."

"Fred, you fool!" Shawn yelped, shocked. "If you were that clumsy you're involved in two murders!"

There was nothing for a few seconds but the sound of Basset's uneven breathing. Then he broke for the door, yelling, "Get out of my way, Dugan!"

Dugan, with a beautiful straight left, caught Basset coming in, stopped him; then, with a wicked right, reversed the big man's direction and slammed him against the drafting table. The board broke under his weight and he went down with a clatter of broken lumber. But Basset was big and tough. He came right up and surged at Dugan.

"Johnny!" screamed Maggie. "Stop patting his cheeks with a powder puff! Slug him, darling!"

Dugan slugged. He pasted Basset some good ones for Pop's broken leg and then hammered the man some more for the men who had died here and other places because of Basset's greed. And to top it off, Dugan brought one up from the floor to convince Basset he was no part of a lady's man, as far as Maggie Smith was concerned. After that, Basset fell on his face and stayed there, and Dugan stood over him, feeling real good.

Jess Malnick came over and laid a friendly hand on Dugan's shoulder. "Son," he said, "I wouldn't have missed it. You're not only handy with your fists, you're smart. That was a nice piece of detective work, pinning the guilt for what happened here onto Basset."

"The detective work hasn't been done yet," Dugan admitted. "But I don't think it will be hard. I was only bluffing."

"And he's good at that," cried Maggie, scooting out the door. "He's the best bluffer this side of that place everyone talks about."

"Pop Tucker's here," Vaughn Wood announced, peering out a window. "He just drove up in an ambulance. Man, he's going to be madder than a toothless squirrel that can't crack nuts when he finds out what he missed."

Looking over Wood's shoulder, Dugan saw two young men lift Pop, in a wheel chair, from the ambulance, and Maggie pounce on him. But by the time he got out there himself, Maggie was gone.

"What goes on here?" Pop wanted to know. "What are you trying to do, Johnny?"

"Never mind!" Dugan yelled back at him. "What I ought to try and do is break your other leg!" He paused as the motor of Maggie's car roared to life and she took off down the road. "Hey! Where's she going?"

"I don't know," fumed Pop. "All I know is she said something she had planned on was impossible; then she quit my half of the company and beat it. Go after her, man! If you let her quit your half, too, I'll brain you!"

Muttering to himself, Dugan sprinted to the nearest jeep, jumped in, punched the starter button and took off after Maggie. She ran away from him the first mile; then something seemed to go wrong with her car and she coasted to a stop. Dugan closed the gap rapidly, braked down, then leaped out and ran to the side of her car.

"You were running out on me," he declared accusingly. "You were leaving me to cope with this job all by myself."

"As if you needed any help from me," said Maggie mournfully. "And you said yourself that you didn't want any scheming woman to meddle with your private life. Not that I blame you. No man wants a woman to meddle around and throw herself at him. A man likes to do his own chasing."

"That's right," said Dugan. "And I did the chasing, didn't I? You were the one out in front."

"You wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't run out of gas."

"It couldn't have happened to a nicer girl," murmured Dugan. And then, defying the thoughtlessness of foreign sports-car designers, he managed to get his head, wide shoulders and arms into Maggie's side of the car and prove to himself that what had happened to him in the office had not been a fluke.

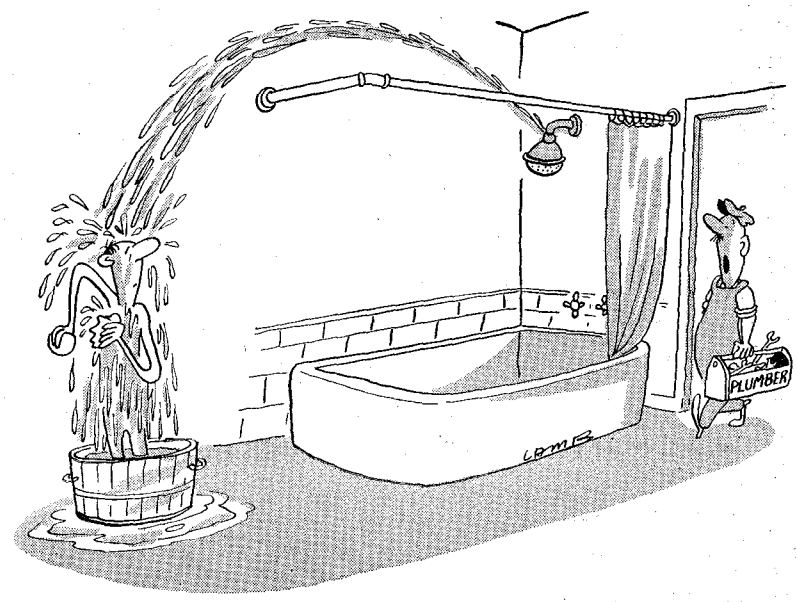
"Now climb out of that car and I'll drive you back in the jeep," Dugan finally told her.

"What's the matter with me driving my own car back?" Maggie wanted to know. "It might come in handy."

"But you're out of gas," Dugan said.

Maggie shook her head. "You don't know much about women, do you, Dugan?" And with that, she started her car, turned it around and headed back.

Dugan stood there a moment, staring. Then he hopped into his jeep and chased happily after her. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You send for me?"

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they call it...

play!

In a child's world, *"to play"* means to be occupied...active...doing something! Through play, a child's interests are channeled into an endless variety of activities affecting mental and physical health . . . developing personality and character. That's why the *right choice of toys* is so important.

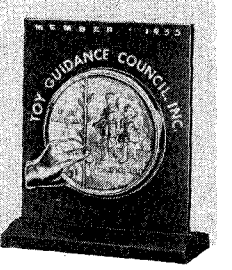
From thousands of toys submitted by many of America's foremost manufacturers, 104 were voted "Outstanding in 1955." These are the 104 "Educator-Approved Prestige Toys." They were selected by 2 committees of toy experts and approved by a panel of famous educators. They bear the Parents' Magazine Commendation Seal and are carried by most toy departments and stores. They are prominently featured, however, by Toy Guidance Council Member Stores throughout the United States, where you will find Specially Trained Toy Consultants, anxious to help you select appropriate play equipment.

Toy Guidance Council, Inc.

1124 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10

EDUCATOR-APPROVED Prestige Toy 1955 — TOY GUIDANCE COUNCIL, INC. — COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

WATCH FOR THE "TOYLAND EXPRESS" TV PROGRAM, *starring Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney. Consult your local newspaper for time and station. You can buy better toys this Christmas . . . get expert guidance, too . . . if you look for the store that displays this plaque.*



Here are the 104 "Educator-Approved Prestige Toys" for 1955. Ask for them by number and name.

#1704 Rider Fire Truck (WYANDOTTE)
#2157 Mechanical Freight Train (WYANDOTTE)
#707 Cadillac Remote Control Car (AMT)
#3552 Cook 'n Bake Set (ALUMINUM SPEC.)
#304 Doll-E-Hichair (AMSCO)
#328 Doll-E-Layette (AMSCO)
#553 Farm Set (AUBURN RUBBER)
#702 Horseshoe Set (AUBURN RUBBER)
#T525 Deluxe 2-Speed Tractor (BMC)
#PB-8 Public Buildings (BACHMANN)
#1820 Golden Glow Tea Set (BANNER)
#4324 Redskin Finger Paint (BRADLEY)
#4175/7 Go To Head Of Class (BRADLEY)
#5668 Machinery Truck w/Hoist (BUDDY "L")
#165 Bas-Ket Game (CADACO-ELLIS)
#DR-3 Dragnet Holster Set (CARNELL)
#85 Crokinole Game Board (CARROM)
#700 Jet-Ride Irish Mail (CASTELLI)
#225 Flying Ducks w/Rifle (T. COHN)
#1513 Deluxe Indian Craft Kit (COLECO)
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#2018 Jaguar Sports Car Kit (DOEPKE)
#534 Bobo The Clown (DOUGHBOY)
#696PG Hi 'n Lo Pogo Bouncer (ED. PROD.)
#407 Chess, Dominoes, Checkers (EMBOSSING)
#601 Gene Autry Cowboy Guitar (EMENEE)
#405 Golden Piano Accordian (EMENEE)
#531 Golden Trumpet (EMENEE)
#1707 Boxing Gloves (EVERLAST)
#G180 Uranium Rush w/Buzzer (GARDNER)
#546 Deluxe Play Rhythm Set (GARDNER)
#P-84 Floor Model Pool Table (GOTHAM)
#715 American Plastic Bricks (HALSAM)
#78/57 Juvenile Table Set (HAMPDEN)
#2610 Merry Milkman (HASSENFELD)
#475 Saturn Gyro-Top (PAUL HENRY)
#205 Tumblebug (HIGHLANDER)
#916 Roy Rogers Covered Wagon (HILL)
#TF66J "Suzanne Ballerina" Doll (HOL-LE)
#T-25 Draft Dodger Doll (HORSMAN)
#434 Hat & Coat Doll (HORSMAN)
#85 Deluxe Boxed Assortment (HUBLEY)
#0423 Baby Big Eyes (IDEAL)
#4263 Talking Telephone & Bank (IDEAL)
#1400 Remote Control Sports Car Kit (IRWIN)
#225 Slinky Dog (JAMES)
#E816B Jr. Roadmaster Sidewalk Bike (JUNIOR)
#12 Jerry Mahoney Ventril. Dummy (JURO)
#200 Fountain Brush Painting Set (KENNER)
#2051 Silverado Double Holster Set (KEYSTON)
#KB-4 Kannon Ball Express (KUSAN)
#239 Castle (LIDO)
#5-C Lincoln Log Set (PLAYSKOOL)
#550 TWA Electronic Jr. Trainer (MAGNETIX)
#151 Howard Johnson Soda Fountain (MAREX)
#1001 Electrikbroom, Jr. (MARILYN PRODS.)
#H-57 Heinz Kitchen (KAY STANLEY)
#825/5 Aerial Sand Loader Set (MOUND)
#5901 Ramar of the Jungle Set (MULTIPLE)
#28 Adjusto Pro-Punching Bag (N. Y. TOY)
#450 Slugger Baseball (NORTHWESTERN)
#2200 Michigan Shovel Truck (NY-LINT)
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#2354 Chev. Yellow Cab (PROD. MINIATURE)
#214 Hospital Nursery Set (RENWAL)
#G226 Sky Squadron Set (REVELL)
#552 Giant Rich Bowling Game (RICH)
#142 Treasure Chest of Magic (ROYAL)
#693/12 Daisy Belle Cow (RUSHTON)
#1000 Marvelous Mike (SAUNDERS-SWADAR)
#1025/0 Baby Gr. Piano w/Bench (SCHOENHUT)
#650 Handy Andy Tool Chest (SKIL-CRAFT)
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#3600/6 Phonograph, Records, Stand (SPEAR)
#B-77 Bill Ding w/Clowns (STROMBECKER
#250 Hydraulic Lift Dump Truck (STRUCTO
#260 Hook & Ladder Truck (STRUCTO)
#725 Deluxe Trailer Assortment (STRUCTO)
#50292 Junior Basketball Goal Set (SUN)
#10047 Bannister Baby Doll (SUN)
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#1357 Little Country Dr. Kit (TRANSOGRA
#3091 Spin Wheel Dart Game (TRANSOGRA
#500 Electric Football Game (TUDOR)
#666 Zimphone Set (VINTAGE PRODUCTS)
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#4211 Rhinestone Setter Kit (WALCO)
#AS-2 Aero-Sonic Turbojet (WEN-MAC)
#239L Tom Thumb Cash Register (WESTERI
#2-M Deluxe Palomino (WONDER PRODS.)
#1 Regular Horse (WONDER PRODUCTS)
#2380 Polyethylene Saf-Tea Set (WORCESTI
#CS4400 Ding Dong Chalkstiks (YOUNG)

FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG: *Get your copy of this 48-page "Educator-Approved Prestige Toys" catalog at any Toy Guidance Council Member Store. To locate the Member nearest your home, just call* WESTERN UNION *by number and ask for* OPERATOR 25.

Prestige Toys

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The Mysterious Cargo

(Continued from Page 27)

"Not a bit, young sir," said Mr. Gallup amiably. "I jist thought I'd nip ashore to the pust office an' pop this off to me fambly."

"Ashore?" Mr. Sharp stared. "Why, we're sailing, soon as the Old Man gets back!"

"Aye. But ye know what he's like when he gets off the ship."

"Not today! Not with hurricane warnings flying! He'll get away quick, where there's plenty of sea room! Besides, the head stevedore will mail your letter for you."

"True," Mr. Gallup agreed. "But since we got paid yestidday, I'd like to cable Iris a few dollars extra for Christmas gifts."

"Extra dollars, Mr. Gallup?" Quickly the young second officer's glance went to Mr. Gallup's threadbare and only suit, laid out on the bunk behind him, then to the patched-and-repatched old shoes beside the chair. But the shining happiness in his friend's uncouth face made him swallow his protest. He said, instead: "Don't be late, then. The Old Man won't wait two ticks before casting off."

"Don't worry, young sir," chuckled Mr. Gallup, reaching for his pants. "This is one sailin' as I ain't never agoin' to miss!"

It took longer to send his cable than Mr. Gallup had expected, and as he stepped once more out into the street the air was hotter and more humid, the sky a mass of evil-looking clouds; and even as he shambled quickly back toward the water front the first big raindrops, driven by rising gusts of wind, spattered the pavement.

Rapidly the wind rose to gale force, and Mr. Gallup began to run. Ahead was the savanna, a wide expanse of parkway; and by cutting across it Mr. Gallup knew that he could save many by now vital minutes. As he left the curb a heavier gust, driving blinding sheets of rain into his face, made him bend his head. This was a mistake; for water cascaded from the brim of his headgear, veiling the road. Dimly he heard a warning shout and the scream of brakes. Then the wet pavement shot up and smacked him. Mr. Gallup rolled over twice, and lay still.

In the hospital room where he came to, aching in every joint, he tried to recall what had happened; but lassitude overcame him and he was drifting off into oblivion once more when a thought stabbed him and he jerked upright in an agony of apprehension. The Jaipur Prince! Wildly he stared around, saw a push button attached to a cord, and pressed it.

A nurse appeared and, in answer to his urgent questions, told him that the hurricane had swept out to sea and that, yes, before its full fury had burst, all deep-water shipping that could leave had sailed. The Jaipur Prince had been one of the first to get under way.

"Then where's me clothes, ma'am?" he croaked, throwing back the covers. "Mebbe there's bin a mistake!"

"But you can't go now!" she protested. "You're bruised from head to foot and your face is cut, and covered with road burns ——"

"The aches in me bones, miss," he told her miserably, "is nothink to wot's agoin' on in here!" And he jabbed a thorny finger toward his heart. "Becos when I think o' missin' being home wid me little fambly, come Christmastide ——"

As he would not be dissuaded from leaving, his clothes were brought to him, muddy and still damp; and ten minutes later he was making his painful way back to the harbor.

The gate to the dock where the Jaipur Prince had been made fast was closed; but across the slip was another wharf, alongside which lay a small, dreary-looking steamer, the Coral King, her old plates flaked with corrosion. But she was of British registry; and even if he could not get a job on board he might at least be able to cadge a meal and a night's lodging.

Splashing around the slip, Mr. Gallup halted at the foot of her gangway. The only lights the Coral King showed were a dim oil lantern at the head of the gangway, one or two rain-obscured fo'castle ports and the galley, in the open door of which stood the gangway watchman, drinking coffee and munching a sandwich. Then, seeing Mr. Gallup approach over the gangway, he left the galley and stared truculently down.

"'Oo are you?" he demanded roughly. "What yer want, eh?"

"Name o' Gallup," said that gentleman ingratiatingly. "Late o' the steamer Jaipur Prince. Mind if I step on board?"

"Yus, I do. 'Less you've got business 'ere!"

"On'y that I thought p'raps there might be a berth vacant." Mr. Gallup, an old hand at overcoming rebuffs, had, while talking, moved farther up the gangway. "Deck, black gang, I'll do any ——"

"Better do a bunk back ashore, then. Them as runs this bucket don't care for strangers 'angin' abaht! Blimey!" he added less pugnaciously, as Mr. Gallup's battered head showed in the faint beam of the lantern. "Bin through a sossidge grinder, chum? Or 'ave yer 'ad words wiv a wildcat?"

Grateful for the interest, Mr. Gallup related his mishap ashore.

"Love a duck!" said the watchman, properly awed. "But served yer right! If I 'ad a berth in a decent ship I'd never step foot ——" He broke off, listening; and, faintly, from the vessel's midship housing, drifted an angry tangle of voices. "Ar!" the watchman went on. "They're still at it. Bin arguin' 'arf the ruddy night!"

"Who?" asked Mr. Gallup.

"The skipper an' the Fat One. Dunno wot 'is blinkin' nyme is. Come along to the galley an' I'll give yer some tea an' a sangwich."

With alacrity Mr. Gallup complied; and while he refreshed himself, the watchman briefed him on the recent history of the Coral King, which, he said, had been laid up in Port of Spain, Trinidad, for more than a year. She was old and slow, needing complete overhaul; and with no cargoes offering and no money to refit her, Captain Stark, who was both owner and skipper, was forced to lay her up, retaining only the watchman, her former bosun.

Then, a few weeks ago, had appeared the individual whom the watchman called the Fat One, offering a charter and financing to pay off her port dues and refit her. So, with a scratch crew, she had sailed into Port Cayman nearly a fortnight ago.

"Cap'n Stark's a proper gent, too, most times," the watchman elaborated, affecting not to notice as Mr. Gallup absent-mindedly helped himself to another sandwich. "But since we got 'ere—oh, my! 'Course, we lay out in the roadstead there for near a fortnit, waitin' to load our cargo. An' till we ship an' deliver it, nothin's earned. So no wonder 'e's a bit edgy, eh?"

"Where is the cargo?" asked Mr. Gallup, stolidly munching.

"In Shed A there, right alongside us. But we should ha' discharged in Galveston long afore this."

"Galweston? Ye're bound there?" Mr. Gallup said quickly.

"Ar!" The watchman regarded him suspiciously. "An' if you've got any notion o' stowin' away, forget it!"

"Wot about dossin' somewhere aboard jist for the night, then?"

"I told yer! I'm riskin' a tellin' off if you was seen, right now!" He gestured toward the door. "So pop off ashore. I got to look abaht the decks."

"Good night, then," said Mr. Gallup, shivering as the raw outside air hit him. "An' thanks for the mug-up. I'll stop by again, case you've heard o' somethink."

At the head of the gangway Mr. Gallup paused, reluctant to plunge again into the rain. Then, as it always did in Mr. Gallup's moments of deepest despair, a comforting thought arose; and, as always, he voiced it half aloud. "The Lord will perwide," he assured himself doggedly. "He ain't never failed me yet. But, Christmas bein' so close," he supplemented, without impiety, "it'd be wery nice if somethink wos to give Him a bit of a nudge!"

Thus fortified, he was about to descend the gangplank when suddenly from above, a door was flung violently open, followed immediately by an angry voice. "You can go to hell!" it shouted. "I won't do it! I'm still in command here ——"

"For how long, captain?" came the reply, softly menacing. "True, I've let you carry on till now. But don't forget—the charter party gives me a legal right to choose her master."

"Choose and be damned to you!"

There was the slam of a door, then heavy footsteps thudded on the lower bridge; and Mr. Gallup slipped into the concealing shadows of the fiddley and waited. Presently, from the foot of the bridge ladder, there waddled to the gangway an enormous, raincoated figure which paused for a moment, sniffing at the weeping sky. Then the gangway creaked beneath his descending weight.

Cautiously Mr. Gallup moved forward toward the rail; but before he reached it there was a heavy muffled thump, as of someone falling, a stream of profanity and the scuffle of recovery. Then, after a pause, he heard the quick whirr of a starter, a motor's throbbing, and the sound of moving tires along the rainswept wharf. A car's headlights stabbed the gloom; and, as Mr. Gallup reached the rail, twin taillights fled shoreward and disappeared.

When Mr. Gallup also reached the bottom of the gangplank and stepped over the loose wharf plank that had tripped the big man, he saw something small and oblong lying in a rain puddle. He picked it up and stared, for it was a black wallet bearing, in small gold letters across a corner, the initials G.B., and he realized that it must have flown from the man's pocket as he fell.

Moving under a wharf light, Mr. Gallup peered into the wallet; and the hairs under his dripping hard hat seemed slowly to rise, for the wallet was fat with currency. Quickly he extracted and counted the notes. Two hundred and ninety-three pounds, ten shillings. Roughly, eight hundred and twenty dollars. More money than Mr. Gallup had held at one time in all his poverty-raddled life.

His strong first reactions were disbelief and fright, an overpowering urge to discover the owner and get rid of it. His big hands shook as he searched the compartments; then he found an embossed business card. It was in Spanish, with an address in Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, and the name of George Blaykin. But this was a single card; and now Mr. Gallup found a small sheaf of others, also embossed; but this time, in English, the legend read: "George Blaykin," followed by Blaykin Imports & Exports, Ltd., and a telephone number and an address on Queen Charlotte Street, in Port Cayman.

That was it, then! George Blaykin, the watchman's Fat One. But what should he do—hand it to the watchman, who so obviously was hostile to the wallet's owner, with no guarantee that it would ever be returned? Or turn it over to Captain Stark in the wake of a violent quarrel? Neither course would be wise, Mr. Gallup decided.

Then, suddenly, temptation swept over him like a devouring fire. Iris! The sprats! His thwarted Christmas trip home! The thought of

(Continued on Page 115)

"Face the front of the car, please."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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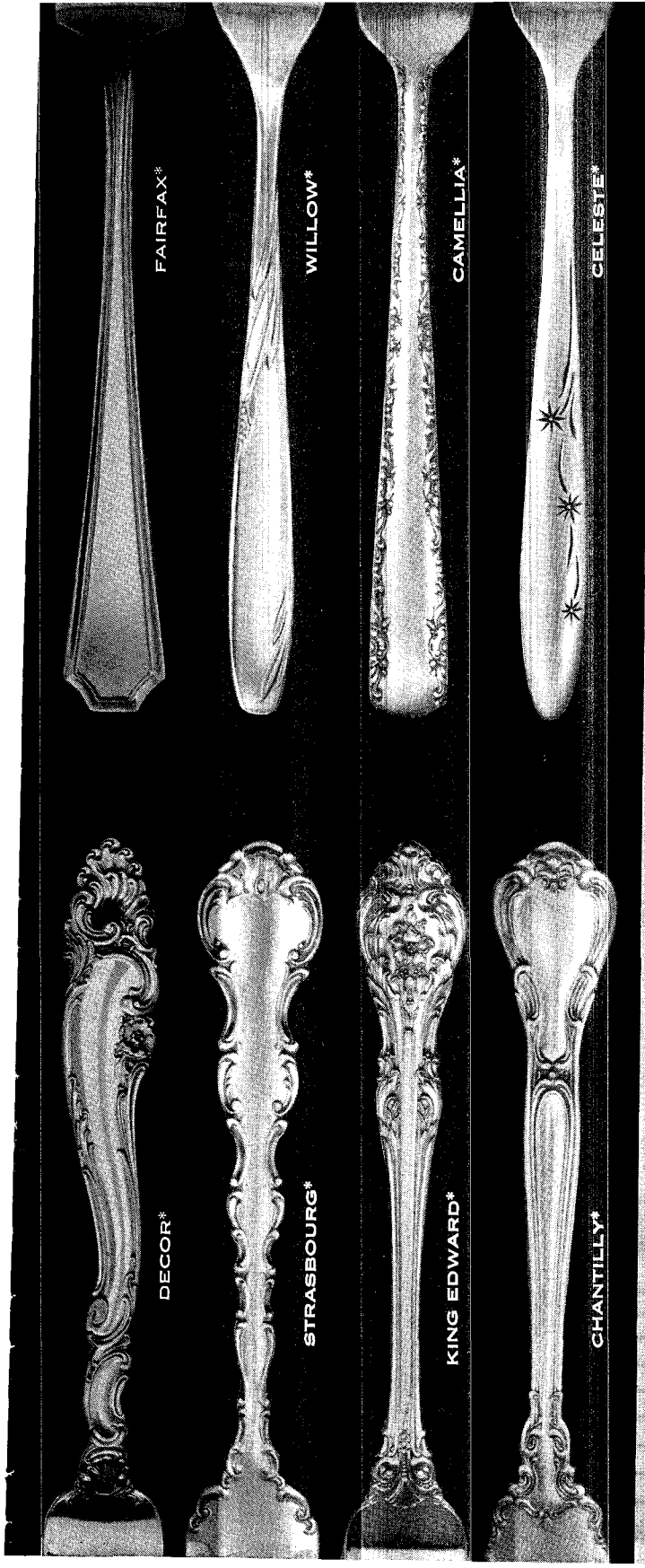


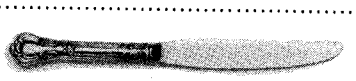
The silver welcome on the mat

"We had little when we were first married", a woman writes us. "Our friends, though, were willing to take pot luck when they called. They knew there was always a welcome on the mat if not a feast on the table. And the symbol of that welcome was our Gorham* Sterling. For with Gorham on our table, we could be confident that our taste would not be misunderstood because of our pocketbook . . . and our friends could be confident of getting a royal welcome regardless of what else was set before them."

It's a fact: no matter what else you own—or don't own—Gorham Sterling makes a world of difference. And it should. For Gorham Sterling has been an American tradition for well over a century. To many people, in fact, "Gorham" and "Sterling" mean one and the same thing: the *finest* in solid silver. Today there is more Gorham silver in use than any other make. And there are more Gorham patterns to choose from, too.

In countless ways, it pays to own Gorham Sterling: as a prized possession, as a wise investment, as a symbol of taste and breeding. And it pays to buy early. For the longer you have your Gorham Sterling, the more pleasure you get from it—and the lovelier it grows.

You can now buy the Gorham Sterling of your choice the same modern way you buy other fine things: pay for your complete service while you enjoy its use. Ask your authorized jeweler or department store.



The Gorham Sterling knife handle is made from a single seamless silver tube—not two halves soldered together. It is dent-resistant and rattleproof. Gorham Sterling place settings—including knife, fork, teaspoon, salad fork, soup spoon and flat or hollow-handle butter spreader—start from $29.75 (Federal Tax Incl.) Prices subject to change without notice.

Gorham
STERLING ®*

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831

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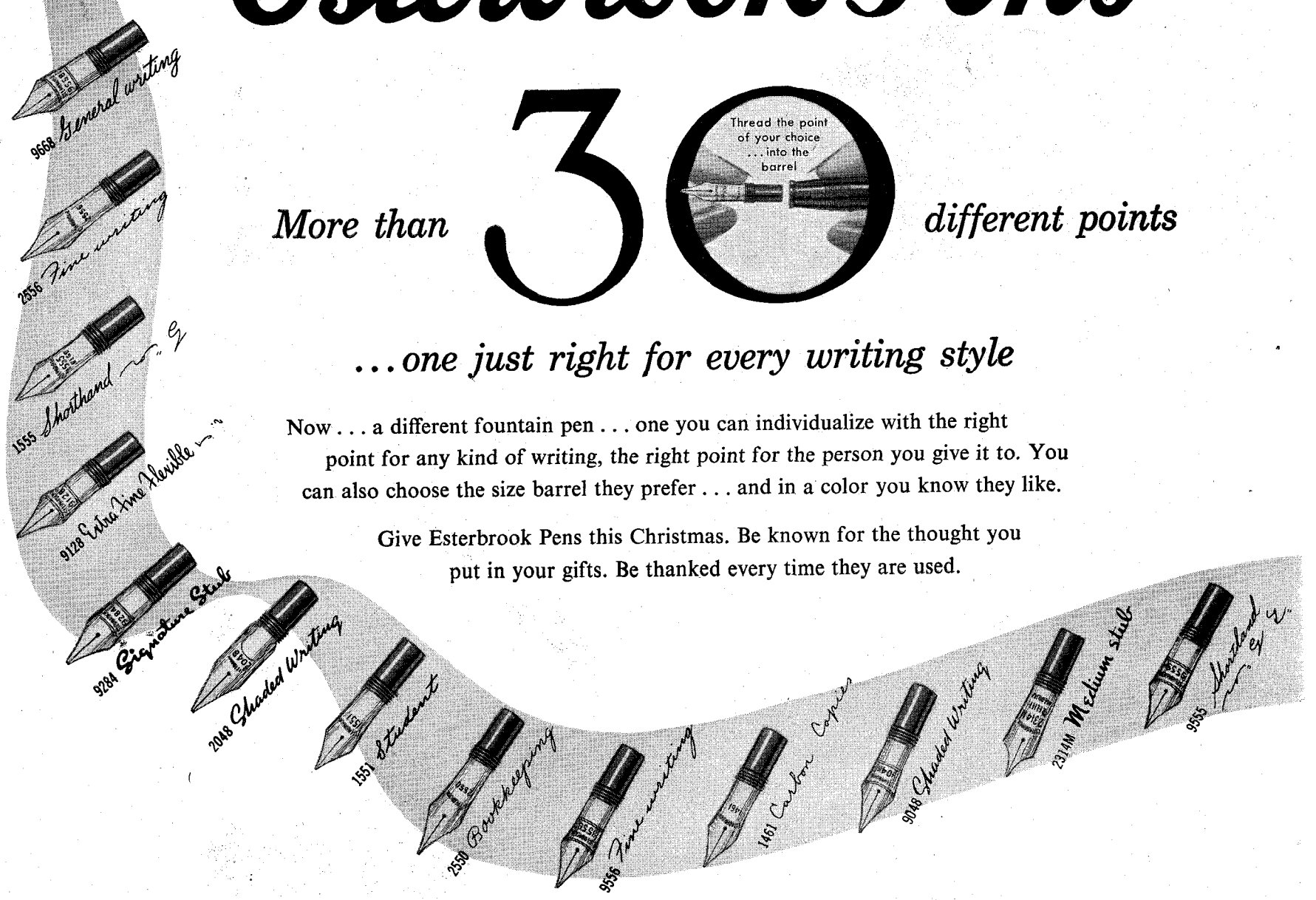
More than 30 different points

...one just right for every writing style

Now . . . a different fountain pen . . . one you can individualize with the right point for any kind of writing, the right point for the person you give it to. You can also choose the size barrel they prefer . . . and in a color you know they like.

Give Esterbrook Pens this Christmas. Be known for the thought you put in your gifts. Be thanked every time they are used.



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Standard Pocket Set—standard size barrels, beautiful pearlescent colors.

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The pen that fills itself!

Amazing new desk pen. Holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen. Fountain-base keeps pen filled and ready to write a full page or more every time you take pen from socket. Safe for home use because it is virtually spill-proof.

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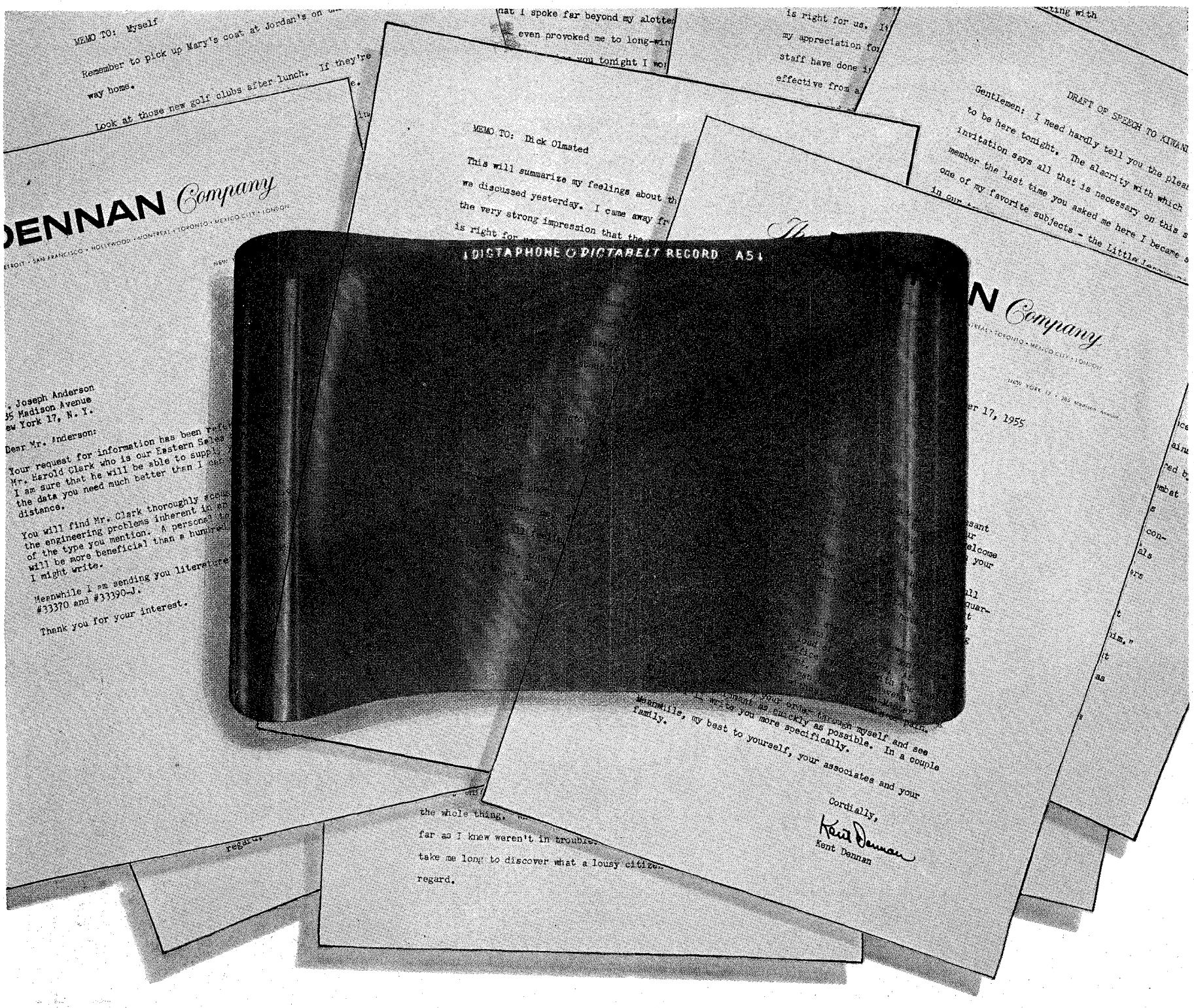
DICTAPHONE DICTABELT RECORD A5
MEMO TO: Myself
Remember to pick up Mary's coat at Jordan's on
way home.
Look at those new golf clubs after lunch. If they're
MEMO TO: Dick Olmsted
This will summarize my feelings about th
we discussed yesterday. I came away fr
the very strong impression that the
is right for
DRAFT OF SPEECH TO KIWA
Gentlemen: I need hardly tell you the plea
to be here tonight. The alacrity with which
invitation says all that is necessary on this s
member the last time you asked me here I became
one of my favorite subjects - the little
in our
ENNAN Company
Joseph Anderson
5 Madison Avenue
ew York 17, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Anderson:
Your request for information has been r
Mr. Harold Clark who is our Eastern Sales
I am sure that he will be able to supply
the data you need much better then I
distance.
You will find Mr. Clark thoroughly
the engineering problems inherent in
of the type you mention. A personal
will be more beneficial than a hundred
I might write.
Meanwhile I am sending you literature
#33370 and #33390-J.
Thank you for your interest.
N Company
er 17, 1955
Meanwhile, my best to yourself, your associates and your
family.
Cordially,
Kent Dennan
Kent Dennan
the whole thing.
far as I knew weren't in trouble
take me long to discover what a lousy citizen
regard.

All in a day's work . . . and all on one Dictabelt record

THIS red plastic belt is Dictaphone's DICTABELT record—shown full size. On just one DICTABELT, you can record an average full day's business dictation.

Because of the exclusive DICTABELT, more people buy Dictaphone TIME-MASTER dictating machines than all other kinds put together. Here's why:

DICTABELTS capture your voice so clearly, secretaries can't mistake what you've said.

Visible recording of DICTABELTS means you never lose your place . . . never spoil previous dictation.

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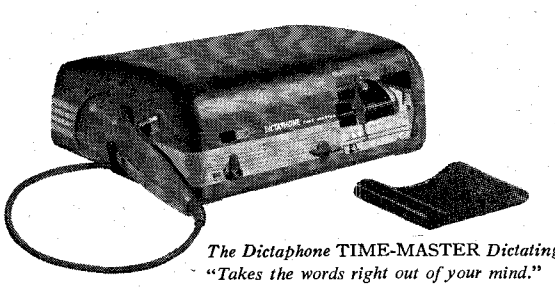

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"Takes the words right out of your mind."

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION

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(Continued from Page 110) his loved ones wrenched at his lonely heart. He was a stranger here, unknown in Port Cayman. And here, in his trembling hand, was enough to buy him an air ticket straight to his glowing fireside; enough to give them all a Christmas such as they had never known.

Seeking guidance, Mr. Gallup raised his bruised face; then, with the cold rain beating down on him, he slowly recovered. He knew he could never do it, could never have his kids depend for their Christmas happiness on stolen money. So, feeling quite noble now, Mr. Gallup drew a deep breath and started walking, as fast as he could go, back toward the town.

Queen Charlotte Street, the commercial thoroughfare, was deserted, with every shop and office closed. So he plodded back to the water front, having first taken the precaution to drop the precious wallet down into a leg of his long gray underdrawers.

When he again reached the Coral King's berth, hoping somehow to slip unobserved on board, the galley light was out, her fo'-castle in darkness. But the watchman still mounted guard at the head of the gangway. So he crept into the shadow of the big freight shed; and although the door was locked he found, at the far side, a weather-warped plank which offered negligible resistance. Soon he was in the warm interior, cluttered with the boxes, bags and heavy packing cases destined for the Coral King's

Most men don't reach the awkward age until they propose to a girl.

DAN BENNETT

holds. Machinery of various kinds and sizes, most of it, he decided from the acrid yet oily smell, though there was something vaguely familiar about the odor which qualified the thought. But by now he was too tired to bother; and, finding a pile of burlap sacks, he sank into immediate and dreamless sleep.

When Mr. Gallup awakened, he knew from the clear, brilliant light streaming through the cracks in the wall that the morning was well advanced. But for some minutes his painfully stiffened muscles refused to function. Then recollection spurred him; and, transferring the wallet to the inside pocket of his jacket, he made his way out onto the wharf, and a half hour later was climbing the stairs to the offices of Blaykin & Company.

The door to the inner office was closed; and through it came a steady murmur of voices; so Mr. Gallup sat down and, with his hat on a knee of his wrinkled trousers, he composed himself to wait. The wait was a short one, however, for presently the inner door opened and there appeared a massive figure, whose large face had several chins and a pair of shrewd blue eyes. With him was a tall, lean man of quiet demeanor, in a well-cut gray flannel suit.

Respectfully Mr. Gallup arose; and the fat man stared at his ungainly, disreputable visitor with distaste. "Hello," he said, with blunt surprise. "Who dug you up?"

"Name o' Gallup, sir," that gentleman informed him. "I'm a ship's officer an' I've come about the matter of a wallet."

The two exchanged a quick, significant glance.

"You have, have you?" said the fat man. "Well, hand it over."

"Gladly, sir," replied Mr. Gallup. "Prowided you're Mr. Blaykin an' can prove ownership."

"'Course I can!" said Mr. Blaykin impatiently. "My initials are on it and it contained nearly three hundred quid. I say, inspector," he went on, suddenly addressing his companion, "this feller answers the watchman's description to the last smudge! Better grab him!"

"Just a moment," the other replied quietly and turned to Mr. Gallup. "I'm a police inspector. You found a wallet?" Mr. Gallup nodded, a bit shaken. "Will you tell us just when and where?"

With conscious virtue Mr. Gallup complied, making his account of how he had endured the rigors of the night as heroic as possible, for he was not without hope of a reward. He did not think it necessary to mention, however, either his visit on board the ship or the fact that he had slept in Mr. Blaykin's cargo shed.

"And here's the wallet," he said, taking it from his pocket. "I wos around here last night, but the place wos shut. So I come back, fast as I could, this morning."

Meanwhile, Mr. Blaykin was checking the wallet's contents. He looked up and stared incredulously at Mr. Gallup. "It's all here!" he announced to the inspector. "Why, the feller's honest!"

"Obviously," said the inspector dryly. "So you won't need me."

Mr. Blaykin watched him go; then, to Mr. Gallup he said, abruptly, "Come with me," and added, when the other had followed him into his office, "Now then, what's your game?"

"Game, sir?" As the innuendo sank in, Mr. Gallup's rugged face turned red. "Look here, sir," he said, "ye've got yer money back—an' damned lucky you are! An' so sayin', sir, I'll bid ye a fond adoo!" And with shabby dignity he turned to the door, still inwardly hoping, however, that he would be offered a reward.

"Don't be silly," said Mr. Blaykin. "Who are you? Where from?"

Relieved, Mr. Gallup related his adventure ashore, adding such embellishments as might appeal to a sympathetic heart. But Mr. Blaykin interrupted, his tone of skepticism tinged now with amusement. "And hard up as you say you are, you passed up nearly three hundred pounds? Well, you are an id—a most unusual character, I must say! What do you propose to do now?"

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Gallup hopefully, "if you wos to adwance me a small sum I'd appreciate ——"

"Perhaps," interrupted Mr. Blaykin again, "I can do better than that. A berth, for instance. You're a master mariner, you say?"

"Aye, sir! I got me ticket right here!" And Mr. Gallup produced from his own wallet a scuffed and brine-stained document. "It's a bit nappy," he apologized, "account o' havin' been torpedoed a few times. But ——"

"Good enough!" Hardly glancing at it, Mr. Blaykin handed it back; and as Mr. Gallup replaced it there fell from his wallet, as if by accident, a rather fuzzy group snapshot of his family.

"Me little fambly, sir," said Mr. Gallup proudly, as he picked it up and handed it over. "This here's little Nanny Lou—an' them's the twins, Aurora an' Borealis. An' this here ——"

"Very remarkable," said Mr. Blaykin, carelessly jocular. "What's that hiding behind the curtain?"

"Hidin', sir?" Puzzled, Mr. Gallup inspected the snapshot, then regarded Mr. Blaykin with brief intentness from beneath shag brows. "That's me wife Iris, sir," he said quietly; and there was nothing specious about his dignity now.

"Oh! Sorry!" said Mr. Blaykin hastily. "And now let's ——"

"Furdermore," pursued Mr. Gallup doggedly, "wot you called a curting is a lace dress wot I sent her from Algiers."

"And very handsome too," the fat man murmured. (Continued on Page 117)

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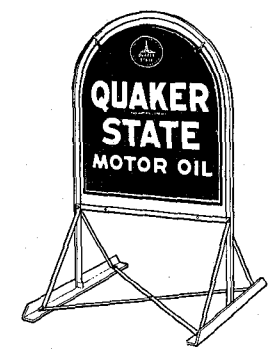

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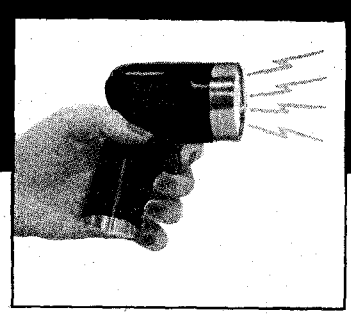

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Just imagine sitting in your easy chair and tuning the amazing new Zenith Flash-Matic television with only a flash of "magic" light! No wires or cords!

It's so astounding that you have to *see* it to *believe* it! And only Zenith has it! Your Zenith dealer will be glad to let you try it yourself. And, while there, you'll see many other outstanding Zenith features, too—like the famous Cinébeam® picture tube, which *doubles* picture power, and the mighty Royal "X" Chassis which brings in sharp, clear pictures even in tough reception areas.

No matter which of the many handsome Zenith sets you select for your family this Christmas, you can be sure you are giving the finest...for only the best of everything goes into *everything* Zenith makes.

ONLY ZENITH GIVES YOU ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES:

The Nelson (*left*)

Flash-Matic Tuning • giant 21-inch screen • new Royal "X" Chassis with 20,000 volts of picture power • Cinébeam • Ciné-Lens • Spotlite Dial • Top Tuning • removable protective glass • high fidelity sound system with Alnico-5 magnet speakers • separate bass and treble controls • phono-jack • convenient push-button tuning • Fringe-Lock Circuit • special selective filter • improved tuner cascode circuit • built-in UHF/VHF antenna • turret tuner • casters • grained mahogany color and grained blond oak color.

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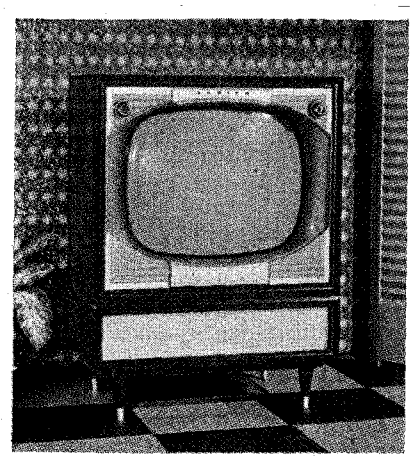
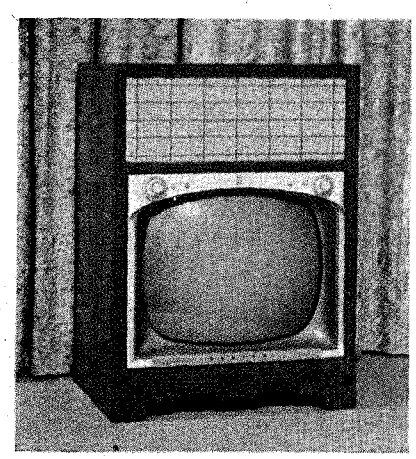


Postage-stamp detail in poster-sized picture. 24″ table model. Cinébeam, Ciné-Lens, Royal "X" Chassis. Two speakers. Removable protective glass. Model **X2640R,** $299.95*. In blond oak color, $309.95*. Stand extra.



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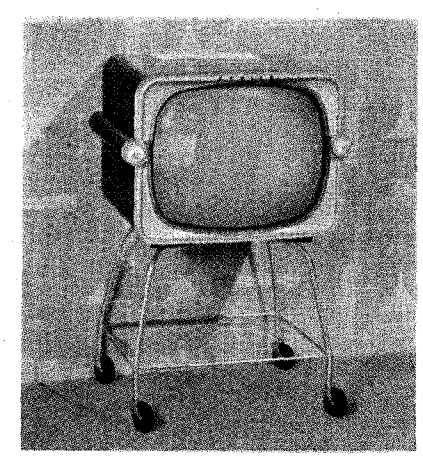

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(Continued from Page 115) "Now, about that berth I mentioned. I'm not satisfied with the present master of the Coral King. I refitted and chartered his vessel, then took a long-term exclusive lease on the wharf and two cargo sheds alongside which she's lying. Packed full of goods belonging to me, those sheds are," he elaborated with a complacent chuckle. "Rum, molasses, cocoa beans—all sorts of island products."

"That so, sir," replied Mr. Gallup, expressionless. "Which one gets loaded first?"

"The one she's lying alongside. Shed A. I've been holding the stuff in her for a rise in the American market. Captain Stark resented my keeping his vessel waiting in the roadstead till I was ready."

"Who pays the port dues, sir?" asked Mr. Gallup mildly.

"I do. Of course, he'll repay me later. But loading delays are no excuse for hitting the bottle. That's another reason I'm getting shut of him. Under the charter party terms I've a right to. So you're the lucky fellow who gets his job."

"An' Capting Stark, sir?"

"He can go as passenger if he likes, since he still owns the vessel. Till I choose to foreclose on his sight notes, that is."

"I see," replied Mr. Gallup slowly. "An' when do we start loading?"

"Tonight. Yes, I know it's unusual and means overtime; but with the shortage of stevedores here it can't be helped. Meanwhile, take this." And he handed Mr. Gallup a ten-pound note. "It's an advance on your wages and you can buy what you need before you sail."

"Ship's papers all in order, sir, I s'pose?" asked Mr. Gallup, accepting the note without thanks. "Cargo matches description on manifest, consignees in Galweston been sent their copies, an' so on?"

"Naturally they're in order!" replied Mr. Blaykin shortly. "As for the Galveston consignees, I'm both owner, or consigner, and consignee. In other words, I'm shipping the goods to myself. And since I'm flying to Galveston this afternoon, I'll be there to receive the cargo when you arrive. And now let's get down to the ship and see that your taking command is straightened away."

Captain Stark, tall, wiry, with a grim white face and hostile eyes, accepted his replacement in thin-lipped silence. But he was, Mr. Gallup instantly noticed, as cold sober as he had been the previous night. So Mr. Blaykin had lied. But since it fitted a pattern that slowly was clicking into place, Mr. Gallup said nothing.

Shortly after noon, when Mr. Blaykin had left to board his plane, Mr. Gallup retired to his new quarters and painstakingly went over the cargo manifest; and when he had finished he went below to the small alleyway cabin now occupied by Captain Stark.

"What is it?" Stark rasped in answer to Mr. Gallup's knock. "Oh, it's you." He was on his bunk, blank gaze fixed on the deckhead.

"Yes, sir, it's me," said Mr. Gallup. "An' I want you to pack some gear and stop ashore until we sail."

"What's that?" Abruptly the shipmaster sat up. "I still own this vessel! And——"

"And I'm her master," said Mr. Gallup. "So do what I say."

Adamantly he watched, while the other packed a small bag, then saw him over the gangway. A half hour later Mr. Gallup also went ashore; and he did not return until almost dark.

Two days later the Coral King stood out to sea through a succession of violent rain squalls and patches of dazzling sunshine, headed for the Yucatan Channel. At midnight, three days later, with the Cape San Antonio light on the western tip of Cuba broad off the beam, a steamer appeared from under the loom of the land and winked signal lamps which Mr. Gallup, on the bridge, eyed with lively interest but did not acknowledge.

The stranger overtook them and ran parallel for several miles, with, by now, frantic signaling—which Mr. Gallup continued to ignore while surreptitiously glancing at Captain Stark, who was pacing the forward well deck below.

And when the strange steamer finally came about and disappeared at high speed into the darkness astern, the Coral King continued to log her steady seven knots into the Gulf of Mexico and toward Galveston. But it was not until the vessel was nearing her destination that Captain Stark permitted himself to appear on the bridge. He came straight up to Mr. Gallup.

"I wish, Captain Gallup," he said, his voice strained, eyes hard, "you'd tell me what the hell you are up to."

Slowly Mr. Gallup turned. "Ye mean, sir, ye can't figger me, since I didn't foller Blaykin's instructions an' transship our cargo to that wessel wot signaled us off Cuba?" he asked calmly. Then he added: "That's wot you two quarreled about the night he lost his wallet, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Captain Stark bleakly. "And later I thought you were in cahoots with him. Now I don't. And you weren't sure of me either, were you?"

"No," said Mr. Gallup. "That's why I sent ye ashore back there, till after we'd lifted all the cargo on board. Know wot Blaykin's racket is, sir?"

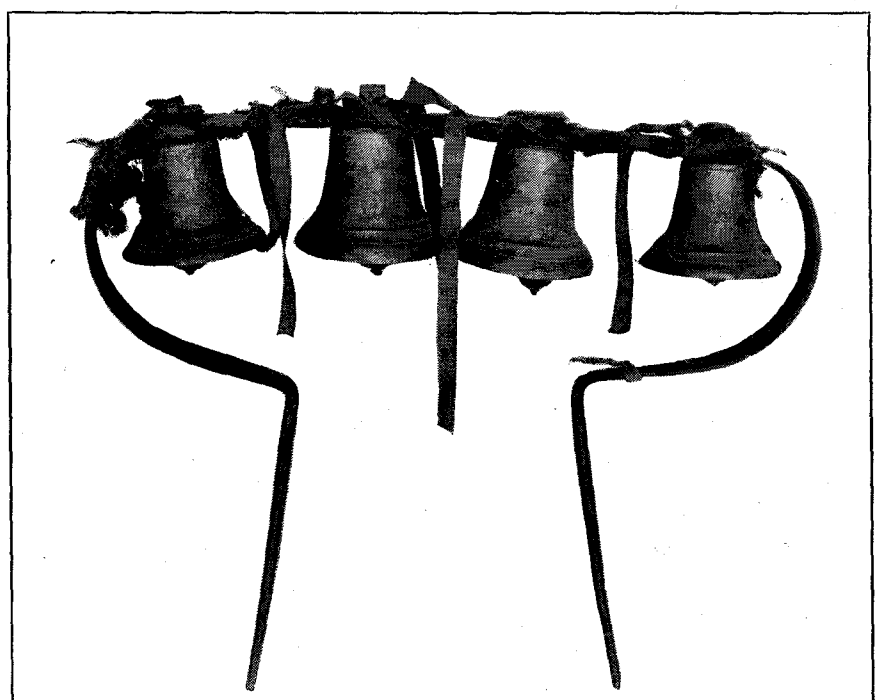
"No. But it's something pretty dirty, I'm sure."

"Exactly!" said Mr. Gallup. "But ye can ask him when he gets here. Becos, judgin' from the wery rude messages he's been radioing me, I feel sure he'll board us afore we get in."

Mr. Gallup's prediction was proved accurate less than a half hour later, when a large, fast powerboat knifed out to meet them; and in the stern was the massive and angry-eyed Mr. Blaykin.

And a few minutes later he was puffing his way up to the bridge, where Mr. Gallup, in his threadbare uniform, waited for him.

"Why in hell, Gallup," he roared, ignoring the nearby Captain Stark, "didn't you obey orders off Cape San Antonio? Now, if you try to clear the Galveston customs it's going to be a devil of a mess!"



How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

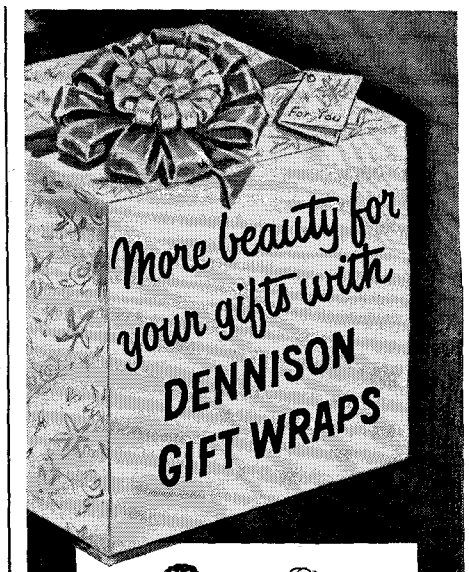
These bells played a distinctive role in the growth of America. Most often found in fours, they represented progress wherever they appeared. This set, now preserved by the Bucks County Historical Society, Doylestown, Pennsylvania, is typical. The bells measure four inches across the mouth and almost four inches in height. Can you identify them by name and use?

They were called:	They were used:
CONESTOGA BELLS	On Conestoga-wagon horses to cheer up the long treks West.
FOUR-ALARM FIRE BELLS	To ring out fire alarms to safeguard frontier towns like Chicago.
CARILLONS	As portable Christmas chimes.
TRADING TINKLERS	To impress important Indian chiefs in land deals.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER:

Conestoga bells, trimmed with red flannel for jauntiness. Each horse wore a set of four on his harness.



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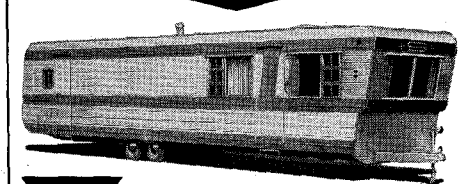

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GRAVY MASTER sign of good gravy

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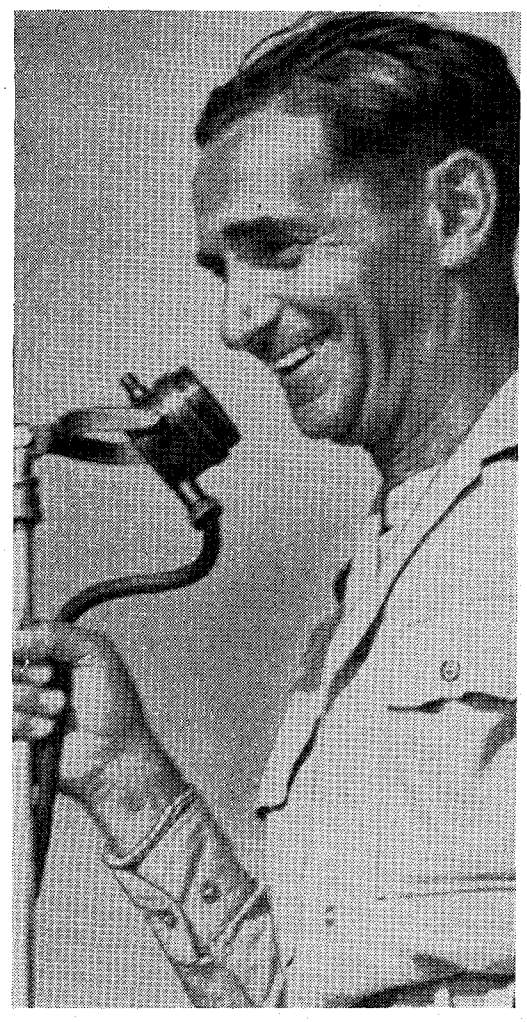
He brought snow to New Guinea



December 24, 1944. The captured, rebuilt airstrips bake under a blazing sun. No breeze stirs the kunai grass. The dim, weather-stained notice clinging to the mail-room door tells you Jap subs sank the ship carrying Christmas packages.

If you punch two buttons on the walkie-talkie at the same time, you can tune in on the Jungle Network. And the song you hear is a soldiers' favorite all over the Pacific. It seems to bring you home.

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas . . ."*

The man who wrote that song is an expert at cheering up troops. In 1918, Private Irving Berlin wrote his first all-soldier show, in 1942 his second: "This Is The Army," with which he toured almost every theater of war.

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"Why will it, sir?" asked Mr. Gallup mildly. "Arter all, our cargo's accordin' to our manifest, ain't it?"

"It is not, as you very well know!" the big man stormed. "But you're in this as deep as me now. So come about, and return to ——"

"Jist a moment, sir!" Calmly, Mr. Gallup raised a calloused hand. "I'm the captain on board here. Furdermore, I'm deliverin' me cargo, strictly accordin' to the manifest, alongside in Galweston. When the consignees accepts it, all I do is collect the freight an' me job is done."

"But I'm the consignee, you colossal ass!" Mr. Blaykin shouted. "I told you that, back there in Port Cayman. And I refuse to accept it!"

"You wot, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Gallup. "You'll have to put it in writing, ye know."

"Of course I will—and gladly! Let's go to your cabin right now!"

Minutes later Mr. Blaykin handed Mr. Gallup the waiver, signed by him and witnessed by Captain Stark, in which, as consignee, he refused to accept delivery of the Coral King's cargo. Then, for the first time he seemed to relax. "There you are, Gallup," he grunted, wiping his sweating brow. "It's all in your lap now."

"Mebbe, sir," replied Mr. Gallup. He added, chattily, "How's business bin in Guatemala lately?"

Slowly Mr. Blaykin reared his enormous bulk from the chair. "How'd you find that out?" he demanded heavily.

"U.S. consul in Port Cayman, sir," said Mr. Gallup. "I found one o' yer Puerto Barrios cards in yer wallet that night. So I had him look ye up afore we started working cargo that first night." He looked at Stark. "That mean anythink to you, capting?"

"No," said Stark, looking blank. "Though I knew he'd been there, and possibly in business."

"He wos, indeed! Big business!" said Mr. Gallup deeply. "But I didn't connect it up meself till the consul tipped me. Ye see, when President Armas threw out the Arbenz communist gover'ment last year, there disappeared wid 'em enough arms an' munitions from Red Poland to fit out two divisions. That right, Mr. Blaykin?"

Mr. Blaykin, glowering, made no reply; so Mr. Gallup continued.

"Armas hunted everywhere, thinkin' the commies had either cached 'em or smuggled 'em out to the comrades in Chile or Brazil. But he wos wrong—Blaykin had 'em! He'd smuggled 'em out, an' got well paid for it, no doubt. That's where you an' this wessel an' me comes in, Capting Stark, for no ship o' South or Central American registry could touch 'em widout startin' off awkward questions."

"You mean," said Captain Stark hoarsely, "that's what's below decks here right now? Blaykin, if I'd known ——"

"Wait!" said Mr. Gallup. "Blaykin's import an' export business, while jist a front for this job, is legitimate—an' profitable. Eh, Mr. Blaykin?"

"The hell with you!" said Blaykin sullenly. "I'm in the clear!"

"Are ye, sir?" asked Mr. Gallup enigmatically. "Well, let's go back on deck an' see."

But on the sunlit deck Mr. Blaykin saw nothing to alarm him until Mr. Gallup pointed out a long, lean vessel, approaching them at high speed. "A Coast Guard cutter, Mr. Blaykin, sir," he announced softly, "come to take ye to the Galweston poky. Compliments," he added, "o' the American consul at Port Cayman!"

"Don't be silly!" Mr. Blaykin wheezed; but suddenly he was sweating again. "Since I signed that refusal of cargo they can't touch me. I washed my hands ——"

"Aye," said Mr. Gallup. "Of everything but the shedload o' Red Polish munitions the British picked up on the dock ye leased. And they done that, sir, the day arter we sailed. So —— Watch out, Stark! Stop him!" For with a sweep of his arm Mr. Blaykin had put Mr. Gallup aside and dashed for the ladder leading down to his boat, which was being towed alongside.

Stark dropped him with a smash to the jaw. The fight was short but bloody, and it was but a travesty of Mr. Blaykin's jaunty and well-dressed self that the boat's crew of Coast Guardsmen took away with them a half hour later.

"Guess I'm stupid," Captain Stark said to Mr. Gallup as the cutter disappeared into the shore haze far ahead, "but I still don't know how you got onto him."

"Wery simple, sir," replied Mr. Gallup, stanching the flow from a brand-new face cut. "When I dossed in the shed that night I smelled them guns, an' the grease they packed 'em in; an' when Blaykin told me next day the shed held rum an' molasses an' sich, I knew this old smeller o' mine couldn't make that big a mistake. So I ripped the side off a case, an' there they wos. An' in the other sheds wos the goods accordin' to the manifest."

"So all you did, then," said Stark, grinning, "was to shift the vessel a few hundred feet to the other shed and load the cargo the manifest originally called for?"

"Correct!" said Mr. Gallup.

For a moment Captain Stark was silent. Then: "That still leaves me stuck, though, doesn't it? With him in jail I can whistle for my freight. And even while he's in there he can sell my notes and somebody else will foreclose."

"Pay 'em off," said Mr. Gallup calmly. "You can do that easy now, since he refused to accept the cargo."

"But I don't understand ——"

"Aye—I forgot," said Mr. Gallup. "It's a point o' lor so seldom used that you might easy ha' forgot about it. But Admiralty lor is kind of a nobby o' mine, sir; an' that lor plainly says that where a shipper o' goods by sea is also both consigner an' consignee, by refusin' to accept 'em he legally abandons 'em, an' the carrier may make whatever disposal of 'em he sees fit."

"Then you mean, Mr. Gallup ——"

"I do, sir!" said Mr. Gallup stoutly. "This cargo—an' a wery waluable one it is, too—belongs to you!"

When Captain Stark spoke again there was a queer constriction in his throat. "And—and what about you, Mr. Gallup?" he asked. "Where do you come in on all this?"

"Me, sir?" Mr. Gallup seemed surprised. "I'm on the mainland, ain't I? An' that much nearer me little fambly, come Christmastide."

"And ten per cent of what the cargo realizes will bring you closer still."

"Sir, do you reely mean that?" asked Mr. Gallup slowly. "Becoz it ain't a subject as I can joke about."

"I do indeed! I —— Hey, wait a minute! Where are you going?"

"To me cabin, sir," said Mr. Gallup, swallowing. "To bung off a wery happy radiogram to me fambly!" THE END

December

By RAY HEFTEL

Frost on the breath of
December
Assaults the blood, mingling
Ice with fire,
Sharp and tingling.

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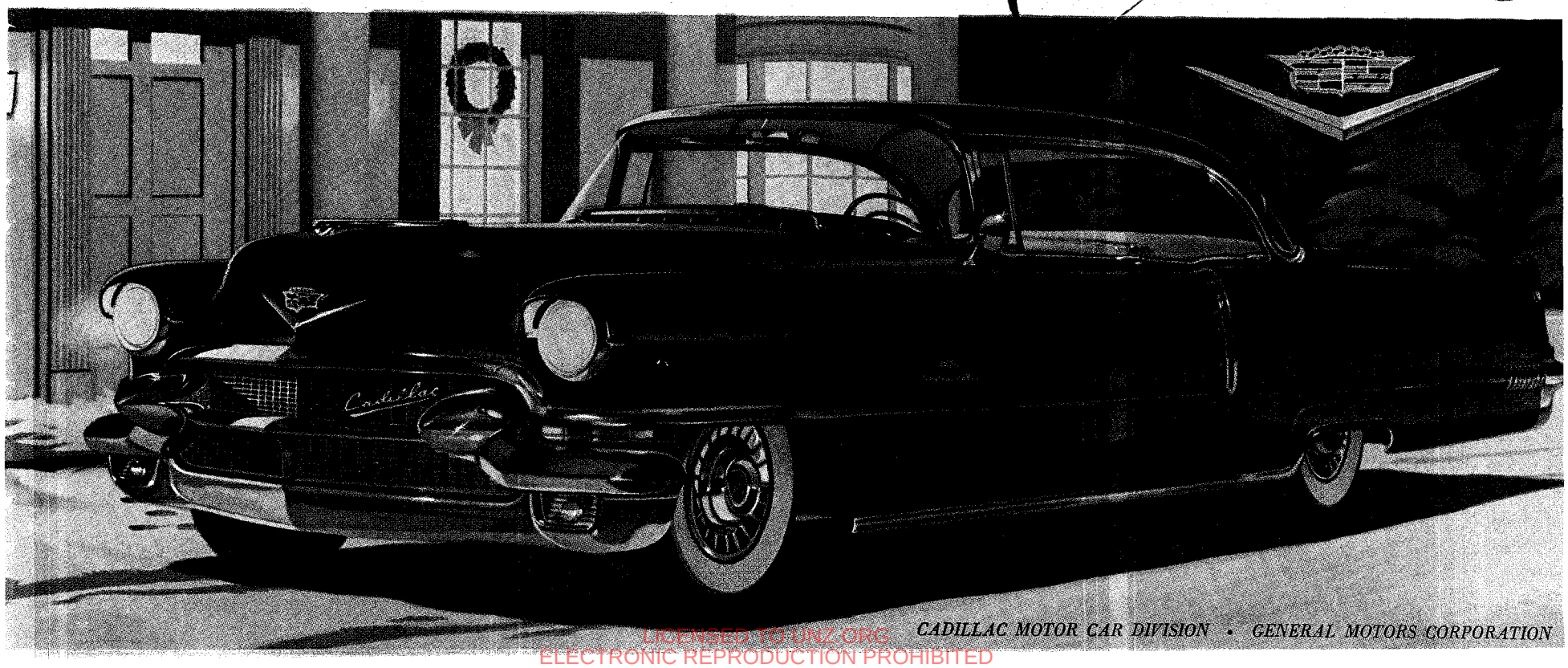

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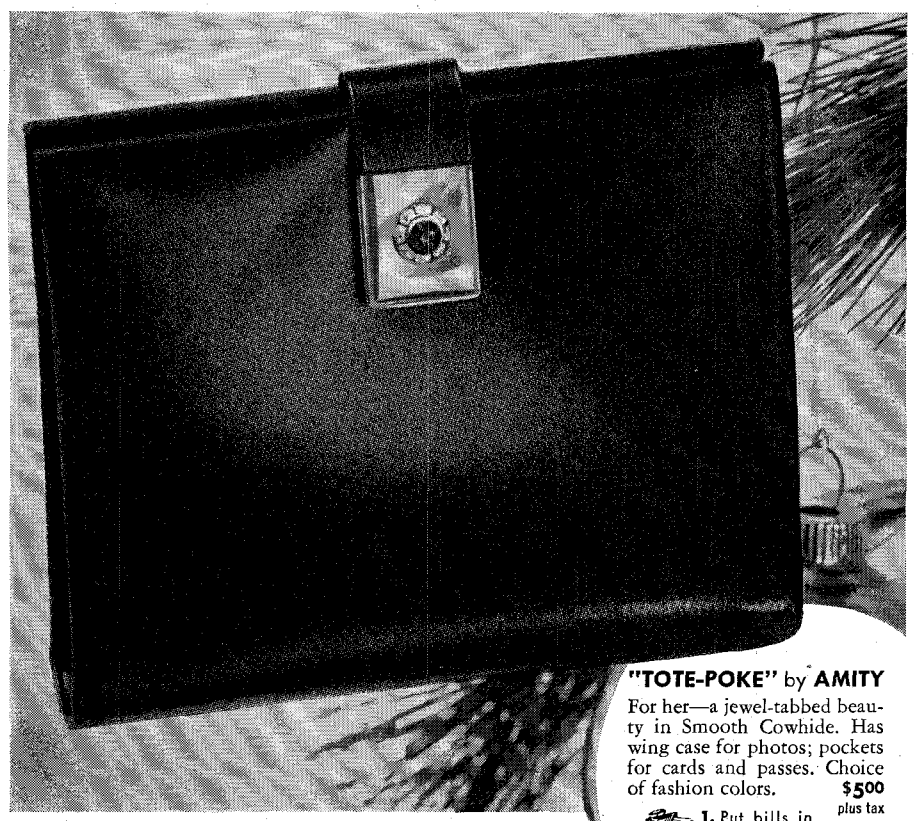

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The Burning Hills (Continued from Page 41)

Maria Cristina was pitting her wits against the cunning of Jacob Lantz, and it was unfair.

Given an even chance, his brick-dust horse would outrun anything in the country, but the canyon was undoubtedly watched and his own strength was not up to a hard ride. He could not stand the pounding of a hard ride over these trails, and he had still to find the killers of Johnny Hendrix, and to take from them, if possible, the price of his stolen horses.

He was awake with the sun. He ate, then drank deep at the spring. He flexed his muscles, tightening and relaxing them, working his fingers to keep them supple. When the sun came up, he moved from the overhang to lie in the warmth and sunlight. Later he started to crawl to the cliff edge, but gave it up. He was too weak.

The big red horse fed on the rich grass at the back part of the ledge. He was invisible unless he got up to the brush along the rim. The day drew on slowly. . . .

Whatever Maria Cristina had used in the poultice, it had taken the inflammation from the wound. When he examined it before bathing, he saw that it looked much better, although still an ugly gash.

From his saddle bags he took his glasses. They were a strong pair of field glasses purchased at an Army post, handy in hunting stray cattle or wild horses. He studied the terrain to know it better, trying to learn the trend of the canyons. It was well along in the morning when his eyes caught a momentary reflection from the cliff opposite.

Well below his own position, the cliff top was high above the sheep. After watching the place for a long time, he decided his eyes had been mistaken or it had been sunlight reflected from some bit of shale dislodged by a scurrying rabbit or pack rat. There was nothing there—and then he saw it again.

It was a scant movement that alerted him. He swung his glasses back over ground previously examined. The spot seemed to offer no concealment, yet there might be some shallow place in the ground where a man might lie. A man who would be invisible until he moved. And then he saw him, a lean old man with sharp, hatchet features—a man who could only be Jacob Lantz.

He lowered his glasses, knowing the danger of looking too directly at a man. Such men had a sharp awareness that warned them when they were watched.

Maria Cristina was with the sheep. The boy was off gathering sticks for the bundle they would take home behind the saddle at night. Did she know Lantz was on the cliff? Trace tried to think of some way to warn her without at the same time revealing his own presence, and it was impossible. He would only wait and trust to the girl's innate good sense.

He tried to judge the distance to where Lantz lay. Four hundred yards? It was across the canyon and down toward the Chavero home—no, closer to six or seven hundred.

He got his rifle and checked the chamber to see if a shell was ready. He sighted down the rifle barrel first, trying to estimate the drop of the bullet. Shooting downhill could be deceptive. That might come, but it must be as a last resort.

Twice Maria Cristina got to her feet. Each time she walked purposefully, and each time Lantz moved swiftly along the cliff to keep her in sight. Once she gathered wood, another time it was squaw cabbage for an evening meal. Returning to the shade, she sat there a few minutes, then got up and walked directly to a place under the cliff where Lantz stood, but where she would be invisible to the old tracker.

Puzzled, Jordan tried to imagine her purpose. It came to him suddenly. Maria Cristina knew Lantz was watching and was deliberately tormenting him! There was now no possible way in which he could see what she was doing, and to a man of Lantz's mind there could be nothing worse. She might actually be with the hunted man, she might be sending him a signal, she might be hiding food for him.

On the hillside Lantz was restless, but the girl sat quietly sewing under the cliff. Yet she had been there only a few minutes when the young man on the paint pony rode up. This—although Jordan did not know—was Vicente.

Vicente drew rein near where Maria Cristina sat, (Continued on Page 125)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Painting by Jimmy Ernst. Courtesy of Borgenicht Gallery

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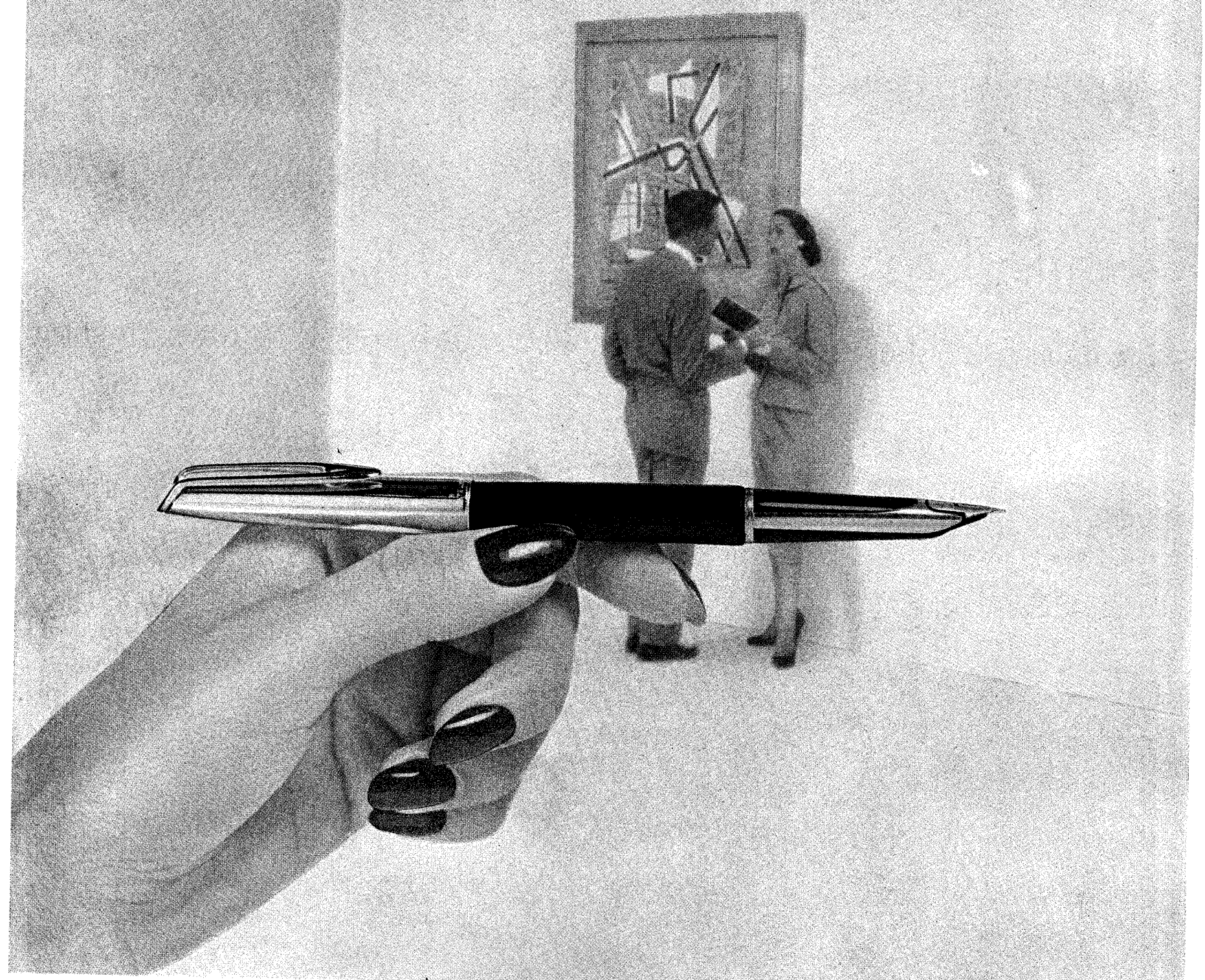

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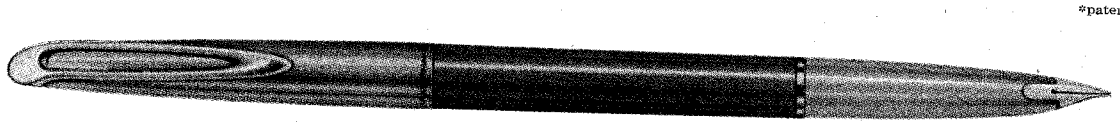

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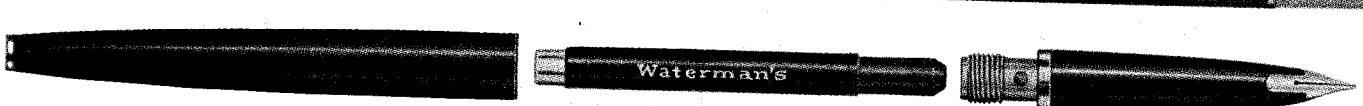

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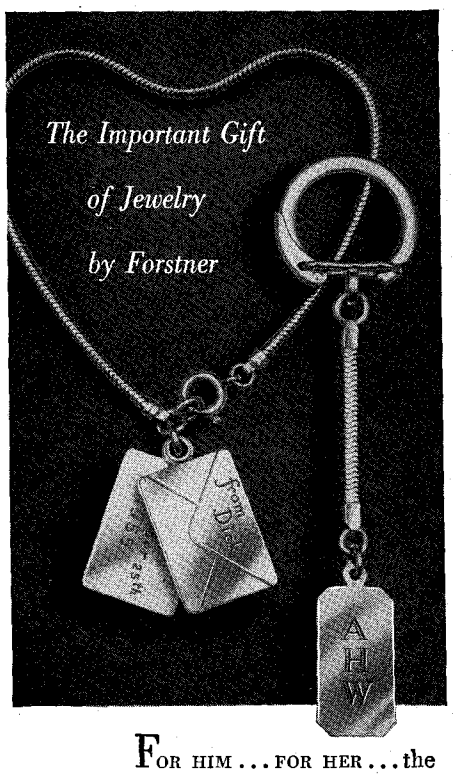

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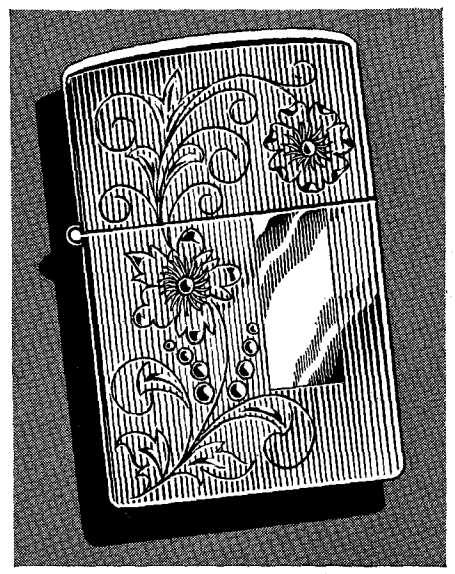

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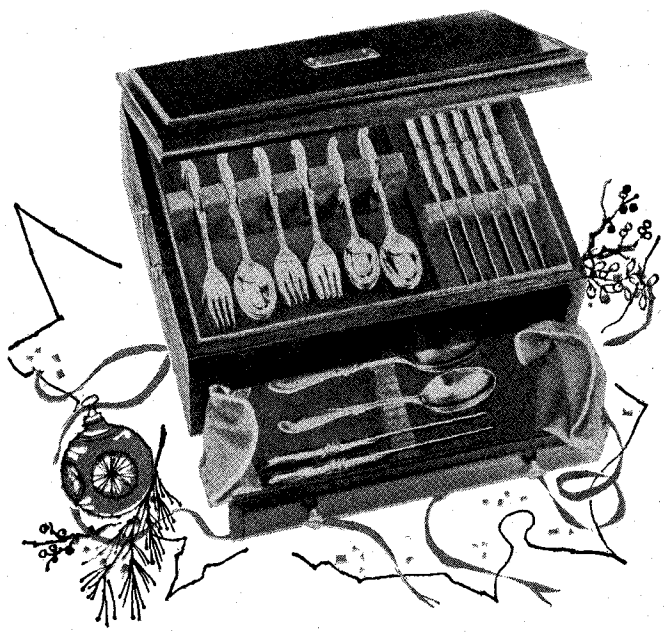

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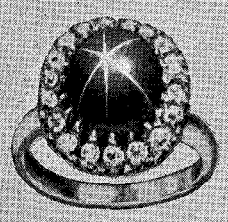

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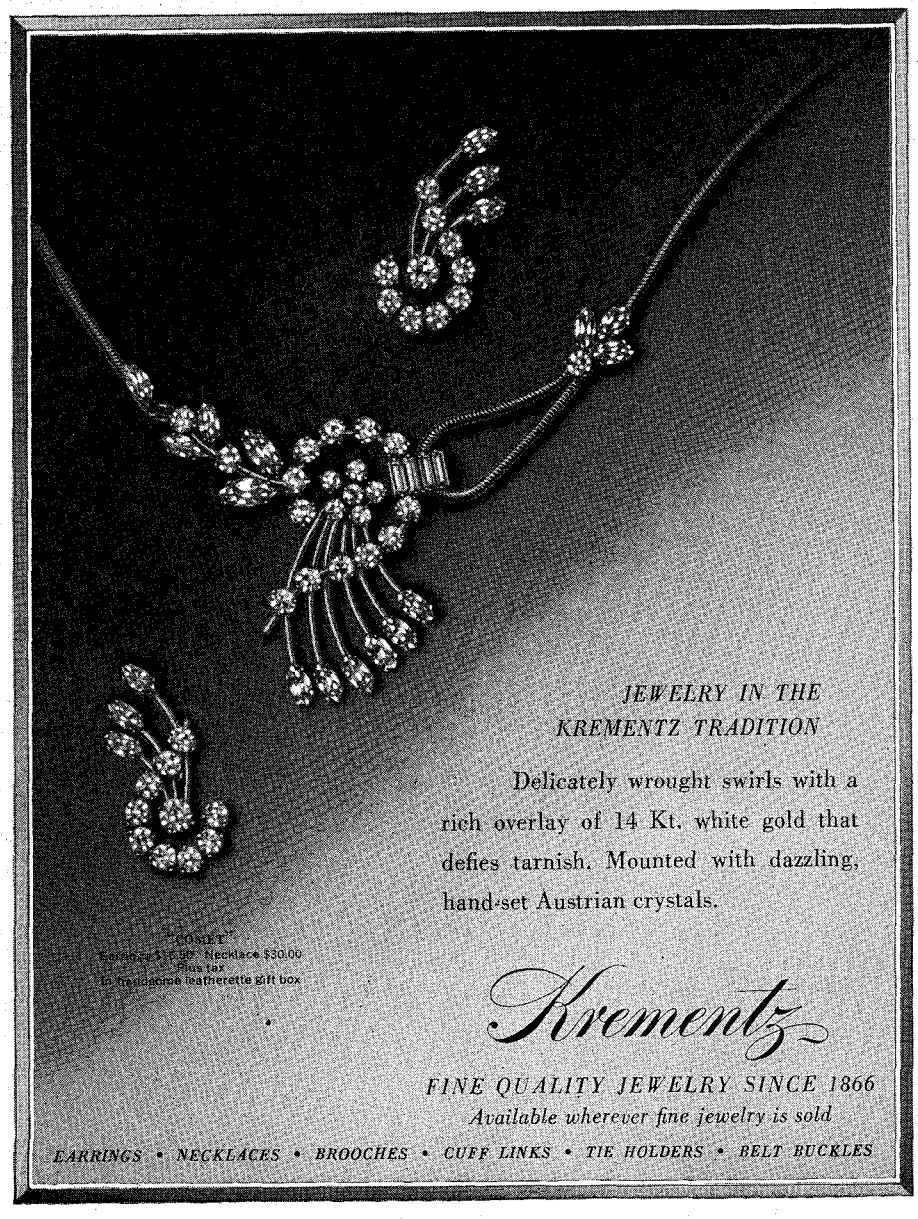

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(Continued from Page 120) and waited for her to speak. When she said nothing, Vicente said, "They are still here."

She made no reply. Maria Cristina loved her brother, but his weakness angered her.

"Do you know where he is?"

"Who? Of whom do you speak?"

"The man they seek. This Jordan."

"What do I know? Until now, I did not even know his name."

Vicente stared uneasily at his sister. She was not simple, like Rosa, his Navajo wife. He understood Rosa, he also understood his mother. This one was different. Perhaps it was because she had married that gringo and gone away to live in cities—but no, she had always been a strange one.

She would walk out with no man, yet when she went to town she swished her skirts at them. This was not good. Sometime he would have to kill somebody over her. Why did she not take a man, like other women? A woman without a man was nobody.

And she knew something about the man they hunted. The knowledge frightened him. If Jack Sutton or Ben Hindeman found they had been helping the wounded man, they would kill all of them, every one. Or they would kill Maria Cristina. If they tried that, he, Vicente, must fight.

... ...

No Need for Alarm

By Patrick Butler

The alarm is set,
But I fear the worst;
Come dawn, the baby
Will go off first.

... ...

And he did not want to fight. He was only one man; there were many of the others.

Maria Cristina knew what her brother was thinking. She even knew what Jacob Lantz was thinking, and she had known since early morning that he was on the hillside. She had known he would be there, and knowing all this canyon, she soon knew exactly where he was. It was not a problem yet. The man up there had food, and there was water. If necessary, he could manage at least two days alone.

When she had first come upon him she believed him dead. Had she left him alone then, he would now be dead and no problem at all. And he was a gringo. This stranger was nothing to her. She had no liking for any North American. Only her husband—he had been kind, even when drunk. Always a gentleman too. Even now, remembering all his weakness, she had a queer respect for him.

That one up there—he was not weak. Nor was he soft. She remembered his guns. They were cared for. His jeans were polished where the holster chafed. This was a man who had lived with a gun.

She turned her thoughts from him. He would be all right, that one.

Vicente was restless. He sat the worn saddle and rolled a cigarette. He liked the sunlight on his back. He did not know they were watched, but knew they must be. He drew deep on the cigarette and Maria Cristina looked up at him. There was only that to be said for him. The way he sat a horse and wore a gun.

"I think you too much frighten, Vicente. You, who are good with a gun. I think you better than Jack Sutton."

Vicente was so astonished that he rode away. It was the first time Maria Cristina had said one word of praise to him. But better than Jack Sutton? No. No, it could not be. Yet the thought remained. She believed he could do it.

All that night and the day following, Trace Jordan lay quiet and rested. He nibbled at his food, drank a lot and slept. His thoughts reverted to Maria Cristina. There was a kind of strong, fierce pride about her that got into a man's blood, no matter how sullen she might seem.

At dusk, three riders appeared on the crest, out of the canyon below. Lantz slipped out of his hiding place on some signal and went to meet them. Jordan watched, but without the glasses, for the sunlight was shining into the shelf and he was afraid a reflection, even from behind the brush, might warn of his presence.

The sheep were starting home. He looked again, quickly. Maria Cristina was not with them!

Lantz finished his talk with the men and started back. Jordan reached for his Winchester, an automatic gesture. Yet almost at the point where Lantz could have seen the boy was alone with the sheep, he turned back for a final word.

A stone rattled and Jordan turned swiftly. Maria Cristina had come around the ruined wall. Her breath was coming fast, her eyes were wide. She had a small package of food. She turned to go and he caught her hand.

"Be careful!" He indicated the riders. "Hurry! They will find you gone!"

Her eyes held his, cold, inscrutable. "You are afraid they will find you? Or that you will get no more food?"

"Don't be a fool," he said shortly.

She turned abruptly away.

"And be careful," he said. "You are a beautiful woman, Maria Cristina."

She looked at him, her eyes flaring a little, yet, as she seemed about to speak, she suddenly turned away.

Lantz had disappeared and the other riders were riding away when he looked around. Rifle in hand, he moved to the cliff edge. He had no doubt of what he would do if Lantz saw the girl and followed her. He could kill him.

That night, long after darkness had come, he got to his feet for the first time. Using his rifle as a crutch, he took two steps, then had to sit down. Later, he managed two more.

The sheep were penned and Juanito was inside when Maria Cristina approached the house. She circled to come up from the spring, where she had left a bucket. She could hear angry voices within the house. One was Vicente. His eyes were flushed and angry when she came into the house.

Her mother shot a quick glance at Maria Cristina from dark, worried eyes. Maria Cristina had entered in the midst of a quarrel gone suddenly silent. Vicente stared at her in sullen anger. Head high, she crossed the room to wash her hands. Her mother began placing food upon the table. Juanito sat at the table, holding his knife. The room was lighted by candles and by the fire. It was a large room, a living room as well as a kitchen. There were three bedrooms, and a parlor, never used.

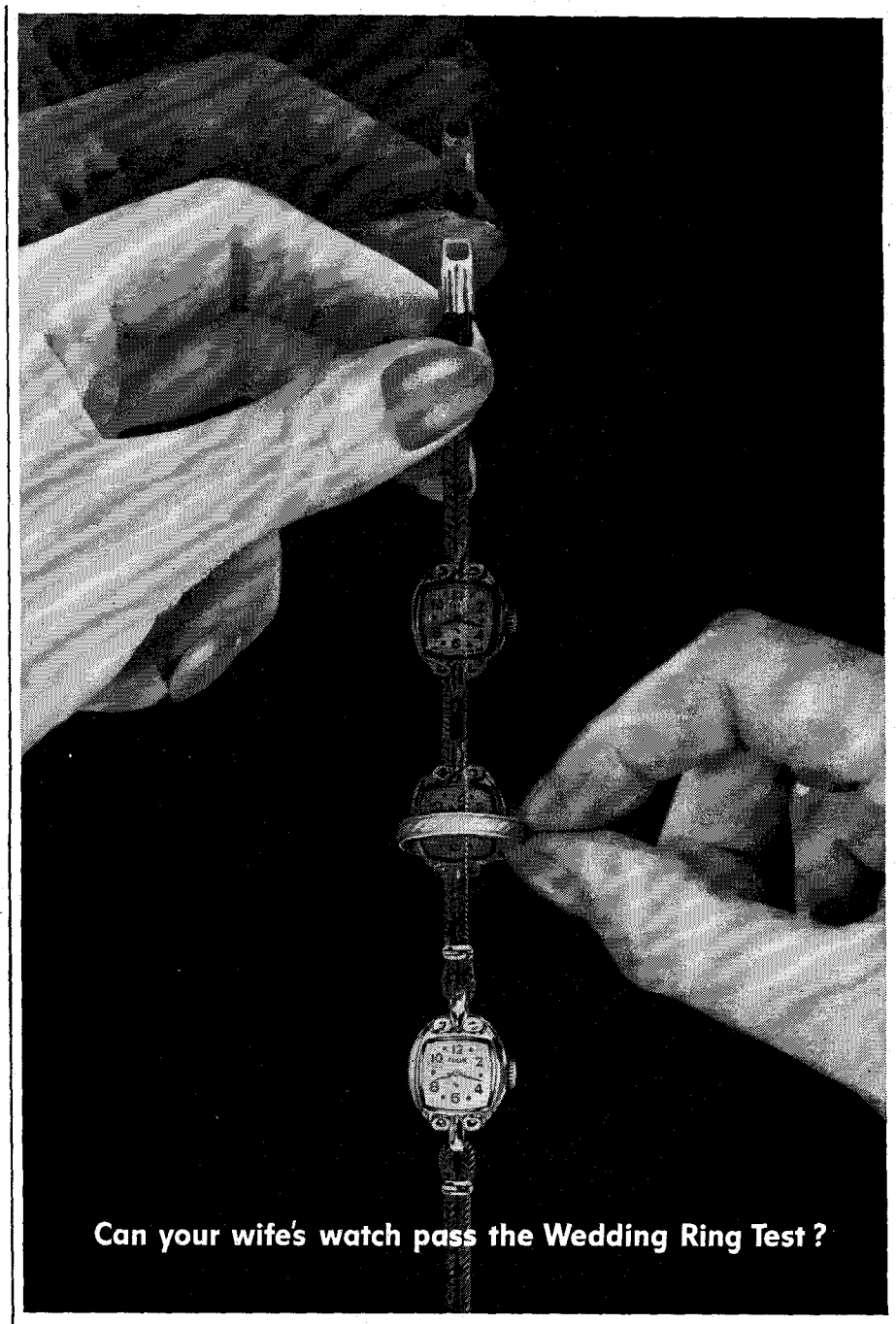
Vicente paced the floor. Suddenly he turned on her. "You'll get us all in trouble! Hiding that man!"

Maria Cristina looked at him, her eyes disdainful. "You are a fool," she said.

He glared at her, furious. He started to speak; then plunged through the door and slammed it behind him. Maria Cristina looked after him, her lips tightening.

But he was right, of course. It was a danger to them all to help the wounded man. Yet she had found him alone, wounded and dying, and it had seemed there was nothing else to do.

Vicente stomped back into the house and, seating himself, began angrily to eat.



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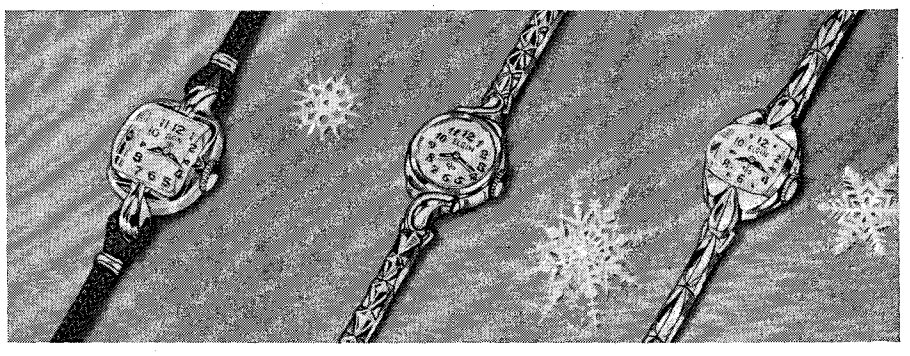

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"You have no right," he said. "Where is he?"

"I don' know what you talk about."

Vicente half sprang to his feet. "You know!" he shouted. "You hide that man! You feed him!"

"And if I do?"

"They'll burn us out! They'll kill the sheep!"

"And what would you do? Fight or run?"

Vicente glared. "I would fight!"

"All right. I fight now."

Sullenly, he returned to his eating, and when he had finished his meal, he got to his feet and went outside. Maria Cristina felt a sharp pang. It was not right. Vicente had no youth. No bright time of riding, no colorful clothes and the courting of girls. He had grown up a frightened and lonely boy in a land of strangers. It was no wonder he had become a frightened young man.

Vicente was right. She should not bring trouble to her family. They had been born to trouble and had lived always in the shadow of fear. She, at least, had the few good years away from here, even if there had been bitterness in those years also.

Why should she help the man on the cliff? Because he was the enemy of her father's killers? She had not given it a thought, at the time. Because he had been hurt? She had listened to his delirious muttering, and he had called upon no woman. Why should that be important?

Yet there was something quiet and sure about him, something that brought her peace, even in the midst of trouble, something that stilled her restlessness. The memory of it disturbed her, so she brushed away the thought. Her imagination, that was all. She was no longer a child to be excited by any drifting cowpuncher.

Trace Jordan got to his feet in the darkness and tried using the rifle for a crutch again. He belted on his gun and tried it, knowing his hands would need their skill. He would need his guns. At any minute they might come.

Considering that, he went around the ruin to the way up used by Maria Cristina. It was a steep slide of talus in a wide crack in the rock wall, but, as she had made no sound —— He saw it then, a narrow ledge, only inches wide, along the edge of the rock slide.

He returned to the spring and drank deep and long. He never seemed to get enough water. A gentle wind stirred and he caught a whiff of wood smoke. They were still out there, just across the canyon, waiting for him to make a mistake. Had they a clue? Or was it the intuition of old Jacob Lantz?

Despite his weakness, he was restless, and the big red horse was uneasy too. The grass was growing short now and the horse could not be fed for many more days. They had been penned too long, yet to try an escape now was out of the question. Using the rifle as a crutch, he kept trying his muscles. He knew only that when the time came, it would be suddenly. He was always hungry now. Was it a sign of recovery?

He had begun a systematic study of the country. The thought of attempting that trail up the cliff face at night made him sick to the stomach, but by day they would be an open target, pinned to the cliff's face.

What of Maria Cristina? So lonely, so sullen, so remote? She was proud. It showed in every line of her body, every move. Her clothes might be shabby, but her manner was that of a queen.

Yet he had no right to think of her. He must think only of getting away, for his every minute here was a danger to them all. He moved suddenly, and the movement brought a gasp of pain that doubled him over. He sank to his knees, fighting for breath. If one unexpected movement could do that to him, escape was impossible.

He crept back to his blankets and slept and then, a long time later, he awakened with a start. His hand dropped over the butt of his gun. What had awakened him? No ordinary sound in the night would have done it—his subconscious was too familiar with such sounds. It would have to be some other sound, something that did not belong to the quiet symphony of the night.

Wind stirred, a faint breeze. The night was wide, white and still. The pinnacles gave birth to long shadows. He had been mistaken then. It had been imagination or fever. Yet he stood a moment longer. The air he drew into his lungs was fresh and cool as mountain water, and the stars hung like lanterns in the sky. He knew the feelings, the smells. He knew the long hours of heat, the moving cloud shadows, the thousand canyons with their thousand untold stories. He knew the tumbled-down pueblos and the kivas and the mysterious trails left by the Old Ones and marked by their rock piles. There were rock piles beside the trails in Tibet, he had heard. . . . His side was itching tonight. Maybe the flesh was beginning to heal.

He turned back, then stopped abruptly. He heard a faint sound—something moving down below in the canyon. He listened. Breathless he held himself, aware that somebody or something could hear also.

Had he made a sound in his delirium? He did not believe so, for a man's subconscious remains on guard always. Yet the rock walls were like sounding boards, and he could hear easier what moved below than they could hear him.

He heard the faint stirring again. Had the searcher some clue? He could not be looking for tracks at this hour, yet —— The night was empty again. Far off, a plaintive coyote begged the sky.

"It ain't no way reasonable." Joe Sutton stared irritably into the fire. "No man drops out o' sight the way he done."

Ben Hindeman rolled his tobacco in his jaws, not talking. He was reasoning it out in his slow, methodical way. Of them all, Hindeman was the only one to whom Jack Sutton ever took a back seat, and Joe had his own ideas about that. Jack, for all his gun-slinging, was a little afraid of his hard-jawed brother-in-law.

"Lost him," Mort Bayless said, "over on that mesa, and he was in bad shape. He didn't get far."

It was Mort's brother whom Jordan had killed at Mocking Bird Pass, and Mort had been one of them with Jack at the killing of Johnny Hendrix. He had no particular worry about Jordan ever getting him; he wanted to get Jordan to even up for his brother and because he was a killer by nature.

"If he ever got to the mesa at all," Joe said.

During the last two days the search had dwindled away, and Jack Sutton was pleased. Two of the boys had returned to cut hay; another had a wife who was expecting. The need for many men was passed, and as he fingered the thick scab on his ear lobe he wished they would all go home. He had plans of his own, and the capture or killing of Trace Jordan had become secondary.

Ben was the one he wanted to go back. Ben didn't want the Mexicans bothered, and had it been anyone but Ben, he would have believed him soft on the girl. But not Ben. He was never soft on anyone. That very lack of feeling made Jack uneasy. Ben was tough, and, in his slow way, he was smart.

Jacob Lantz leaned over and filled his cup with coffee. "He's around," he said flatly.

Ben's head came up. "You see him?"

"No, but he's here."

"How d'you know if you ain't seen him?" Jack demanded irritably. Sometimes Lantz's cocksureness infuriated him.

"If Jake says he's here," Hindeman said, "then he's here."

"I don't know why," Lantz said, "but I feel it."

"If he's here"—Mort Bayless poked the fire—"them greasers know it. I say we just ride down there and take that girl ——"

"We'll do nothing of the kind." Hindeman did not even look around.

"She wouldn't talk, no way," Lantz said.

"I'd make her talk!" Mort said savagely. "You'd see!"

"You're a fool," Hindeman said. "You could kill her, but she wouldn't talk. Not that one."

Lantz took his coffee and a dish of beans to one side. Meanwhile his ferreting mind gnawed at the problem. A wounded man, alone ——

"Got to be close," Hindeman said. "If he's alive, he's eatin', and if he's eatin', he's gettin' it from the Mexicans. But Vicente is the only one ever leaves the place."

Jack Sutton was stretched on a blanket. He lifted himself to an elbow. "Mort, tomorrow you an' Joe stick to Vicente. Go where he goes. Stick tight to him."

"Won't get us nothing. I think it's the girl."

"Jack's got the idea, Mort. Stick to him. He'll break. He'll make a wrong move or he'll talk." Hindeman turned his leonine head. "Don't crowd him; just watch him."

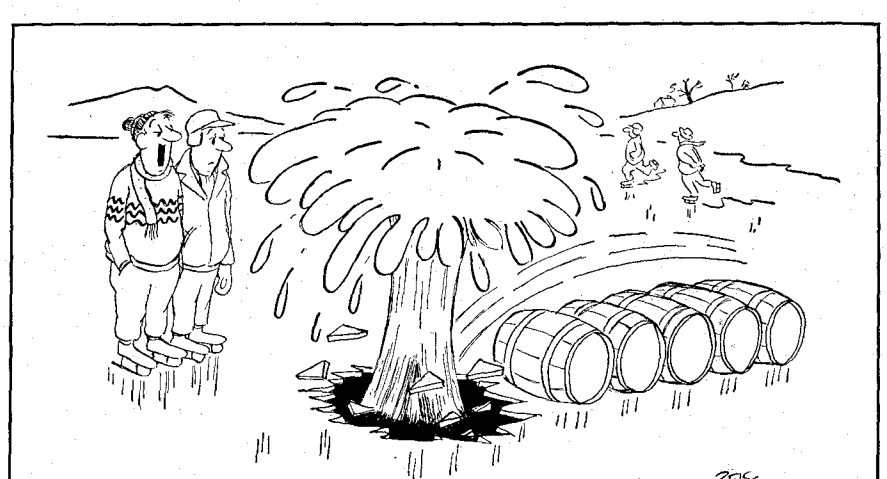
Lantz was beginning to know Jordan. He was a man who had been up the creek and over the mountain; when they caught him it was not going to be fun.

"I'll find him," he said. "When I find him, you boys can have him."

They looked at him, this wry old man with his sour-smelling body and the look of secret humor about him.

"What's that mean?"

"Some of you boys won't ride back. This one's a curly wolf."



"He made it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Somebody snorted his disgust and Mort Bayless turned impatiently. Jack Sutton was angered by Lantz's attitude, yet he was well aware that without him they wouldn't have come this far. Old Bob Sutton had kept Lantz around, and now it was Ben.

Jacob Lantz went to his blankets and rolled up. Staring morosely at the sky, his thoughts ran back over the terrain. There had to be a place, and it had to be close by. . . .

Morning was a suggestion of pale light when Jordan awakened. His first thought was of the creeping sounds of the previous night. He must be very careful.

By daylight he examined the steep chimney of talus. A girl or a child might manage that narrow ledge, but one wrong step —— That girl was one to mother a race of warriors. Yet a man might slide a horse down the incline of talus. He had seen wild horses do almost as dangerous stunts. A man might also wind up at the bottom with a broken leg and have to shoot it out.

Jordan saw the young man he took to be Maria Cristina's brother start up the canyon on the paint pony. As he rounded a bend in the canyon, two horsemen fell in behind him. Twice the young Mexican turned to look back.

Two more riders rode up to the house and dismounted near the stable. So it had gone that far. Every move of the Chaveros was to be watched. Another man came out of the willows and walked toward Maria Cristina. She saw him coming and waited, her black hair blowing in the wind, her skirt stirring. She stood very straight.

Several minutes they talked. Her manner was cool and imperious. There was something fascinating in her face as he watched through the glasses, something proud and fierce that sent a strong eagerness through him.

The man to whom she talked was Jacob Lantz, a man without emotion, a man with an obsession. Whatever he said left her unmoved, and when she moved her dress clung to her hips and thighs. He put the glass down and mopped his face. It was going to be a hot day.

No question about it. He would have to go. He had no right to cause more trouble. He would make a break for it. Returning to his blankets, he settled down to wait for darkness. . . .

Awakening with a start, he found it was already night, and he heard a faint rustle of sound. He came swiftly to his feet, gun in hand. Then, holstering the gun, he moved swiftly to the ruin. Drawing back against the wall until the shadows folded him into their darkness, he waited.

At first, no sound but the trickle of water, then a faint whisper of movement, a suggestion in the night, a sound of breathing; his hands went out, grasping for a throat.

His hands caught at flesh, there was an instant of fierce struggle, ending abruptly when his hands found the soft contours of a woman's body. "Maria Cristina?"

"Let me go." The voice was cool, almost detached. Yet there was tension in the body he held. Reluctantly, his hands relaxed their hold, but he did not move them away.

She stepped back, letting his hands fall. He could hear the sound of her breathing. A little faster from the climb? From the struggle? Or ——

"Thought it was Lantz."

She did not reply. There was a suggestion of perfume, some flower scent, faint but clinging. He could see the outline of her face against the outer sky.

"I'm going," he said. "I'm getting you all into trouble." Still she did not speak or move. The lone star hung above the canyon's rim. "If you had not come along, I'd be dead."

Her face turned toward him, but it was all darkness,

(Continued on Page 130)

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(Continued from Page 126) and he could see nothing of her expression.

"You're a woman who could walk beside a man, Maria Cristina. Not behind him."

"You talk too much."

"Maybe—maybe not enough."

Trace Jordan searched for words, but found none. There was a time he had talked easily to women, but with this girl and at this time he could find no words for what was within him.

A quail called questioningly into the night, and there was no reply. He smelled again the smoke from the watch fires of the hunting men, and heard the wind stirring the manzanita, yet he was only faintly aware of them, so conscious was he of the nearness of Maria Cristina.

"You must not go."

"Got to. They know I'm close by."

Again she was silent, and he did not understand her silence. He walked to the horse and picked up the bridle so suddenly that the horse shied violently. He waited until the horse quieted, then saddled up.

The mere act of swinging the saddle to the animal's back took his wind and caught at his wounded side. He leaned against the horse to catch his breath. Bleakly, he stared across the saddle into the night. If he got out of this alive he would be pulling more than his proper share of luck.

"You cannot go up."

"The slide?"

"It is best, but there will be much noise."

He tightened the cinch. She had accepted his going then. Glad to be rid of him, most likely. Yet he felt a curious reluctance to go. He remembered the feel of her body, tense and fighting, for that moment she was in his arms. The memory brought blood rushing to his head and he turned suddenly and reached for her in the night.

She started to step back, but his arms were around her. She fought fiercely, with almost tigerish wickedness, yet he held her and drew her close. Suddenly, then, she relaxed, but it was no submission. She remained still in his arms, but there was no response—none whatever. When he released her she made no effort to move away.

"I think you are animal." Her voice was low, without emotion.

He took her in his arms again, kissing her gently this time, kissing her lips and cheeks, her neck and shoulders. She did not respond, but neither did she move away. He released her again, and stepped back, his breath slow-drawn. And then, for a time, neither of them spoke. She made no attempt to leave, but neither did she invite any further advances.

He felt strangely lost, helpless. He wanted to reach her, to get beneath the surface. Yet there was nothing from her—simply nothing at all.

"You go home," he said; "I'm leaving tonight."

She stooped and picked up the package she had dropped. "Here is food." She seemed to hesitate an instant; then turned away.

"Maria Cristina?"

She stopped, but did not turn around. "I'm coming back."

She seemed not to have heard him. "Ride up the canyon. Take the first wide canyon to the left. Cross the mesa top to the next canyon; then cross that canyon and the second mesa. You will see a red rock like a steeple, and there will be a dead cottonwood at its base. Behind the steeple rock there is a place to hide, and there is a way to escape into the desert when the time is right."

"Join me there."

She seemed to shrug. "For why I join you? You think I am gringo? I am Mexican."

"You come, Maria Cristina. I want you."

"You are a fool."

He walked up behind her and she half turned her head toward him. He could see her face in the vague starlight and the dark pools of her eyes.

"I'm coming back. I owe you more than I can pay."

"It is nothing."

"If you do not come to the steeple rock, I shall come back for you."

"You be keel."

"So—but I'll come back."

He started to take her in his arms, but she stepped back, her eyes flashing. "What you think? That I am some common woman to come when you call? Some woman you take when you want? I am not. You think I come here because I need a man? I need no man. I come because you die here—and my father die on those rocks down there. You take me for cheap woman. You go."

He waited quietly until she was through, and then he said, "I'm coming back for you, Maria Cristina."

"You are a fool."

"Know more about horses than women," he admitted. "And you're all mustang."

A coyote voiced a shrill rumor to the sky, and listened to his own echo. Waited, then tried again. The lone star hung on the canyon's rim like a lost lantern.

"Man once said there were in a man's life certain ultimate things, and just one ultimate woman. You're that woman for me."

"No."

He took her gently by the shoulders and kissed her lightly. "You just ain't halter broke, that's all. I'll be back."

She walked away from him then, without turning, and he heard her start down the slide. If they heard her coming and were waiting, then he knew what he would do. He would go down shooting—and he would go fast.

Trace Jordan waited until he was sure Maria Cristina had cleared the narrow part of the canyon and was in the meadow near the corral. Then he led the horse to the lip of the slide.

The horse might break a leg or be otherwise injured, but it was a chance he had to take. He was through here and he knew they would stay close until he starved or somebody lost his nerve and talked.

He knew how small was his chance. There was not one possibility in a million of getting down that slide unheard. And there were two men up the canyon who would be waiting for him.

He was in no shape for a hard ride. But men in just as bad shape had come through. And there was no other solution. He checked all his gear. His bed was rolled, his canteen filled. The food packet was shoved into a saddle bag. He was wearing both guns now, and the rifle was in the boot.

He was stalling—he knew he was stalling. The thought of tackling that steep slide in the darkness made his mouth dry and his stomach hollow. He gathered up the reins; then stood listening. There was no sound. Were they down there in the darkness now, waiting for him? Had they captured Maria Cristina?

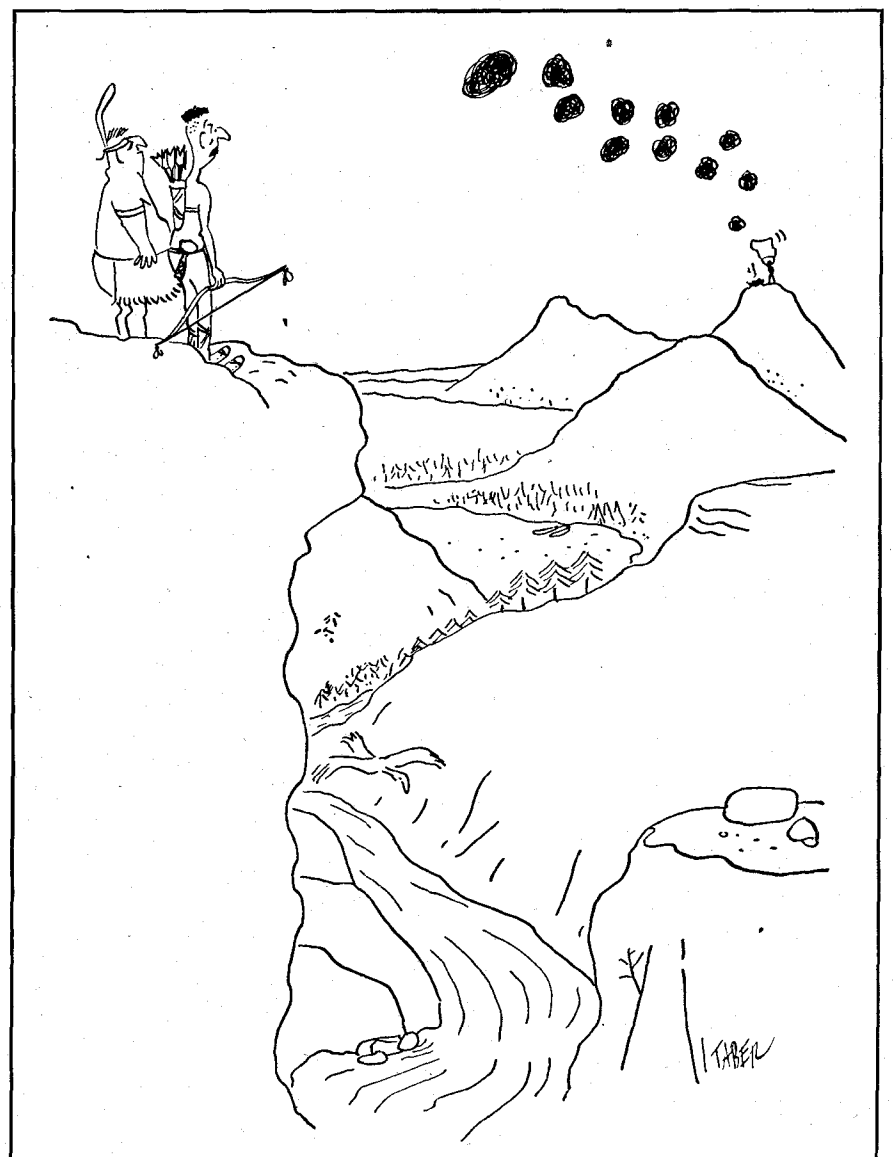
Lantz shook Ben Hindeman's shoulder. The fire was low, and nobody else stirred. It was very late and the coyote had suddenly stopped his howling.

"Ben. Wake up."

Hindeman's eyes opened and he was instantly awake. He turned his head a little, listening. He heard no sound, but the old tracker was bent over him.

"What is it, Jake?".

"We got him, Ben. We got him right where we want him."



"Brother, he can say that again!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Hindeman sat up and began drawing on his boots. His mouth was tasting frightful and his head felt heavy. His eyes told him what time it was, after a glance at the stars. He felt sticky and unpleasant, but it was time this was finished off. It had taken too much time already.

"The girl's been gettin' to him. Shelf up on the rock wall. Must be quite a bit of space up there because he's got his horse up there with him. He'll be comin' down tonight, I think."

"How'd you figure that?"

"Hunch."

Lantz sat back, thinking about that. "More'n a hunch," he said. "Girl packed him a big bait of grub. Long time up there. I don't know how she gets there or where the place is, exactly, but I know where he'll show."

Hindeman got up, stamping into his boots. Then he spoke sharply and heads lifted. At his orders, they began quickly to dress. There was some low grumbling, none of it serious. Just the automatic grumbling of tired men awakened from a quiet sleep. Yet all were glad to be called. They wanted it to be over with. The hunt had begun in a burst of passion. With most of them that was gone now, and the hunt continued out of duty and their natural reluctance to admit themselves defeated.

"The two men up the canyon," Lantz said. "I woke them up. If he comes that way, they'll take him. There's two men down canyon below the Mexicans' place. He's in the bottle and we've got the thing stoppered."

Jack Sutton pulled on his boots and stood up. He was unshaved and his jaws itched under the stubble. He felt unbathed and dirty, and he was a man who liked to be clean.

So the girl had known, after all? How many times had she been up there with him?

"That ——" The words broke from him, emptying some of the rankling bitterness within him.

Lantz did not look around, and Ben Hindeman merely picked up his saddle and started toward the picketed horses. The other men were belting on guns or picking up their rifles and walking into the night.

They moved out in a tight bunch, then divided. Jack Sutton went along with Ben Hindeman. Once the rest of them were gone, he'd take care of that girl. As for Jordan —— Sutton felt a tightness in his throat—an ugly feeling. . . .

Trace Jordan held up a moment longer on the edge of the slide. He felt the red horse put out a tentative hoof, then draw back. "Come on, Red!" He stepped into the leather as he spoke, and felt the horse lurch forward, rocks sliding under his feet.

The horse scrambled, slipped and fought for footing. They were going down fast, but, so far, the red horse was taking it well. He was taking enormous forward leaps when Jordan heard the shot. The harsh bark of a heavy pistol, then a second shot, both fired from near the house. Then, above the echoes of the shots and the falling of rock, he heard the high, ringing cry. It was no cry of fear or pain, but one filled with reassurance and hope. She had fired to draw their attention from him, so they must be alerted and ready.

He plunged down the last few feet of the slide, the horse scrambling beneath him, and then they were at the bottom and the big red horse moved out, running on the hard-packed sand, and running free.

Jacob Lantz heard the rocks of the slide. He swore softly, remembering the looks of it. A man who would come down that in the night ——

"Come on, Ben," he said. "He can only go up or down the canyon. We've got him."

TO BE CONTINUED

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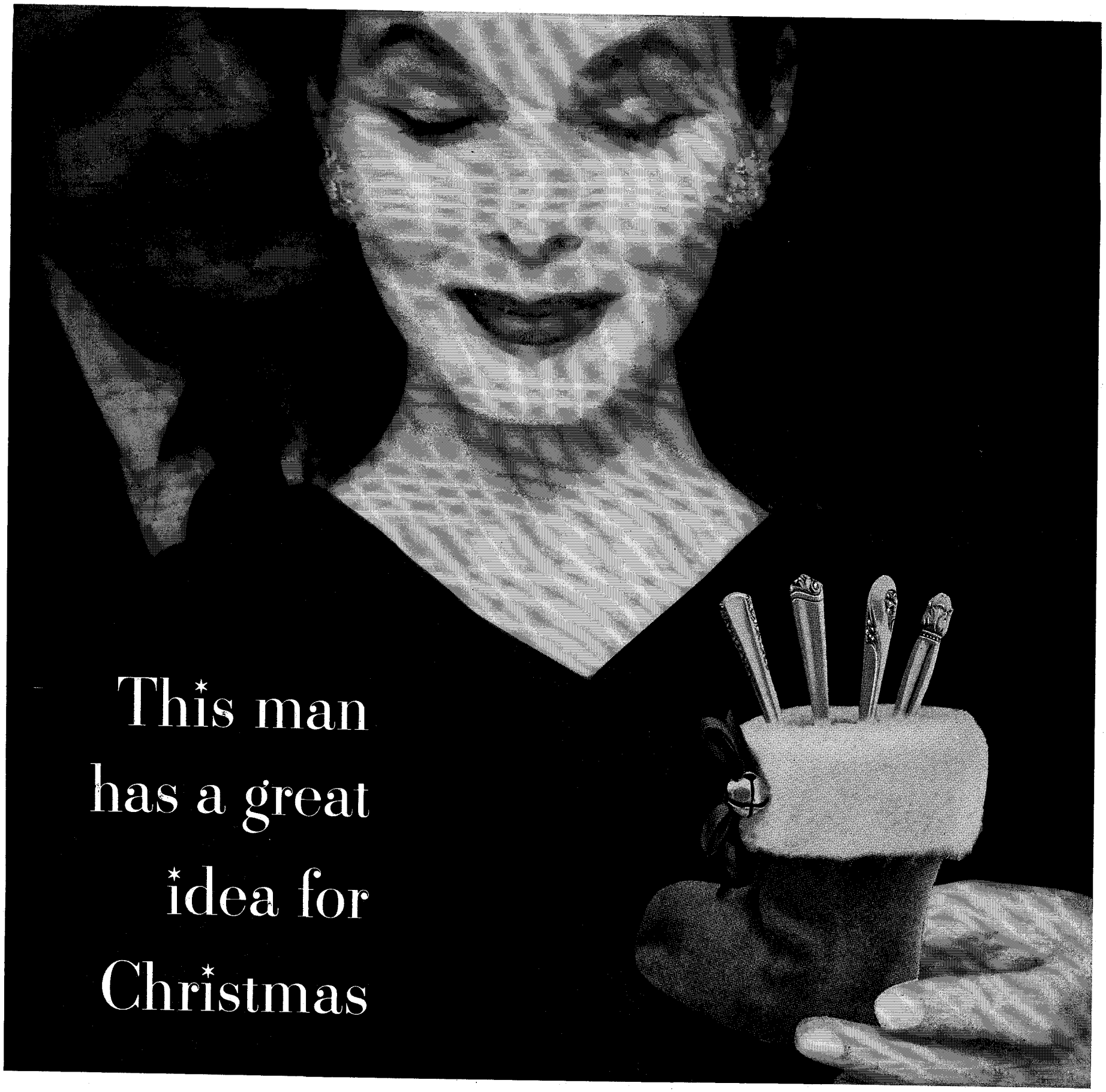

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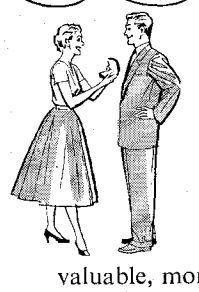

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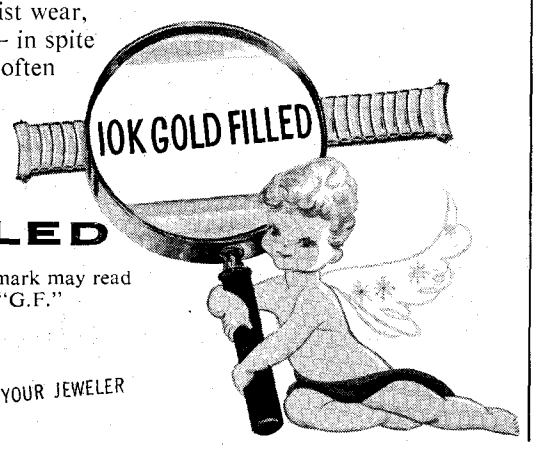

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IT'S SOMETHING SPECIAL FROM YOUR JEWELER

Jewelry Christmas Gift Section Continues

He Sparked a Revolution (Continued from Page 19)

low. He never raises it. He avoids argument if argument can possibly be avoided. Everything about him, from his taste in neckties to his unvarying, unobtrusive politeness, seems to indicate a desire to remain dim and to elude notice.

Even his pleasures are those customary pleasures of mild men, fishing and gardening. Even for those mild pleasures, Folsom is too busy now. His main complaint about his new job is that he cannot prevent the weeds from invading the grandiose asparagus bed that is the special pride of his home garden in the suburbs of Rochester, New York.

"An asparagus bed is a long-term investment," he says sadly. "I hate to think about those weeds. It's darned irritating."

But Folsom is a remarkably deceptive fellow. This man who seems only to be ruthless with ragweed, has, in fact, done all sorts of important and difficult things, such as quietly piloting through Congress the first complete revision of the tax laws since 1876. He has been a pioneer, too, in working out the terms of the new brand of American conservatism that has now come to power in the Eisenhower Administration. And above all, he has been a leading contributor to a gigantic change in the basic shape of our society.

At bottom, beyond doubt, this change to which Folsom has contributed has been a change of attitudes. American industry, not so very long ago, thought of labor as a commodity, much like any other commodity except that an oversupply could be more easily disposed of. By the same token, the American state then said to the American citizen, "Sink or swim, and if you sink, it's probably your own fault." These attitudes seem shocking today, but they were once the very opposite of shocking. They were, in fact, shared and approved by the vast majority of Americans, both rich and poor.

From this climate of rugged individualism, as President Hoover once defined it, we have now passed, for good or ill, into the new climate of welfare. Many people still talk as though this great change in America was somehow unfairly contrived by New Deal conspirators. In this case the latest addition to the Eisenhower Cabinet has got to be classed as a New Deal conspirator.

But in reality, private industry had an important share in the first tests of welfare ideas in this country. Today, moreover, the consequences of the great change in America are just as apparent in the free-enterprise sector of our economy as in the public sector. In 1925, for instance, only three decades ago, workers in manufacturing industry covered by some sort of pension or retirement plan numbered only about a million, and the coverage was often precarious. In 1955, although all industrial workers can now look forward to old-age pensions from the state, no less than 10,000,000 factory employees are also covered by private pension plans. And this additional coverage is not only more generous but also more secure than in the past.

In the public sector, of course, the consequences of the great change are even more massive. Only three decades ago, no public social-security system existed anywhere in the United States. Today the Federal Social Security System is handling approximately 115,000,000 active and inactive accounts of old age and survivors insurance alone. Some 4,500,000 employers and 69,000,000 potential beneficiaries are currently paying into the system about $6,200,000,000 per annum. Even in these good times around 1,000,000 people a week are being tided over from job to job by unemployment benefits. Nearly 5,500,000 are drawing old-age pensions, about 2,500,000 more are getting old-age assistance, and another 2,000,000 are getting survivors insurance. More than 2,000,000 are receiving benefits under the aid-to-dependent-children plan, and several hundreds of thousands more are being helped by the programs to aid the blind and the permanently and totally disabled. Socialism, you might almost say, has not crept, but leaped.

In all this enormous process of change, which fully deserves the adjective "revolutionary," Marion Folsom has played a continuing and significant role. He began, as a pace setter, in private industry. He went forward in his own state of New York. He was called to Washington in 1934 to work on the first national social-security bill; and he can now claim to be the only man who has contributed importantly to every stage of the Social Security System's growth right down to the recent extensions of coverage sponsored by President Eisenhower.

Since the most important elements of the Federal Social Security System constitute a province in the Health, Education and Welfare empire, you can see why the President's choice of Folsom for this Cabinet post both approved a revolution and provided a fitting climax to a personal drama.

Yet the most interesting thing about Folsom is not entirely what he has done or even how he has done it. The most interesting thing, really, is how he came to do it.

Folsom's background is very unlike the backgrounds of most of our other sociological innovators of the last three decades. The haunts of the professors, the social workers and the theorists are quite unknown to him. His background is industry, pure and simple. He is one of the countless clever Southerners who used to head northward, in the days before the South's belated economic resurgence, to take advantage of the wider industrial opportunities of the North. Industry gave him his start, provided his training and put his feet on the road he has traveled.

He was born in 1893, in McRae, Georgia, a sleepy county town founded by and named for his mother's family. The older Folsoms were prosperous and public-spirited first citizens. Young Marion was normally fond of such pursuits as fishing for cat in the Little Ocmulgee River. As a boy, however, he was mainly notable for his precocity.

He was only fifteen when he finished the tough course at McRae's excellent, Methodist-managed local school, the South Georgia Institute. He was only eighteen when he graduated from the University of Georgia, with highest honors and a scholarship that enabled him to go on to Harvard. He was only twenty-one when he graduated, again with highest honors, from the Harvard Business School, and took a job with the Eastman Kodak Company in October, 1914.

It was the Kodak Company that formed Folsom. One must try, therefore, to understand the company in order to understand the man. In particular, one must try to understand the greatest single influence in Folsom's life, George Eastman, whom Folsom to this day always calls "Mr. Eastman" with a perceptible overtone of reverence.

Folsom's exposure to Eastman's powerful personality did not occur immediately. In his first three years at Kodak, he worked in the office of the company's general manager, Frank W. Lovejoy. In 1917, when America entered the war, he volunteered for the Army; was trained as an infantry officer; (Continued on Page 134)

Marriage is a mutual partnership in which the husband is usually the mute.

FLOYD R. MILLER

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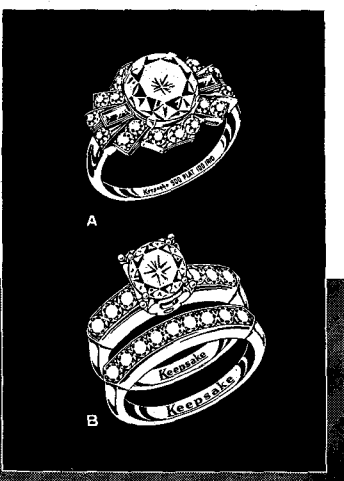

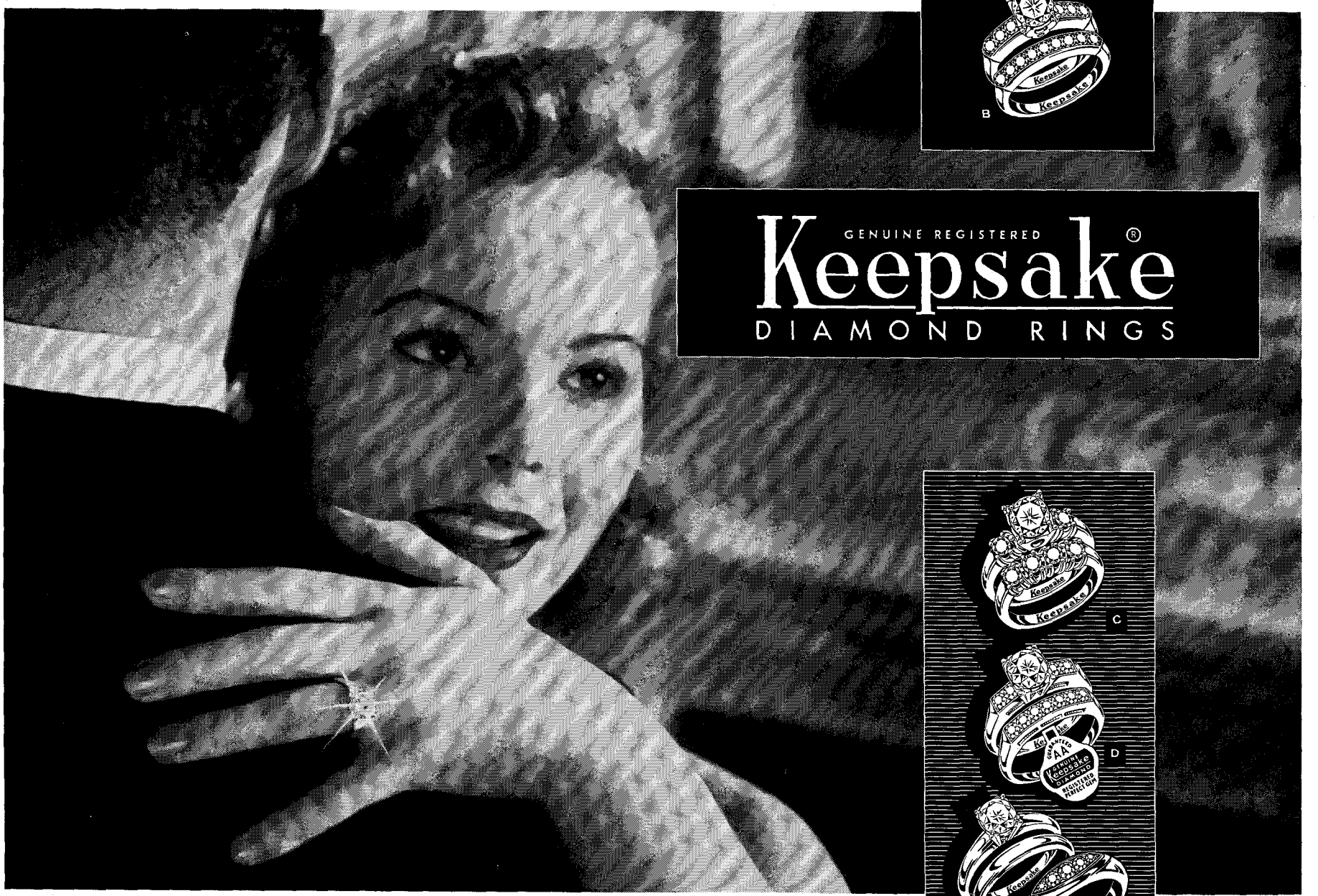

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(Continued from Page 132) wangled his way overseas; survived a torpedoing in the English Channel; and fought at the front with the Twenty-sixth Division. As soon as he was demobilized he returned to Kodak Park. He was immediately assigned to create a new statistical department for the company. He was also named to serve as George Eastman's personal assistant; and the enforced association with this brilliant, complex and even contradictory man became the first big turning point in Folsom's life.

Eastman was born to grinding poverty. He ended his education at sixteen. He brewed his original recipe for film emulsion on his mother's boardinghouse stove. With his own small savings and stock sold to a boarder (lucky boarder!), he founded the Eastman Kodak Company at an age when most young men nowadays are just leaving the university. He built his company almost single-handed into one of the notable American enterprises. When he was rich and old and very ill, he committed suicide, leaving the laconic note:

"My work is done. Why wait?"

When Folsom became his assistant, however, Eastman was still in his vigorous early sixties, a despot in his company, a despot, also, in his city of Rochester, a ground-breaker in industry, a leader in all civic enterprises, a great promoter of music and learning, and an enthusiastic rider of all sorts of private hobbies. As his personal assistant, Folsom had to do everything for Eastman from arguing with his housekeeper to making propaganda for a scheme of calendar reform that had caught the great man's fancy.

You cannot talk very long with Folsom without seeing that Eastman's effect on him remains deep and enduring, in small ways as well as big. Ever impressed by his old chief, he still likes nothing better than telling Eastman stories. Some of them are rather rueful, like the story of the awful winter when Eastman decreed a high-toned music-appreciation course for the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, and virtually required all Rochester's lesser businessmen to attend every excruciating class. Yet all Folsom's Eastman stories directly or indirectly celebrate Eastman's inherent power.

In this chapter of Folsom's history, in truth, there are a good many hints of the currently fashionable fiction about young business executives and how they get ahead. By now he was married, to Mary Davenport, a charming Southern girl. The Folsoms lived in one half of a two-family house in downtown Rochester, where their son and daughter were born. Mrs. Folsom was a great favorite of Eastman's, a member of the envied group of ladies who met each week at his Saturday "lobster-club" luncheons. Sometimes the Folsoms would even persuade Eastman to take a quiet family meal in their modest dining room, which in Rochester in those days was rather like persuading Louis XIV to leave Versailles for supper at an inn. Every Sunday, too, the Folsoms were required guests at Eastman's somewhat alarming weekly musicales.

His closeness to Eastman, of course, marked out Folsom for promotion in the company. It did something else as well. Eastman's sometimes odd enthusiasms and despotic ways were only symptoms of his breadth of interest and strength of character. From Eastman, Folsom learned that it was important to be a good businessman, but that just being a good businessman was not quite good enough.

"I guess I was lucky," he says now. "Even the top executives in the company were so afraid of Mr. Eastman that you could see them gathering their courage before they went into his office. But I had to work with him every day, so I got to know him really well. He was a man who made you think for yourself."

Here, indeed, is the real essence of the Folsom drama. The mild, almost mousy-seeming, perfectly conventional Folsom shared at the outset all the prejudices and preconceptions of his generation. In the end, he rather surprisingly learned to look at social problems without prejudice or preconception, and to propose practical solutions that made him a pace setter and pioneer. Because Eastman had the pragmatism of an inventor, and was arrogantly careless of any prejudices except his own, he caused the Folsom drama to start unfolding. The moment when this happened can be rather precisely dated. It was during the 1920–21 depression, when the Kodak Company and Rochester were both hit pretty hard.

Eastman's own attitude toward labor was paternalistic, but without the bossy interference that sometimes used to go with paternalism. He took unusually good care of his workers, partly because he was a generous-hearted man, but partly, too, because he did not want labor unions to take care of them—the Kodak Company is non-union to this day. He had made bold experiments already, such as establishing the singularly successful system of industrial profit sharing which the Kodak Company calls its wage-dividend plan. Being paternalistic, he felt a responsibility toward his men. Being almost as much the tyrant of Rochester as Dionysius I was tyrant of Syracuse, he also felt a responsibility toward his city. So Eastman was stirred to consider another bold experiment by the spectacle of large numbers of workers suddenly left without jobs by the slump after the first war.

At this juncture, by chance, the British Quaker philanthropist, Seebohm Rowntree, lectured in Rochester on unemployment insurance in England. Again by chance, Folsom heard the lecture and discussed it with Eastman. Eastman thereupon instructed Folsom to prepare a truly extraordinary novelty—a scheme of private unemployment insurance for the Kodak Company. Folsom started the task, no doubt, in the same mood in which he started the propaganda to replace the Gregorian calendar with the Eastmanian calendar. The work converted him.

In the end, Folsom's scheme was shelved because the depression lifted and the need was over. He was bitterly disappointed. Yet after business hours he continued to study the vast, grim, mainly European literature on insurance solutions of social-welfare problems—certainly an odd pastime for a coming young executive—until he became one of the handful of American experts in this field.

Folsom's odd pastime bore fruit, in turn, a few years later when the problem of Kodak's older workers began to be really pressing. Because Kodak was a good employer, there were plenty of men on the payroll, even in the mid-'20's, who had joined the company almost when it was founded in the '80's. Most of them were long past their work. But most of the real old-timers were also friends of Eastman's. The slightest suggestion that any of them should be fired would cause Eastman to flare up terrifyingly against "these young jackanapes who want to put Old Bill on the street after forty years."

The heavy burden of privileged senility finally drove the Kodak Company factory managers to the radical step of proposing a company pension plan. At first this proposal caused Eastman to thunder even more terribly. He declared, somewhat illogically, that all the old Bills ought to have saved up for their declining years, even if they hadn't. A pension plan, he roared, was nothing but a reward for improvidence and a penalty on self-reliance.

"It got so none of us dared mention pension plans to Mr. Eastman," Folsom says. "And then a friend of his whom he couldn't very well throw out of his office happened to tackle him on the subject, and without any warning at all, Mr. Eastman told me to go ahead and make some studies for him."

This domestic comedy of the Kodak Company is worth recording for two reasons. It is the first scene in the Folsom drama in which Folsom appears as an independent thinker, venturing to have views of his own instead of taking his views from Eastman. The end result, moreover, was something of a landmark in American industrial history. In the mid-'20's, of course, as the figures already cited show, pension and retirement plans were not unknown in our industry. But they were uncommon. Many of them were unsound and unreliable. Most businessmen tended to regard them as mere symptoms of managerial softheartedness and perhaps of managerial softheadedness. The plan that Folsom prepared for Kodak was a conspicuously good plan, financially conservative and actuarially sound in all its details. It has stood the test of time with triumphant success.

When adopted, the Kodak plan was regarded as such an important advance that The Atlantic Monthly asked Folsom to write an article about it, which was published in early 1929. The Folsom prose style, as is his habit, was as nearly colorless as English prose can be, but what Folsom had to say made a considerable sensation in business circles. It is always impossible, of course, to assess the exact influence of a pace-setting event. But it is safe to say that the Kodak pension plan prepared by Folsom was a significant step along the road to the new business viewpoint. This is the viewpoint, of course, that now takes pension and welfare plans for granted as common industrial practice, and can even contemplate such ventures as guaranteed annual wages without danger of apoplexy.

Here, then, was how far Marion Folsom had come by that year that was a turning point for so many, 1929 of the Black Friday and the Bloody Monday in October. He was substantially better off, so he had left the two-family house in downtown Rochester for a still-modest but considerably pleasanter house in the leafy suburb of Brighton—it was "English style," as you might suppose—which he owns to this day. He was getting ahead in his company—he became assistant treasurer of Eastman Kodak in 1930, treasurer in 1935, and at length a director in 1947. And since Rochester is as quick to spot rising men in the Kodak Company as Rome is quick to spot rising monsignori in the Vatican, Folsom was also just beginning to get the customary extra-curricular assignments of a rising man—trustee of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, director of the Y.M.C.A., president of the Harvard Club and City Club, director of the Lincoln Alliance Bank and Trust Company and the Rochester Savings Bank, regional member of the New York Federal Reserve, and so on, as the years continued.

In 1929, of course, much of all this was still in the future. Furthermore, what may be called the Folsom mutation was by no means final. Folsom's peculiar enthusiasm for the literature of social insurance indicated, no doubt, that he was not exactly like every other junior executive. Yet the Kodak Company was still his be-all and end-all. He had done well already. Besides being Eastman's protégé, he had the strong backing of Frank Lovejoy, the first man he ever worked under, and a great man in Eastman Kodak for many years before he became president in 1934. In 1929, in short, Folsom had a long way to go, but he could still reasonably hope to scale the heights of the Kodak hierarchy.

In the end, however, Folsom sacrificed his chance to reach the topmost heights in business because the great depression caused him to mutate. It diverted him from the normal paths of executive ambition and transformed him into the public member—there seems to be no other suitable phrase—of the Kodak high command.

In order to understand the great depression's effect on Folsom, it is needful to recall the fearful circumstances of that time which is now, thank God, so long forgotten. A vast proportion of the entire working population was jobless. Even in New York, where conditions were better than in most other states, (Continued on Page 136)

The Perfect Squelch

A famous movie siren of the early days, when stars' origins were shrouded in mystery by their studios, returned to her Midwestern home town for a brief visit. Maintaining her screen personality in public, she pretended to be an exotic foreigner. The effect was heightened by having an English-speaking French maid trail after her.

My aunt, who had taught the screen star English in high school, spied them one afternoon in a hotel lobby. Confident that she would be recognized, she spoke to her former pupil. All she got was a blank stare. The French maid informed my aunt that "Madame" could not speak English.

With a twinkle, my aunt replied, "I am not surprised, although I tried very hard to teach her."

Lee West

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Jewelry Christmas Gift Section Continues

(Continued from Page 134) relief was cruelly inadequate. In cities like Rochester, which was again hard hit, the misery of the unemployed hung over the more fortunate leaders of the community like a dark miasma. Almost worse than the economic bankruptcy was the almost complete initial bankruptcy of ideas about what to do. Serious national attention was even accorded to such strange remedies as the so-called Cincinnati plan, which gave jobless men pitiful meal tickets in return for the leaf-raking type of made work.

Such was the atmosphere when Folsom was co-opted from the Kodak Company to serve as key man on the Rochester Civic Committee on Unemployment. His new duties forcibly reminded him of the private unemployment-insurance scheme he had drawn up for Eastman in 1920–21, which might have done so much to cushion Rochester against the great depression's shock. He revised the old plan, making it a co-operative effort by all the leading Rochester industries. He took it to Frank Lovejoy. The passage of a decade had not diminished the plan's novelty, but Lovejoy approved it. In Rochester at that time, as Folsom has dryly remarked, "there wasn't very much resistance to anything if Mr. Lovejoy was for it." In February, 1931, therefore, fourteen leading local companies headed by Eastman Kodak announced the establishment of the Rochester Unemployment Benefit Fund.

The whole history of Marion Folsom is a parable on the theme: How Far We Have Come in three decades. Nowhere do you get this sense of how far we have come more strongly than by reading the faded clippings concerning the nationwide reaction to the announcement of Folsom's Rochester Unemployment Benefit Fund. This announcement gave no promise whatever, after all, of any immediate help to a single jobless man. Two years were allowed for the co-operating Rochester companies to build up the benefit fund by a self-imposed payroll tax. After two years, and only after two years, the companies undertook to pay unemployment benefits to any of their workers they were forced to let go, and only their own workers were covered. The incompleteness of the scheme should have been obvious from the first. For what was to happen, for instance, to all the other Rochestrians who had lost their jobs already or did not work for the fourteen participating companies?

Yet in those days of 1931 the whole country was desperately looking for some sort—any sort—of workable safeguard against the vagaries of the business cycle. Hardly anything but poultices and makeshifts had yet been offered. The Rochester Unemployment Benefit Fund was neither a poultice nor a makeshift. For all its incompleteness, it was a serious, practical attempt to tackle the problem. It was the last and most interesting such attempt, in fact, to tackle the unemployment problem on the pure and unalloyed free-enterprise basis.

Almost everyone, including Folsom, then still supposed that the pure free-enterprise basis was the only possible basis for action. Precisely for these reasons, the announcement in Rochester evoked paeans of almost hysterical praise from all over the United States.

After that, one suspects, Folsom could not have saved himself from becoming the Kodak Company's public member, even if he had wanted to. As the principal author of the Rochester Fund, Folsom was at once called to testify before the United States Senate Investigation of Unemployment. He was also named to advise the New York State Legislative Committee on Unemployment. He was in welfare, so to speak, right up to his neck. The last stage of the transformation in the social attitude of Marion Folsom, which both forecast the transformation of the national attitude and helped that national transformation forward, was already at hand.

Folsom's personal scrapbooks faithfully and fascinatingly record his gradual retreat from the classical tenets of rugged individualism. Even in 1931 he was still convinced that the state had no real role to play as guarantor of the citizen's welfare. He hoped, rather, that the examples of the Kodak Company, with its pension plan, and of Rochester industry, with its benefit fund, would be universally imitated. He made active propaganda to this end before any business group that would listen to him. To the United States Senate Investigating Committee, in 1931, he firmly declared that any "government system (of unemployment insurance) was absolutely impractical, because its administration would be under political control."

But the examples of Rochester and the Kodak Company were not imitated, despite Folsom's propaganda. Hence Folsom for a while desired the Government to step in halfway. The Government, he suggested, should by law require all employers with more than ten persons on their payrolls to set up their own unemployment-benefit funds. Then it dawned on him that this mixed system would not work either.

In 1932 the New York Legislative Committee on Unemployment reported in favor of a full-blown state unemployment-insurance scheme. Folsom had certain objections to technical details of the New York scheme. (Characteristically, he continued mildly badgering the New York state authorities for years after the scheme was finally adopted, until he got his way on these technical details just the other day.) While differing on these details, however, Folsom warmly concurred in the principle of a state-compelled, state-run unemployment-insurance system. He deeply believed that the job wanted doing. He saw no other way to do the job. In this manner, in the year of Franklin Roosevelt's election to the presidency, Folsom publicly and frankly accepted the tenets of welfare.

The New York unemployment-insurance scheme that Folsom helped to devise was one of the first and most important pieces in what is now an all-embracing national design of state unemployment-insurance systems. This is the design we now take for granted, Federally aided through the Labor Department. So the trend ended which had one of its American beginnings in Eastman's order to Folsom to draw up a private unemployment-insurance scheme for Rochester in the post-first-World-War slump.

In the same fashion, the trend in which the Eastman Kodak pension plan was a significant incident also came to a climax in 1934. In that year Folsom was called to Washington to draft the first national old-age insurance bill. This bill, of course, became the foundation stone of the vast structure of social security and welfare over which Folsom now presides at the Health, Education and Welfare Department.

Folsom was just one among many, to be sure, who contributed to the enormous process of change we have been describing. It is not possible to assess the precise weight of his individual contribution. It is not needful, either, to describe in detail the highly significant work he did on the Social Security bill of 1934 or to record all the minutiae of the many subsequent contributions he has made to the further growth of social security in America. What we have mainly been trying to show is how Folsom came to do what he has done and how he came to think as he thinks. We have been trying to analyze, in other words, the evolution of a new kind of American conservative. The most difficult—one should perhaps say the most unlikely—phase of that evolution was completed when Folsom accepted the tenets of welfare.

Again, it is not essential to an understanding of Marion Folsom to chronicle in detail all the other jobs he has done as the Kodak Company's public member and thereafter. His work as one of the early members and later as a vice-chairman of the Business Advisory Council was important work. So was his work as one of the leading industrial mobilizers in the first stages of the second war emergency. As a founder and later chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, he first helped to prevent President Truman from being panicked by the conviction of both right- and left-wing economists that the end of the war would bring a gigantic depression; and he thereafter helped, perhaps even more significantly, to promote a new political philosophy for the American business community. As staff director of the so-called Colmer Committee of the House of Representatives, he drafted vital items in the legislative program for postwar reconversion; and he did much, too, to prepare the minds of the House leadership for the first British loan and the subsequent foreign-aid programs to turn back the communist tide.

Finally, as Under Secretary of the Treasury, he accomplished one of the major legislative feats of this generation. He separated into its component parts the insane crazy quilt of our tax laws. He organized no fewer than fifty study groups to analyze the parts. He established an intimate collaboration with House and Senate chieftains famous for their uncollaborative tendencies. He warded off the special-interest raids that make most tax legislation a kind of public orgy. Finally, he passed what might have been the most passion-charged measure of the entire Eisenhower Administration with hardly more than a gentle breeze of controversy.

All these things that Folsom did were bigger things than most men do, but, at bottom, they were no more than emanations of Folsom's new brand of American conservatism. One side of this new conservatism can be seen in the tax bill that he passed so successfully. A great deal of hokum was talked at the time, some of it by Folsom himself, about the glorious help the tax bill gave to "the little fellow." It did indeed give you and me and all the rest of us some helpful reliefs. Mainly, however, it was a tax bill intended to make taxpaying easier and more painless for American business. Its real aim, in brief, was to encourage and remove trammels from free enterprise. And why on earth should this be considered an improper and unworthy aim in a society founded upon free enterprise?

As for the other side of this new conservatism of Folsom's, it can, of course, be seen most easily in the story of his conversion to the tenets of welfare. We have devoted the largest part of this report to Folsom's conversion because the origins of any new thing always deserve study. Yet the thing itself, the real essence of the new conservatism, can be compressed with only trifling distortion into two short aphorisms.

First, "Government must do what really needs doing if free enterprise cannot do it."

And second, and of almost greater practical political significance, "If the leading free enterprisers too long oppose Government's doing what really needs doing, then it is free enterprise that suffers in the end."

Not so long ago, these were wisely considered almost subversive aphorisms. Folsom sometimes suffered for his conversion to them, despite his knack of remaining inconspicuous and unnoticed in all his activities. Even today, nearly twenty years later, members of the National Association of Manufacturers recall a debate about social security between the late Lammot duPont and the mild, courteous Folsom. And if you want the exact tone of the early responses to Folsom's new brand of conservatism, consider the following comment on a common sensible Folsom statement that social security had come to stay and the business community had better learn to live with it.

"From all indications at present discernible on a gloomy horizon," wrote an anguished business spokesman in the press, "(Folsom) is probably right. But his position is founded on the notion that the present namby-pamby government attitude toward the populace is also permanent. Here again he may be right, but he is certainly no optimist."

In the end, it has turned out that Folsom was bang right in his political forecast, and the ultraconservatives of that era were utterly wrong in their dire fears; for surely free enterprise is not doing so miserably badly nowadays, even though the governmental attitude toward the populace is about the same under Eisenhower as it was under his immediate predecessors. Folsom's new conservatism, in truth, which used to be the viewpoint of a small minority, is now a strong majority viewpoint, enthroned and established in the Eisenhower Administration. So it was symbolically appropriate, as well as administratively astute, when Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey intervened to transform Folsom from the Kodak Company's public member into a full-time public servant; and when President Eisenhower translated Folsom from the Treasury to the secretaryship of Health, Education and Welfare.

THE END

"You notice that whenever you get down to cases, he starts that ho-ho-ho stuff."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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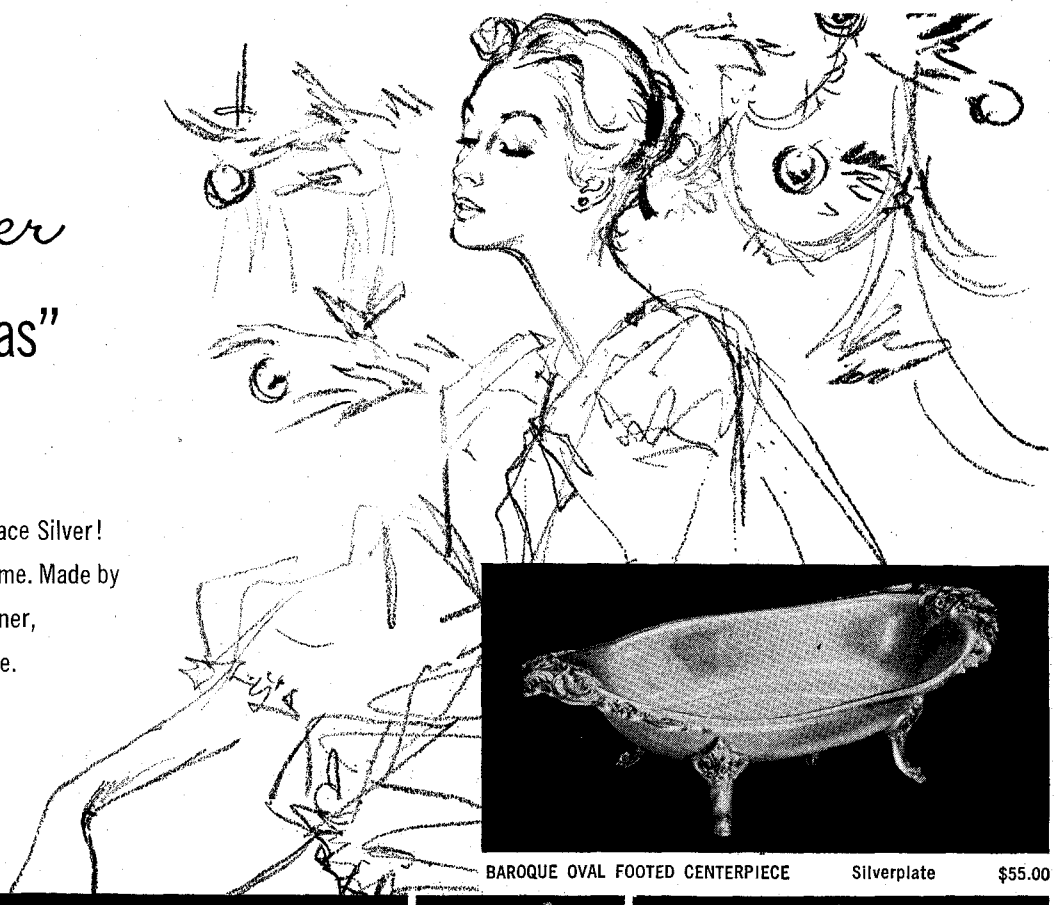
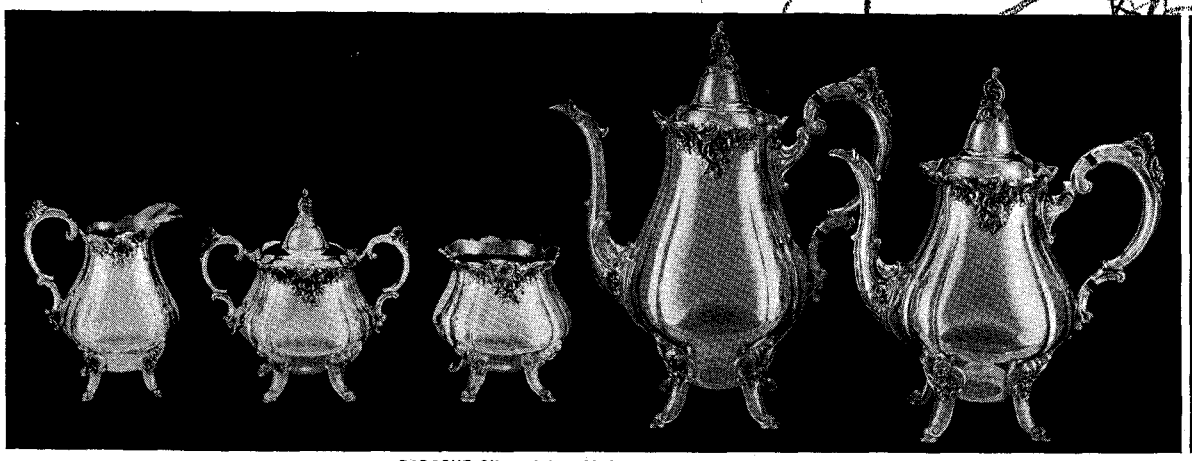


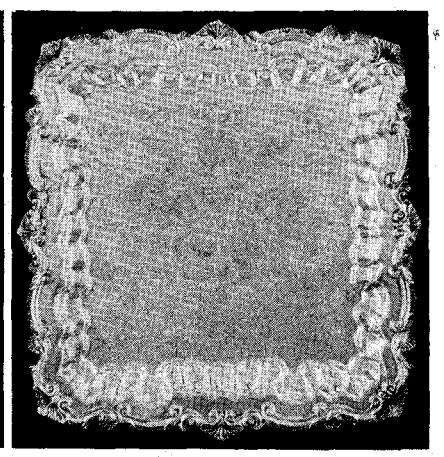
BAROQUE OVAL FOOTED CENTERPIECE Silverplate $55.00

All prices include Federal Excise Tax

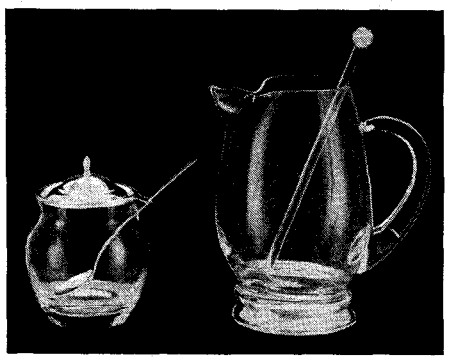


BAROQUE Silverplate TEA SET $275.00

SIPPER SPOONS
Sterling $2.00 each



CHIPPENDALE WAITER, FOOTED Silverplate
$24.50—12½" $26.50—14" $28.50—16½"



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PITCHER Sterling and Glass $5.50
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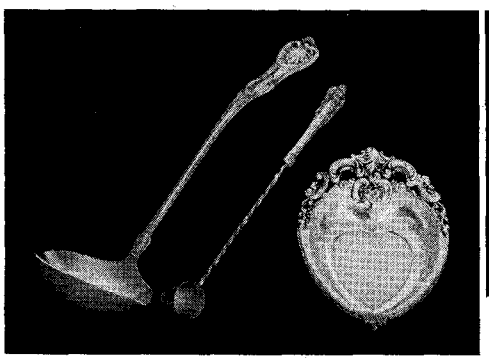

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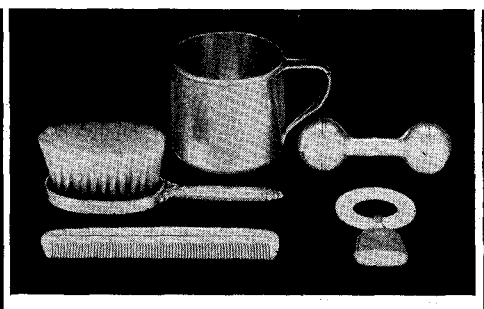
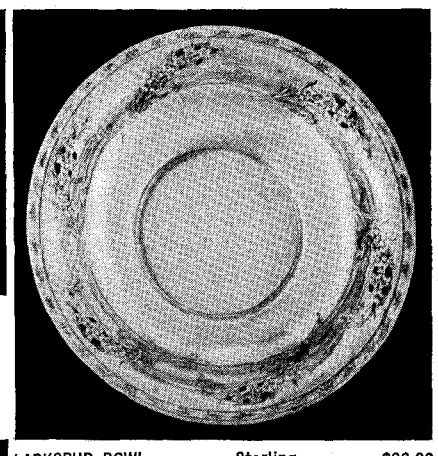
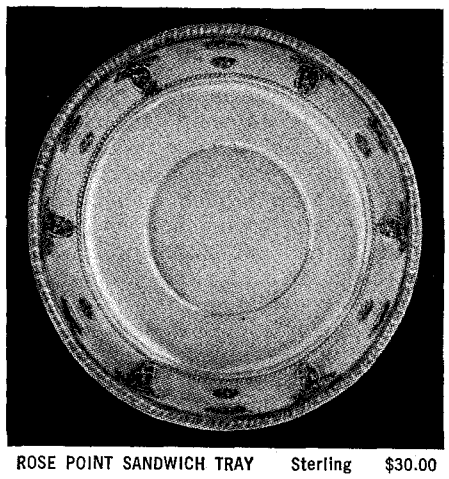
SWEETHEART DISH Sterling $12.50
CANDLE SNUFFER—GRANDE BAROQUE Sterling $12.50
(Candle Snuffers in other patterns priced from $9.25)



CHILD'S CUP Sterling $8.75
BABY BRUSH & COMB Sterling set $10.00
DUMBBELL RATTLE Sterling $5.50
TEETHING RING RATTLE Sterling $2.75

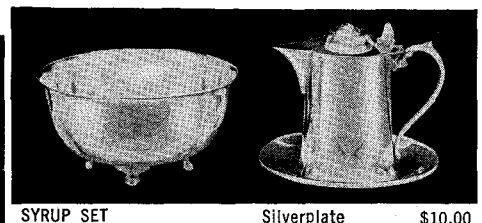


LARKSPUR BOWL Sterling $22.00

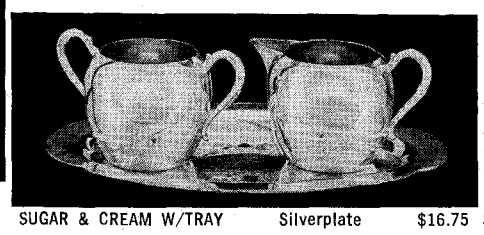


ROSE POINT SANDWICH TRAY Sterling $30.00

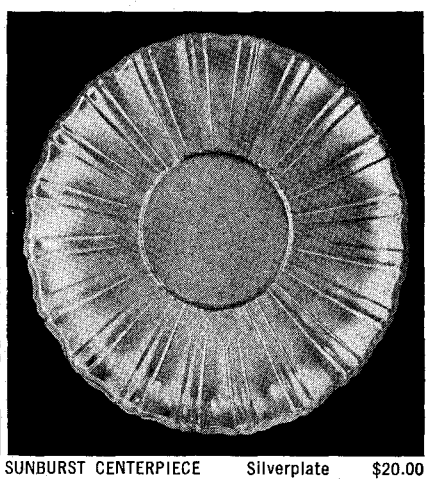
GOBLET Sterling $17.50
6 COASTERS & RACK Sterling and Glass set $10.00



SYRUP SET Silverplate $10.00
MAYONNAISE BOWL Silverplate $6.00



SUGAR & CREAM W/TRAY Silverplate $16.75



SUNBURST CENTERPIECE Silverplate $20.00

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Jewelry Christmas Gift Section Continues

Down in Old Mexico (Continued from Page 29)

are information booths on the outskirts of Mexico City where tourists can get advice about places to stay and things to see, and where they can hire a local chauffeur, if they wish, to drive them through the capital's heavy traffic.

Lying in a great valley at an altitude of 7400 feet, Mexico City is a beautiful, fast-growing metropolis of almost 4,000,000. It has fine museums and art galleries, handsome residential areas and new, low-cost housing developments. It has modernistic office buildings, excellent hotels, wide tree-bordered avenues and many parks. It also has a floating population of from 35,000 to 40,000 tourists a month.

This invasion by foreigners goes on day after day in comparatively pleasant circumstances, thanks to an organizing job done by private businessmen in collaboration with government officials. Perfection has not been achieved, but, in general, the path of the tourist has been made smooth even in remote mountain resorts or the Yucatán jungle through the efforts of hotelmen, travel agencies, the organizations of guides and chauffeurs, and the Direcciòn General de Turismo—Government Tourist Bureau—headed by Gustavo Ortiz Hernan.

The growth of tourism in Mexico dates back only to the beginning of World War II. Before that, there were few good hotels in the country, and highways were often impassable. In 1940, the minister of the interior was Miguel Alemán, who later became president. With Americans cut off from travel in Europe, he saw an opportunity to attract dollar-spending visitors to Mexico. Alemán put his influence behind the building of better roads, encouraged the construction or remodeling of hotels, and looked around for a man who could bring the country's tourist industry up to date. For this job he picked Alejandro Buelna, an immigration officer who had been educated in the United States, and made him head of the tourist agency, with the task of making Mexico a mecca for vacationists.

Buelna began by inviting American publishers, radio executives and motion-picture moguls to visit Mexico at government expense. By the time they had been flown to the capital, wined and dined, and shown a few of the country's most celebrated beauty spots, they were sold on the country. Mexican songs suddenly became the rage on radio programs in the United States. Editorials about our neighbor to the south blossomed in many newspapers. Motion-picture executives not only soft-pedaled the old Mexican-bandit theme in Western thrillers but started using Mexican backgrounds for some of their most impressive films.

This change was a triumph for Buelna, but it was only the start of a long-range plan. An advertising campaign was launched in American publications—about $500,000 was spent for this purpose this year—and colored motion pictures of Mexico and millions of posters and travel pamphlets were distributed throughout the United States. Special offices were set up to answer inquiries, which today run as high as 30,000 a week. Business groups, garden clubs and social organizations were invited to hold their conventions in Mexico, and today at least three such groups do so each month.

By 1944 the total number of tourists had edged up to 125,300. The great invasion began in 1946, when the tourist traffic suddenly doubled. By that time the Mexicans were more or less prepared to handle the vacation trade. The Pan-American Highway was once the only paved road down the spine of Mexico. Now there are three main highways leaving the United States—from Nogales, in Arizona, and El Paso and Laredo in Texas. A new four-lane speedway has been constructed in the heavily traveled tourist zone from the capital to Cuernavaca and on to Iguala, where it connects with a four-lane road to Acapulco. Still other speedways are being built. The motel system has been imported from the United States; some of them provide clean rooms, three meals a day and swimming pools for less than three dollars per person a day.

The once-deserted fishing harbor of Acapulco has boomed into a famous beach resort, crowded with hotels and frequented by sportsmen and sun seekers from all over the world. Mexico City now has seventy first-class hotels, including half a dozen new ones, and several that are still under construction. The picturesque old mining town of Taxco has become a tourist attraction and a world center for handmade silverwork.

In the little town of San Miguel de Allende, an art-and-crafts school started in an abandoned palace has grown into the handsome Instituto Allende, where hundreds of students from the United States and other countries have their own hotel, tennis courts and swimming pool. In the charming old city of Guanajuato, where red roofs are packed like a handful of rubies in a deep mountain fold, there is an up-to-date 100-room hotel.

About eighty miles north of the capital, a group of 230 United States and Mexican doctors has transformed a dilapidated old hacienda into a mountain resort known as Hacienda San Miguel Regla. The spot was selected by an American climatologist, Dr. Clarence Mills, of the Cincinnati General Hospital, who was looking for a place with an ideal climate where doctors could go for vacations. The club expects eventually to have about 400 members at $1000 each. Non-members are welcome when the club's rooms are not fully occupied.

In Yucatán, a soft-spoken man named Fernando Barbachano has labored for thirty years to open a road through the jungle for visitors to the ruins of the great Mayan cities of Chichén Itzá and Uxmal. In 1925, the trip from Merida to Chichén Itzá had to start at four A.M. and required seven hours' travel. Today Barbachano's guides greet tourists at the Mérida airport, install them in the Mayaland Hotel, drive them in an hour over the high-speed road to Chichén Itzá, escort them through the restored Maya temples by day and entertain them with native dances and songs at night. About 3500 tourists visited Chichén Itzá this year.

A Musing on Losing

By Walter Appel

She'd never hit my ball away
While we were playing lawn croquet,
And if I'd checkmate her at chess
She always lauded my finesse.
Her attitude, indeed, was sporting
In the days when we were courting.

These changes in the Mexican scene came none too soon. By 1950 there were almost 400,000 tourists, and the total mounted to 464,000 in 1954. This year the figure ran higher and the question now is whether the country can keep up with the trade that has been created. "In some ways," an American resident of Mexico City said recently, "these people have a bear by the tail. This is a great vacation country, and it's easy to get here from the States. But don't forget that not too many years ago Mexico was a backward country, and you can still find areas that aren't exactly progressive."

The Government Tourist Bureau has gone through a series of changes since Buelna's appointment in 1940 and is now a section of the Ministry of the Interior, under a politically appointed director-general. Buelna, a civil servant, has remained as subdirector, heading a staff of about sixty persons. He tells his people that the tourist trade will prosper only if visitors feel they are being treated fairly by guides, hotels and businessmen.

Hotel managers are held responsible for honoring confirmed reservations, and the bureau can punish them if they fail to do so. Last winter an unexpected rush of tourists, coupled with delays in airplane service, resulted in a major hassle at a number of hotels which had overbooked their capacity. Many tourists' reservations were not honored. The bureau promptly announced that five hotels in Acapulco and several in the capital had been fined $1000 each because of the mixup.

The bureau also keeps a watch on shopkeepers who deal with tourists. If a visitor feels that he has been cheated, the bureau's inspectors will investigate, and, if the complaint is justified, see that restitution is made. In the last two years these inspectors have arranged repayment of approximately $40,000 to dissatisfied visitors.

If a tourist's automobile breaks down, the bureau will send him a responsible mechanic, and a bureau inspector will visit the garage to make certain that the repairs have been made properly and that the bill is reasonable. A dozen inspectors are attached to the bureau's main office at No. 89 Juarez Avenue in Mexico City, and several are on duty twenty-four hours a day at the airport and railroad station. There are inspectors all over the country; Acapulco has at least ten.

The Tourist Bureau licenses and regulates the nation's 126 travel agencies and 1200 guides. Charges for tours are standardized. At the present favorable rate of exchange, a day-long trip around Mexico City costs about ten dollars and a four-day trip to, say, Acapulco, Cuernavaca and Taxco costs about ninety dollars, including hotels.

All guides are required to carry an official license, which they receive only after taking a special course called tourism, and passing written examinations in archaeology, civics, colonial art and folklore. They are required to speak at least two languages, and new candidates must have a year of college education. The Union of Guides and the Organization of Chauffeurs and Guides conduct seminars to prepare members for the examinations.

One of the problems in the tourist industry has been the training of hotel and restaurant workers. To meet this need, there is the Escuela Hotelera, or hotel school, which gives six months' courses in everything from tending bar or making beds to cutting up a side of beef. The school, supported by hotels and the government, has from 100 to 200 students, many on scholarships provided by the big hotels. Every student waiter must take an elementary cooking course so that he will know something about soups and sauces. Would-be maids make up beds in hotel-type rooms, polish floors, fill drinking-water bottles and arrange flowers day after day.

But it would be silly to assume that the tourist system is foolproof, that the headwaiter never pads the bill at a night club, that all native handwork is sold at bargain prices, or that all practitioners of the ancient "Spanish-prisoner swindle" have been put in jail. The good intentions of the Tourist Bureau cannot always make up for the occasional carelessness of vacationists or the Latin inclination to put things off until *mañana*.

The bureau received welcome assistance at a critical time in 1954 from leading United States businessmen in Mexico. The peso had been devalued in April. Devaluation benefited anybody with dollars to spend in Mexico, but the action had the unexpected effect of creating uneasiness in the United States. The tourist trade took a nose dive.

A public-relations expert, Sam Montague, went to New York and Washington and discovered that the situation was worse than had been thought. He returned to Mexico City with a plan for action, which he discussed with such business leaders as Frain Rhuberry, of the Ford Motor Company, and J. J. McIntyre, of General Motors. A little later, Montague got about seventy businessmen together to form the Committee of United States Citizens for Mexico. McIntyre and Rhuberry were made cochairmen.

The committee promptly launched a campaign, financed by American business concerns, to restore confidence in the Mexican economy. Some 7000 families in the American colony were asked to write letters to their friends in the United States, pointing out that dollars were buying a lot in Mexico. A million stickers were distributed to American residents to put on business and personal letters to the United States, saying: VISIT MEXICO—AMERICA'S BEST VACATION BUY!

There was a great deal more along this line as the campaign developed. There also was a lot of skepticism among businessmen as to its effectiveness. But there isn't any question that the adverse trend in tourist business reversed itself before the end of the summer. This year the committee has rented office space, hired a staff, and become a permanent organization devoted to fostering good will between the two countries.

Alan Taulbee, executive secretary, is planning to issue a booklet which will be handed to every American visitor to Mexico. The booklet will explain the customs of the country, and suggest some simple rules of behavior.

"One thing that ought to be emphasized," says an American with years of experience in Mexico, "is that you can't drive an automobile down here the way we do in the States. These roads are largely through mountains. Curves are sharper. You never know when cattle may be on the road just around the corner—or a Mexican motorist. The Mexican is usually an excellent driver, but he is often a frustrated bullfighter at heart and likes to rush in with his car where others would play it safe."

Americans also are inclined to forget that they must take out new automobile insurance for Mexico. Almost no regular automobile policy issued in the United States is effective in Mexico, and it is usually impossible to collect for any damages incurred while your car is south of the Rio Grande, unless you take out a special policy.

"And one more thing," a veteran traveler said recently. "Don't be afraid to act like a tourist. Some visitors seem to have an inferiority complex about gawking at the sights, or admitting that they don't know their way around. They are so busy assuming a phony cosmopolitan air that they miss half the fun—and they seldom fool anybody, especially not the street peddlers."

THE END

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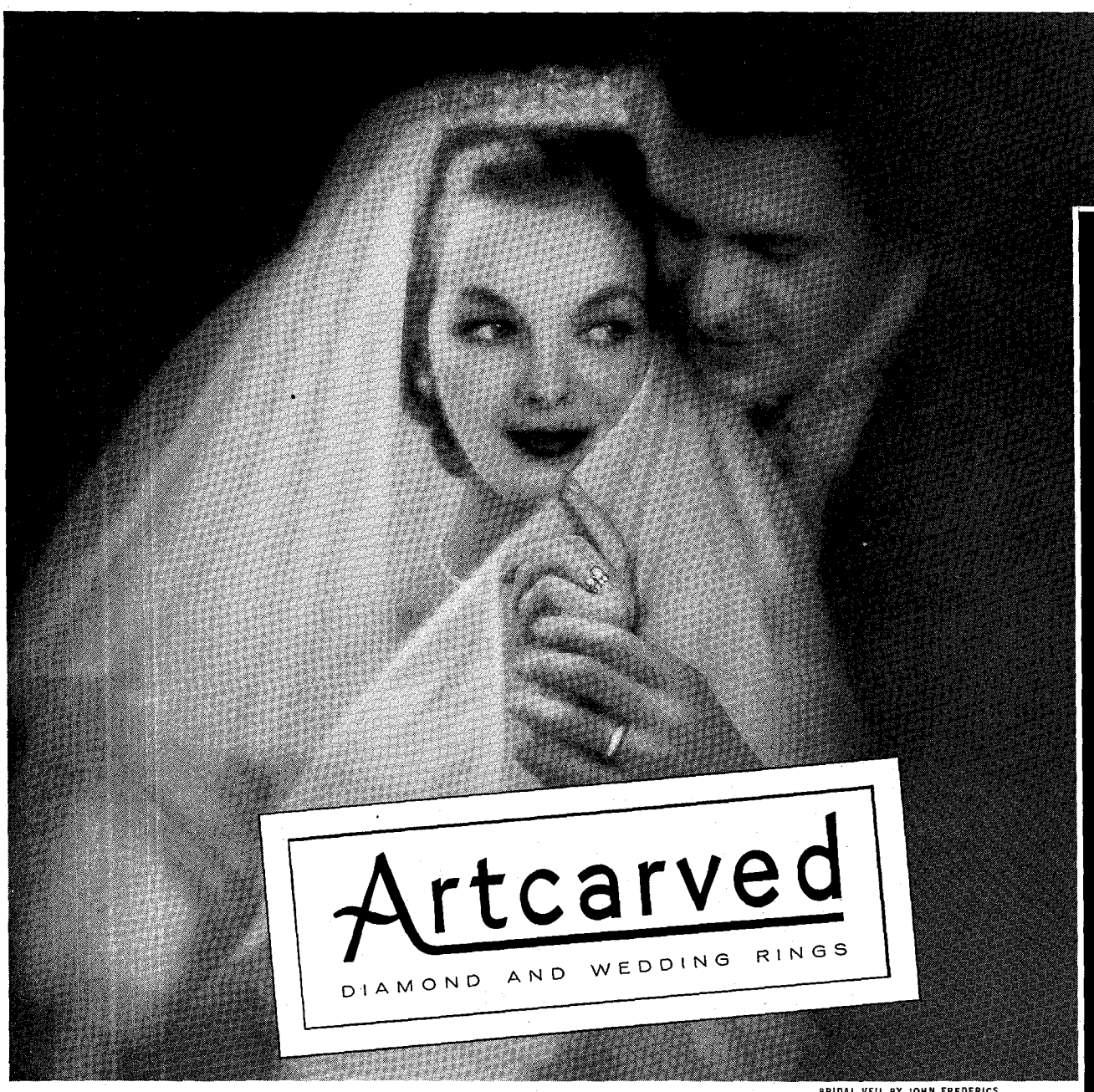

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Jewelry Christmas Gift Section Continues

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The Men with Deadly Dreams

(Continued from Page 21)

medical men—tantalizing mystery. Because there was nothing wrong with Mariano, nor had there been anything wrong with some 130 other young Filipino men who died in the same manner in the Hawaiian Islands during the last quarter century. Senas did not have a bad heart, beriberi or its results, or any organic disease. He had not been poisoned, and was not a victim of alcohol or any other common known cause of sudden death. He merely went to sleep and died trying to awaken. The coroner's report said, "Causes unknown." But Filipino friends of Mariano, fear in their eyes, said, "*Bang-utot.*" Roughly, this is the disease of "attempting to sit up and groaning" or, liberally translated, the disease in which men dream themselves to death.

Senas died on December 16, 1954. In Manila, in March of this year, a newspaper clipping was headed NORMAL WAY TO DIE and recounted that Tan Su Bing, aged twenty-nine, had gone to a movie the previous evening. When he came home he went directly to bed. In the morning a housemate found him dead there. The police report said, "Respiratory failure (*bang-utot* type)" but there was nothing wrong with him either.

Any doctor practicing in the tropics, especially with more or less primitive peoples, meets mysteries very early, and finds little or nothing in the medical libraries to explain them. The fact that fear alone can kill is well established in many countries where voodoo, witchcraft and primitive religions flourish. Australian physicians are sadly familiar with the fact that an aborigine, once a witchcraft bone is pointed at him, becomes convinced that he will die and frequently does, although he has no recognizable disease.

The same thing happens at many places in the South Seas. I had been in Hawaii only a few months—as pathologist at Queen's Hospital, Honolulu—when I saw a young Hawaiian man lying quietly in a hospital bed. He appeared to be in no distress, but when I asked him what the matter was, he said simply, "I'm going to die. I have been *kahunaed.*"

In Hawaiian, a *kahuna* is merely an expert, but a *kahuna ana-ana* is an expert in death. Specifically, these old men would pray a man to death for a fee.

Laugh if you like. The system they used—and may still use in isolated communities—was akin to witchcraft everywhere. The young man in the hospital bed finally told us that he had managed to win away the girl friend of another young man in his village. Whereupon the defeated lover had obtained something—a bit of hair or a fingernail paring—from the man now in hospital. This the rival had taken to the *kahuna's* hut in the deep woods outside the village in the dark of night. Standing before a flickering *kukui* nut-oil stone lamp, the old man had placed the specimen in a special *ana-ana* (death) bowl, and ground it with a pestle.

The bowl was set on a small stone altar. Seated before it, the *kahuna*, stripped to the waist, began to call on his special gods to take our young patient. The system was for the *kahuna* to fill his lungs with breath; then start praying—if it can be called prayer—for worms to crawl in and out of the young man's eyes, for his teeth to fall out, his tongue to blacken—a recital of horrors worthy of Dante's Inferno. As long as his breath lasted, he prayed; then fell down in a half faint. When he recovered, he took another long breath and recited again all the fatal ills due his victim. Five times he completed the cycle of prayers, five times falling in a faint.

All this time the man who had hired the *kahuna* watched from a dark corner of the hut. By the time he staggered back to the village, he was thoroughly frightened himself, and immediately confided in a friend. The friend told others, and the word thus reached the victim—a successful lover, now doomed.

Laugh? Well, perhaps—but we couldn't save the hospital patient with modern medicine. He died, just as he had said he would. An autopsy revealed nothing organically wrong with him. Of course, this was a simple fear death, attributable to superstition, terror of the dark and unknown, generations of belief in the powers of darkness.

I think this is typical of fear deaths—fear of the terrible and unknown; fear of the very real and known, a blow, an arrest, fire or drowning. Fear of any of these things can kill any man, but what kills a Filipino, in good health and sleeping soundly?

For example, what killed a thirty-three-year-old prize fighter, whom I met for the first and only time in the morgue? Certainly he had been in good health, with no trace of beriberi. A beriberi sufferer ordinarily can't get his heels off the ground, and one of the nonmedical but fairly accurate tests for it used to be to ask the suspected victim to jump over a line. If he couldn't do it, he was likely to have the disease, and certainly a sufferer would be unable to go into a boxing ring.

At any rate, this boxer had eaten a large meal, mostly of rice, then gone to bed. Four hours later, a friend sleeping in an adjoining room heard the fighter scream. When the friend reached his room, the boxer was bent over, clutching his stomach—still apparently asleep—and moments later he fell back, dead.

There is no point in going into the macabre details of autopsy here. The important factor is that we found nothing except hemorrhage of the pancreas. In the boxer's case and several later ones, we recorded this as the cause of death—acute hemorrhagic pancreatitis. There were subsidiary symptoms: livid faces and chests such as autopsy surgeons see in the cases of strangulation victims. Sometimes there was congestion in the eyes, foam on the lips and blueness of the fingernails. Small hemorrhages also occurred in the lungs.

But, considered rationally, these things must be regarded as effects, not causes. Something stopped the blood circulation in these men, and the blocked circulation caused all the rest of the things we saw in the morgue. People who suffer acute hemorrhagic pancreatitis live at least a day or two, and sometimes recover. But the Filipinos lived only a few minutes after the first symptoms, and almost none recovered.

The mysterious Filipino deaths in Hawaii are nothing new, and certainly medical men in the islands have tried to find what causes them, but the main result has been only to find out what does not cause them.

Dr. Alvin V. Majoska, Honolulu coroner's physician since 1945, did a very complete statistical analysis of known cases between 1937 and 1948, including deaths which he, I and other physicians had seen. Allowing for the fact that other diagnosis undoubtedly was made in some cases, his figures showed that twenty-one men died in the manner of Mariano Senas in the year 1944 alone. Ten died in 1946, and every other year studied showed at least one instance. In 1954, Honolulu recorded three cases. Meanwhile, in Manila, Dr. Mariano B. Lara, medical examiner, was seeing approximately a dozen cases a year, and believed that many more were occurring in country provinces in the Philippines, but were being recorded as heart attacks or something similar, because of lack of pathological study.

Doctor Majoska found that three to seven times as many single men died as married men, but this is roughly the proportion of single to married Filipinos in the Hawaiian Islands, where many men come to work on plantations for several years before returning to the Philippines to marry. The age group ran from twenty to sixty, with the bulk of victims between thirty and forty. But again, this figure may be misleading because of the nature of the Filipino population in Hawaii, which includes comparatively few children or old persons. Most of the men dying were laborers, but so are most of the Filipinos here. There was no significant difference between city and country living, but all the deaths except one—a night worker who slept in the daytime—occurred at night. Post-mortem examinations and chemical analyses revealed nothing which could form a pattern in all the deaths.

Of course, mysterious death brings on a rash of explanations and theories, both by the general public and by medical men. Doctor Majoska and other physicians have considered and eliminated as possible causes deliberate poisoning for insurance (unlikely because, although many of the men had insurance, there were no common beneficiaries); accidental poisoning from spurs attached to fighting cocks (less likely still, because many of the death victims hadn't been near a cockfight in months); intestinal flukes (common among Filipinos and present in several of the dead men, but not in all of them); and simple overeating. In Manila, Doctor Lara leaned strongly to this theory, but added sadly, "Most of the men examined after death had their stomachs distended from heavy dinners featuring rice, but just enough of them showed no such signs to be frustrating."

Consider, for example, Lorenzo de la Cruz, aged forty-two, a laborer, who died on May 26, 1947. There was nothing unusual about de la Cruz, except that he fixed his own dinner on the night before his death and included in it pigs' feet, liver and rice. In the morning, he was found dead in bed. In November of the same year, Numeriano D. Lucas, forty-eight, died in almost the same manner, but had eaten neither pigs' feet nor liver.

On July 2, 1948, Juliano Donato Yabes, a twenty-two-year-old carpenter, cried out in his sleep and died. Nine days later, Timoteo Ibe, thirty-seven, a dishwasher—who did not know Yabes and had not eaten any similar food—simply went to bed late at night and never woke up. Jarstino Aganon, thirty-nine, groaned and gasped in his sleep a few nights later, but his roommates could not awaken the naval-supply-depot worker. Nobody ever did. On the night of November second, Martin Galciano, thirty-one, went to bed after a quiet evening, but never woke up. Neither did Enrico Carnate, thirty-five, who on the same evening had car trouble on the way home, from a birthday party. He and Juan Dadiz decided to spend the night in the car, and Dadiz tried hard to awaken him in the morning. But Carnate was dead.

These deaths in 1948 aroused special interest. Dr. Augusto L. Quirolgico, of Manila, stopped in Hawaii and advanced the theory of intestinal flukes, but we could not find them in enough cases to prove that they had anything to do with the deaths.

There was also in Hawaii a story originally written in the early 1800's by a sea captain. He reported that Hawaiian chiefs loved to eat an especially delicious fish, but not without an element of danger in their banqueting, because one fish in every thousand was poison. We already had located this fish, the puffer, very common in these waters. Puffer is reported quite tasty, and many fishermen, especially Japanese, acquired the habit of eating it.

Then one day I was called to autopsy two Chinese fishermen whose wives reported that they had eaten puffer fish, then gone to bed, only to awaken a few hours later in agony, able only to groan. Both died shortly afterward. At the autopsy, I was able to find very little anatomic pathology—a few small hemorrhages, but nothing specifically fatal. However, a few small bits of fish remained in the dead men's stomachs. These were macerated and injected (Continued on Page 142)

"May I make a suggestion?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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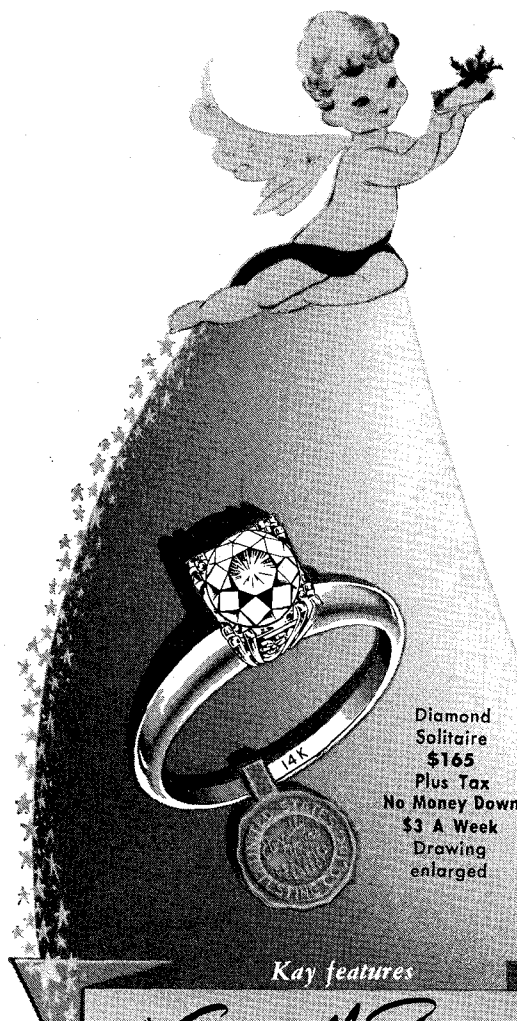

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(Continued from Page 140) into guinea pigs. The pigs died within twenty minutes.

Fairly simply, we discovered that the puffer fish normally is safe enough, but both the bile—in most cases—and the eggs are violently poisonous. The fish occasionally eat their own eggs, and the flesh quite possibly is poisonous for some time after this cannibalistic meal. So the sea captain's story of the chiefs' dangerous feast may well have been literally true—one in a thousand can kill a man.

In investigations of the Filipino deaths, the possibility of puffer-fish poisoning also was considered, because it is difficult to detect. There was only one frustration: we could find no evidence that the Filipinos had eaten this fish. Nor was there evidence that they had eaten any more raw fish of other varieties than the Japanese, who never died in this mysterious manner.

It's easy to suspect food as a cause of death because the Filipino diet is odd. Many an ordinary-sized Filipino will eat three huge bowls of rice for dinner, but there is no evidence that the men who died ate any more than the men who didn't die. Japanese, Koreans and Chinese, all of whom also eat quantities of rice, never turn up as mystery-death victims.

Nor is there any real indication that the dinner of Bernardo Carbajol—*akule* fish, pork and mongoose, with the inevitable rice—was what caused him to groan, then die, at 3:30 A.M. More suspicious, but still not proving anything, is the circumstance connecting Andres Corpus and Alfredo Solivar. Like many Filipino men, these two tunnel workers lived together. Unlike many others, they also died in exactly the same manner, without visible cause, a month apart.

Through the years the pattern has continued: doctors following one lead after another, sending laboratory samples to the mainland just to be sure there was nothing wrong with our own analytical methods, getting from Harvard and other laboratories exactly the same negative results as our own. We have examined brains, stomachs, livers, intestines, but the men continue to die, year after year; and the only way we have improved our knowledge is in listing the things which do not kill them.

The one victim who did recover, after showing completely typical symptoms of a man about to die a mystery death, wasn't able to help much, although he was eternally grateful. His friends had saved him, he was sure, from death at the hands of a "little man" who was strangling him in his sleep.

Of course, we theorize. Years ago, the late Dr. Walter Cannon pointed out that experiments had shown fatal results from a disruption of the sympathetic nervous system. Cats from which this system had been removed died when subjected to any shock, even a change in temperature. More recently, Dr. Curt Richter reported that he could kill wild rats simply by subjecting them to completely hopeless situations. The vagus, or brain nerve, simply stopped operating.

From this, some interesting questions can be raised: If the hopeless fear of a man awake can kill him—as in the *kahuna* deaths—then isn't it probable that a dream also can be fatal, when his sympathetic and conscious nerve systems do not balance? In other words, is he more vulnerable asleep—because there is no conscious control center to say to him, "Oh, that's just imagination. Don't get all excited"—than when he is awake? Could there be a more or less permanent imbalance between the conscious and sympathetic nervous systems in certain individuals or certain races? Can a man, literally, dream such a terrible dream that it can kill him?

I'm not sure of answers to any of these, but I have sad memories which bear on the general subject. During the first of my thirty-four years in Hawaii, I was especially interested in artifacts of the island

The Convalescent

By Charles Sloan Reid

The fever gone, the patient feels
Himself at one with life once more;
A glance about the room reveals
Objects remembered from before.
The scent of flowers now returns;
The sense of touch once more is true;
The brain, long fogged, again discerns
The way to ideation, too.
But, lingering, a faint design
Of mystic scene implores the mind
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Once visited, and left behind.

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races. On the island of Molokai, I once went with a sheriff who had been ordered to explore an old burial cave which had been uncovered by a landslide. The sheriff, a Hawaiian, had absolutely no heart for the exploration. When a few mainlanders—*haoles*—offered to do it for him, the offer was accepted with surprising speed. He drove us to the base of the valley, and we climbed to the cave. Of course, I was aware that Hawaiians feared burial caves and would not, if they could avoid it, take any chance of disturbing the *kahus*—spirits—who always guard such places.

But certainly I was not consciously afraid when I dropped through a small opening to the floor of the cave. There I saw a stone fish god, a dye bowl, calabashes and fifteen skeletons. I was making a careful survey of the cave's contents when suddenly I became violently dizzy. I felt my way outside—and proceeded to vomit, long and severely. The vomiting continued during a ride down the valley and was succeeded immediately by severe diarrhea. I was sick all the way home and for a week afterward. When, finally, I had recovered—having lost ten pounds—I went to see an old Hawaiian friend.

I said, "Andrew, what would happen if I should go into a burial cave and take away two or three things with me?"

"It has been tried several times," he told me with great seriousness, "and the results are always the same. First, you are overcome with dizziness, then you vomit, a severe diarrhea follows, and then you die."

"Andrew," I told him, "I did everything but die."

"Well," he said, looking at me sternly, "if you had had any Hawaiian blood in you, you would have died."

Of course, I can tell myself that I may very well have stirred up poisonous proteins in that ancient cave just by moving around in it. Certainly, I wasn't consciously afraid when I went into it. But all the same, I'm just as glad I didn't have Hawaiian blood.

Obviously, I can't discount the possibility that fear alone, conscious or unconscious, has killed many Filipinos. Undoubtedly, many victims have been emotional, often lonely men, subject to bad dreams and excitement. Perhaps too much rice may have had something to do with their deaths; perhaps we yet may find something, like the poison of the puffer fish, common to each of the deaths over a quarter of a century.

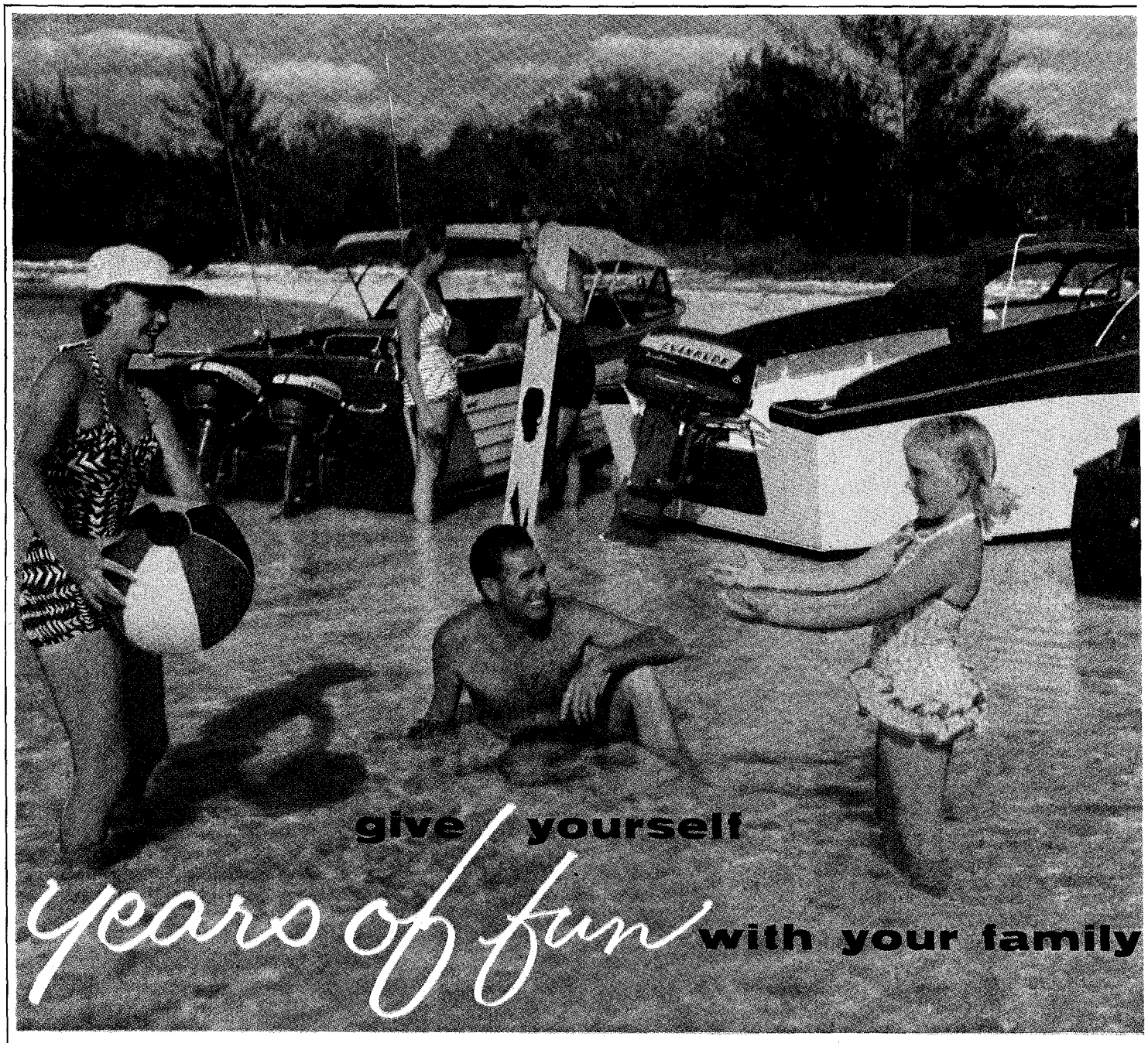
But why don't emotional men of other races—named Jones or MacDougall rather than Valencia—die in a similar manner? Why are women exempt? Why are there no similar deaths among other rice-eating peoples? Why so few men under thirty or over sixty? Why did Mariano Senas dream himself to death just before he was to choose a Christmas tree? I wish I knew. THE END

Can You Name This Star?

This tousle-haired blonde of eight, crossing a railroad overpass in her Idaho home town, arrived in Hollywood when her widowed mother opened a beauty parlor there. At a soda fountain, she met a young man who introduced her to a movie director. Her first role consisted of wearing a snug sweater. Later she won fame as the tragic chorine in Ziegfeld Girl. She has starred in many films since, including Betrayed and The Prodigal. Her first husband was bandsman Artie Shaw. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Lana Turner



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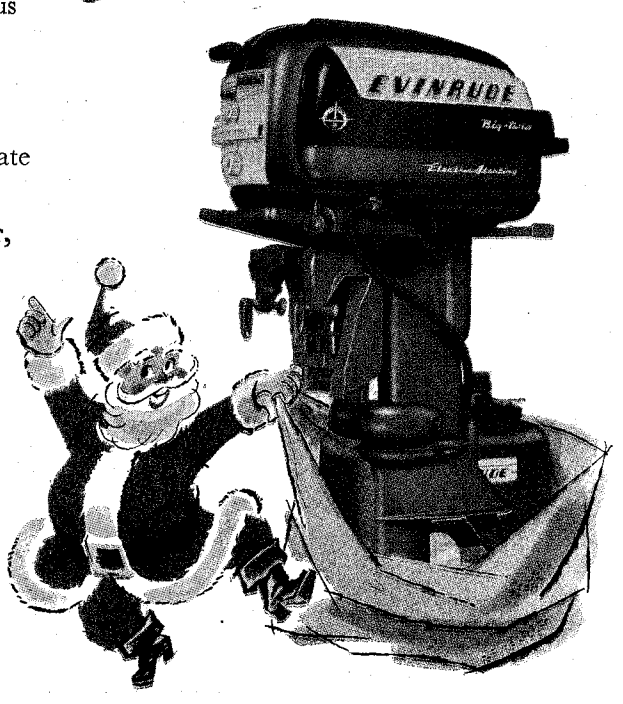

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Uncle Sam's Ark (Continued from Page 31)

that everything is under lock and key. Many farms are fenced, but there are fences within fences on this one. A six-foot-high, chain-link fence completely encloses it, and there are one or more paddock fences around each of the eighteen big red-brick barns and the three wooden ones. The gates are locked night and day. Entrance inside the outer fence and to any of the barns is by permission only. Few seek such permission, and fewer still are given it.

Such a POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE attitude is not due to any misanthropy on Doctor Herchenroeder's part. He is a quite friendly man and extremely proud of the animals and birds on his farm, but he simply can't take any chances with his unusual livestock. He doesn't want it to acquire any diseases or to transmit any diseases, because the farm is the Animal Quarantine Station of the United States Department of Agriculture at Clifton, for the port of New York, and Doctor Herchenroeder is the veterinarian superintendent in charge of it.

This is the Ellis Island of the animal kingdom, where certain foreign animals and birds entering through the port of New York must stay long enough to get a clean bill of health before admission to this country as "immigrants." The fences are to keep them securely inside as much as to keep out visitors, because such immigrants possibly could endanger the health, and even the life, of all our domestic livestock and poultry, as well as most of our game birds and animals. Unlike their human counterparts, these immigrants are likely to be cut out and destroyed completely if they don't pass muster. They don't stand a chance if Doctor Herchenroeder decides they are not fit to become Americans.

As he walks through the barns and confers with his young-looking but experienced foreman, Andy Goodell, the doctor comes face to face with some curious customers. Not all are domestic stock by any means, as wild creatures can carry diseases as well as tame ones, and they must pass through the same quarantine. A more motley collection of animal immigrants would be hard to find outside a zoo. For instance, the doctor might stare up from his own not inconsiderable height to see a head with gently inquiring eyes looking down at him from twelve feet above.

"Hello, kid," will be his cheerful greeting to the giraffe watching him. After thirty-six years of service with the Agriculture Department's famed old Bureau of Animal Industry, now known as the Agricultural Research Service, following his graduation from St. Joseph's Veterinary College in Missouri, Doctor Herchenroeder's enthusiasm for his charges is undiminished. Two of the thirty-six years were spent as assistant superintendent of the quarantine station, and the last six as superintendent, and he has come to refer to everything impartially as his "kids" and "boys."

"A lot of these kids," he says, meaning the giraffes, "are coming in direct from Mombasa, in East Africa, nowadays. Mombasa is becoming an important shipping point for wild animals, although a lot still arrive from dealers like Hagenbeck's and Ruhe's in Germany. Funny thing about giraffes last year. We handled twenty-eight; more, I understand, than were then currently in the United States."

The doctor may encounter a malevolent glare from that crossword and anagram favorite, the gnu, or wildebeest in another stall, and step back involuntarily when it crashes its head viciously against the sturdy door. An entire barn may hold a herd of regal cattle from England or the Channel Isles, worth $250,000 on the hoof—if Doctor Herchenroeder O.K.'s them. "How are you, kids?" he inquires as he strides through the barn. There may be pens in other barns filled with wild partridges from Norway and Spain, long and lean Landrace swine from Northern Europe, wild deer and goats from the Far East, domestic sheep from Australia, fancy pigeons, racing pigeons, exotic birds, all kinds of horses, and poultry from many countries. A zebra might be banging away with its hind feet at the walls of a stall with more violence than the meanest mule on earth.

"The domestic animals aren't much problem in handling, except for an occasional vicious bull or boar, or a mean stallion, but some of the wild ones are tough. Look at this." He led the way to a stall which held a big, sleek brown deer. "That's a sambar deer, a buck, and the two small ones in the next stall are does. They live in the hilly country of India, China and Burma, and these three are going to the Pittsburgh Zoo. But take a glance at that ceiling." The top of the stall was approximately eleven feet above the floor, and a hole almost a yard wide was torn in it. "The buck did it, and that's no ordinary ceiling. It's reinforced with a wire mesh, but he jumped straight up and smashed his head through it. . . . But you're tamer now, aren't you, kid?" The sambar buck came over to the barred window in the stall door and stood docilely while the doctor reached a hand in and patted him.

"Zebras never seem to get over their wildness, and we have to be careful around them," he continued, moving down the immaculately clean centerway of the barn. "Gnus are vicious, and wild dogs are completely mean. We're careful around giraffes, too, but not because they're nasty. They do get excited sometimes, though, and those long legs of theirs could knock a man clear out of a barn if they kicked him. I hate to say this because it might jinx us, and maybe I'd better knock on wood, but I've never had a man seriously injured by any animal." When stalls have to be cleaned or the animals treated, the "farm hands" advance upon them behind the shelter of a wooden shield made of three-quarter-inch plywood, and carried on the left arm by handles, as ancient soldiers did. The shields absorb the shock of many a charging horned animal.

The Clifton station, the only one of its kind in the country, although a few animals and birds are admitted through other ports, handles only four classes—ruminants, swine, equines and gallinaceous birds. That covers a lot of things, however, ranging the alphabet from aardvark to zebus, from boars to yaks. After their period of quarantine—thirty days for ruminants and swine, fifteen days for birds and five or six days for horses—they are given health clearance. Some will go to breeding farms to improve American livestock and poultry lines, some to the race tracks, some to bird fanciers and pigeon racers, some to zoos, some eventually to circuses, and some will be stocked experimentally for hunting purposes.

Some 95 per cent of all the cloven-footed animals that enter the States pass through Clifton, which has a spotless record as a quarantine station. In more than half a century of operation no serious outbreak of disease among domestic animals has been traced back to immigrants cleared there. "Some of the diseases we have kept from these shores aren't even well-known names in America, thank goodness, because they haven't occurred here for decades," Doctor Herchenroeder says. "We guard against hoof-and-mouth—or foot-and-mouth—disease, rinderpest, surra, contagious pleuropneumonia, glanders, Newcastle disease in poultry, bovine tuberculosis and brucellosis, with the strictest quarantine laws in the world. If we found just one case of hoof-and-mouth disease in just one animal, either on the ships or out here in the barns, we would destroy the entire shipment, no matter how valuable. The same slaughter would take place on ranches and farms if an epidemic ever started nationally, and you and every other meat and dairy products consumer would foot the bill in sky-high prices.

"Oh, no, the time went fast waiting for you. I was picked up for loitering, rode to the police station, talked my way out of it and walked back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You can imagine how importers worry over our decision, and sweat out the period of quarantine!" Doctor Herchenroeder laughed. A massive man, who drinks only black coffee for lunch and eats lightly to keep down his weight, he is given to ready laughter, and when he laughs his entire body shares the amusement. "Some of them camp here in Clifton or Newark and come around every day to inquire. Others call me long distance, and usually at night when I'm asleep. Some fellow out in Iowa might have a shipment of cows here worth thousands of dollars a head. He goes to bed and gets to tossing around, wondering whether they're all right. Are they healthy? Are they warm enough? Are they getting their proper feed? So he gets up and phones me. I don't mind, though, because I know how he feels. Actually, we seldom have to destroy anything because the larger animals have to spend sixty days in quarantine in the country from which they come before they're shipped here. However, just the other day we had to destroy more than two hundred red-legged and brown partridge from Spain when we found they had Newcastle disease. That's avian pneumoencephalitis, you know. But usually the long quarantine period abroad insures pretty healthy animals when we get 'em."

Although the Government assumes no special obligation for anything held by it in quarantine, the importers of domestic and zoo animals have little cause for worry. The doctor, foreman Goodell and the three regular employees on the farm would feel disgraced if anything happened to their charges, and besides, a cleaner, neater farm never was run anywhere. Everything is scrubbed spick-and-span right down to the concrete floors, from which, antiseptically speaking, you could eat.

Everything is disinfected, including visitors. Unlike the United States Public Health Service, which inspects imported psittacine birds, like parrots and parakeets, to protect human beings, the Clifton station protects its animals even from humans, and no one is admitted inside the fenced enclosure without disinfection when there are many animals in quarantine. Visitors are put in a tentlike sack which is filled with fumes created by pouring formaldehyde over potassium permanganate. Redolent with a fine germicidal perfume, they are then allowed inside, but must dip their shoes in another disinfectant upon entering and leaving any barn containing animals or birds. Farm employees and attendants hired by importers—there are three cabins on the place for men who may accompany domestic or wild animals from abroad—must do the same thing.

"We disinfect the railroad cars or trucks in which the imports are brought across from New York port to the farm," Doctor Herchenroeder explains. "We disinfect any crates in which released animals are shipped from here; in fact, nothing enters or leaves the place without being made completely antiseptic. We especially don't want butchers, cattle dealers and poultry growers as visitors because their outside contacts could cause a serious epidemic if any of our animals or birds had diseases which they could carry out with them and transmit to American stock."

The eighteen brick barns were built in 1901, when the Clifton station was started, the three wooden ones were moved over from an earlier quarantine station at Garfield, New Jersey. All have concrete floors, scored so that cloven-footed animals don't slip on them, and some are heated for winter use. The barns range up to 150 feet in length and, together, will handle about 640 large animals, any number of smaller ones and thousands of birds. Some have ponds within them for waterfowl, where fancy swans, ducks, geese and other birds can splash to their hearts' content. Just judging from what passes through his hands, Doctor

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Herchenroeder has a pretty good idea of American preferences in animal husbandry and the raising of "exotics." Anything not destined for some ranch or farm usually is designated as an exotic, and ordinarily requires a United States Fish and Wildlife Service permit, as well as one from Doctor Herchenroeder's office, to enter the country.

The poultry, which includes chickens, guinea fowl, pheasants, ducks, pigeons, doves, grouse, partridge, quail, swans, geese, turkeys and peafowl, as well as other exotics, receives particular attention. They are rather delicate in comparison to horses, cattle and swine, and, besides, "bird fanciers are just about the crankiest of the lot," as Doctor Herchenroeder says. "They insist on special feed, warm buildings and special care. Look at this bird feed." We were in one of the wooden barns used as a storage shed for brans, mashes, grains and other feeds. "That's expensive stuff," he said, sifting the grain from a bag through his fingers. "The importers pay for the food here, and have since 1950. It's seven cents a day for small birds, fourteen cents for large ones, twenty cents a day for the biggest, like swans and turkeys; three dollars for horses, zebras, giraffes and cattle; and two dollars a day for small ruminants and swine. We buy feed from local dealers and usually wind up with a small profit, although that is not our object." He figures the country is crammed with bird fanciers because of the thousands of birds that pass through Clifton each year. All feed used to be free, but the Government recently decided to charge for it.

His work enables him to notice even such oddities as changing tastes in the kinds of hogs grown on American farms. "Vegetable shortenings are reducing the demand for lard, and the old-style pig that produced both fat and meat is less popular. The new hog is long and lean, and the Landrace swine from Norway is becoming very popular. It is about six feet in length, stands high, and is all meat. We had a whole barn filled with Landrace swine last summer, and I got a little worried about the noise they were making. Every once in a while somebody tries to get the station moved from Clifton, but we were here first, and for the same reason that the commuting families living in Clifton are here—it's handy to New York City. Well, sir, after the pigs were out of quarantine, I went around among the neighbors—and they are mighty fine people—and asked them if they were bothered by the noise. You know, they didn't even realize we had them here, and were surprised by my questioning!"

While walking about the farm, with Doctor Herchenroeder pointing out the new incinerator they are building and the workshop where his staff was building barn doors in a slack season, we came upon a pair of long, slim horns fixed on a post. The doctor stopped and looked at them.

"There's one of my heartbreaks," he said soberly. "A white-faced oryx and very rare. She came in from Mombasa for the Brookfield Zoo, in Chicago, with her mate, and immediately ran a temperature of a hundred and eight degrees. We used antibiotics and very desperate treatment to bring her temperature down, and we kept her alive by constant nursing and a very soft diet—molasses, eggs and some green stuff chopped up—seven or eight weeks, but we finally had to destroy her. A post-mortem and microscopic examination of her viscera at our Washington laboratory failed to disclose any disease. I think she just died of a broken spirit after entering captivity." The zoo later got another mate for the surviving male.

Another zoo wasn't so lucky in obtaining a mate for one of its imports. It brought in an okapi, a rare giraffe-like ruminant from Africa, and then decided it wanted a female mate. It sent a man abroad to find one, and he, happily, was able to buy a female for the male already in the United States. The mate went through quarantine all right, but the zoo was very unhappy. Some unscrupulous foreign dealer had sent another male instead of the expected female.

There is a yearling giraffe in the Dallas Zoo today that got there early this year, partly through the extracurricular work of Doctor Herchenroeder and his assistants. It was imported late in 1954 from Mombasa by Fred J. Zeehandelaar, who is right down the street from Doctor Herchenroeder's New York office at 45 Broadway, where the doctor is inspector in charge of the Animal Inspection and Quarantine Branch of the Department of Agriculture—his other job when not presiding as superintendent of the Clifton farm. The doctor's two jobs tie right in together—in New York he and his assistants inspect ships and planes on arrival; then issue transfer permits so that animals and birds can be shipped to the Clifton farm.

The Dallas Zoo was late in picking up the giraffe after it went through the Clifton quarantine, but finally sent a truck and attendants for it early in January. One of the attendants promptly came down with an attack of tetanus, delayed reaction from a scratch by one of the big cats in the Dallas Zoo. Doctor Herchenroeder rushed him into a New York hospital. Then he, foreman Goodell, Frank de Groot—who has been twenty-six years on the Clifton farm, occupying one of the several residences for employees—and Peter Schmitz helped the zoo attendants rig a warm cage for the giraffe's trip to Texas. Most animals from warm climates are shipped in summer to avoid winter cold and high, rough seas, but this yearling was the last arrival in 1954's bumper crop, and extraordinary precautions had to be taken to insure its safe shipment to the zoo in winter weather.

They disinfected his shipping cage, enclosed it with plywood and canvas, rigged up a heating device leading back from the motor, and saw it off. The truck went due south to Augusta, turned west to Dallas and got there safely. The zoo director, Pierre A. Fontaine, sent a letter of thanks to Doctor Herchenroeder's superiors in Washington, and added a special note of appreciation for the way the man with tetanus was treated and finally sent home by plane.

"There's never a dull moment," Doctor Herchenroeder told me, "although sometimes we get down to only a few kids on the place. One Christmas season we had just a few pigeons. In the off season, the men work on the place." The doctor is a frugal man and saves everything that can be used. Bits of lumber from crates are stored in a shed and used to make new barn doors. The small staff maintains the place, aided in summer rush season by high-school boys whose main job is to haul out the endless manure to the compost piles. This last winter the staff built a new incinerator where everything from the farm is destroyed.

Some of the livestock that comes in has to be milked regularly. Everybody on the farm is capable of doing this, but the importers must hire attendants for large numbers of milking cattle. The milk is destroyed. When animals give birth to young, the doctor and his aids take care of it in an emergency, but outside veterinarians or attendants are summoned at the importer's expense for further care. A calf born in quarantine stays only as long as its mother.

As inspector in charge of the port of New York, Doctor Herchenroeder has little-suspected duties. American hunters who have gunned in England, Scotland or on the Continent feel his omnipresent hand when they try to bring their game home. The birds or animals must pass through the doctor's inspection the same as if they were alive.

"The meat, if diseased, might get into garbage, go from there to a pig farm, infect the pigs and start an epidemic," he explains. In the same manner, tourists are sometimes outraged when the salami, Westphalian hams, Irish bacon and other meats they bring back are seized by the doctor's inspectors. "We also inspect the Scots' haggis, flown over from Scotland, for traditional holidays here. Haggis is a mixture of sheep's liver, suet, other meat and oatmeal, cooked and baked in a sheep's stomach. Sometimes it isn't sufficiently cooked for our standards to destroy any present virus, so we seize and destroy it. We have seized and destroyed as much as a hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds of meat brought back by tourists in one year."

In the same never-ending battle to keep out livestock and poultry diseases, the New York office must examine all wool, feathers, fur, skins, animal feed, glue stock, bones, hoofs, horns, bone meal, blood meal, meat meal, glands, bristles and anything else that could be a carrier of disease. Long before the United States meat-inspection branch of the Agriculture Department, which safeguards humans, gets a crack at a shipment, Doctor Herchenroeder's men inspect it to safeguard our herds and flocks.

Racing horses are just about the only horses imported any more, with the exception of a few big Clydesdales and Belgian draft animals used by breweries and packing houses in six-horse hitches for exhibition purposes. Race horses, when proved Thoroughbreds, are admitted duty-free if owned by a United States citizen and capable of breeding.

"Most horses, and a lot of the racing pigeons and fancy pigeons, like tumblers, pouters, and so on, come in by plane to New York's international Idlewild Airport, and we send men there to meet them, the same as we put men on every ship carrying animals. We make about five hundred such inspection calls a year on ships and planes. Horses cause little trouble. We only hold them long enough to get back blood tests from Washington showing that they are free of glanders and such diseases. A few ponies, asses and zebras are in the horse group each year."

Animals destined for circuses are under special quarantines because they will travel about the country, carrying with them at all times the possibility of domestic-livestock diseases. Camels, giraffes, yaks and others must be held for a year in some American zoo, after passing quarantine, before they are allowed to go on the road. Exotics having no connection with domestic-livestock diseases, such as lions, tigers, apes and others, usually enter on a United States Fish and Wildlife Service permit. But the doctor and his men must see to it that any meat brought along aboard ship to feed imported carnivore is destroyed or, at least, not allowed to land. It might infect domestic livestock via the garbage route.

Doctor Herchenroeder takes particular pride in two things. One is a United States Department of Agriculture Superior Service award and medal given in 1953 for "unusual skill in developing and administering improved animal inspection and quarantine procedures at the port of New York, resulting in increased protection to the United States livestock and poultry industries."

The other is the fact that he has never been overruled on a spot decision by his superiors. As he says, "If anyone objects to my decision about whether an animal or bird should be destroyed, or sent back, he can appeal. He can go as high as the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture. But I've never had an important decision reversed. We believe we know what it takes to keep animal diseases out of this country. We have to be strict, and sometimes it brings us into dispute with the people involved. We try to explain everything we do, and the reasons for it. We don't try to cause trouble for anyone, and if we reach a decision, it is for the good of the greatest number of people. We aren't doing this work for our personal fun." THE END

"Harry's just a natural-born worrier."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

As this article went to press Doctor Herchenroeder was appointed Assistant Chief of the Animal Inspection and Quarantine Branch in Washington, D.C. His successor at Clifton is Dr. B. C. Swindle. The Editors.

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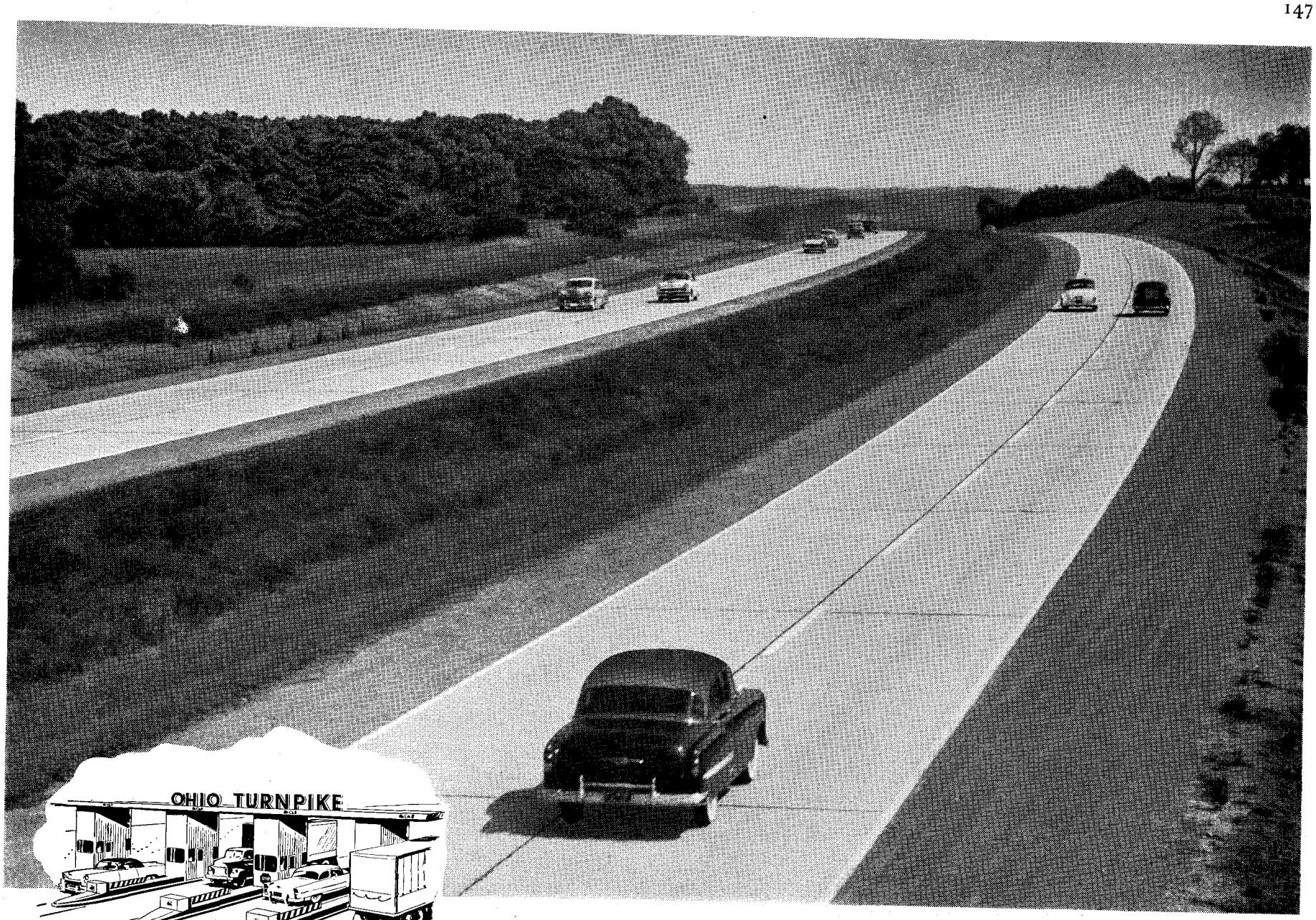

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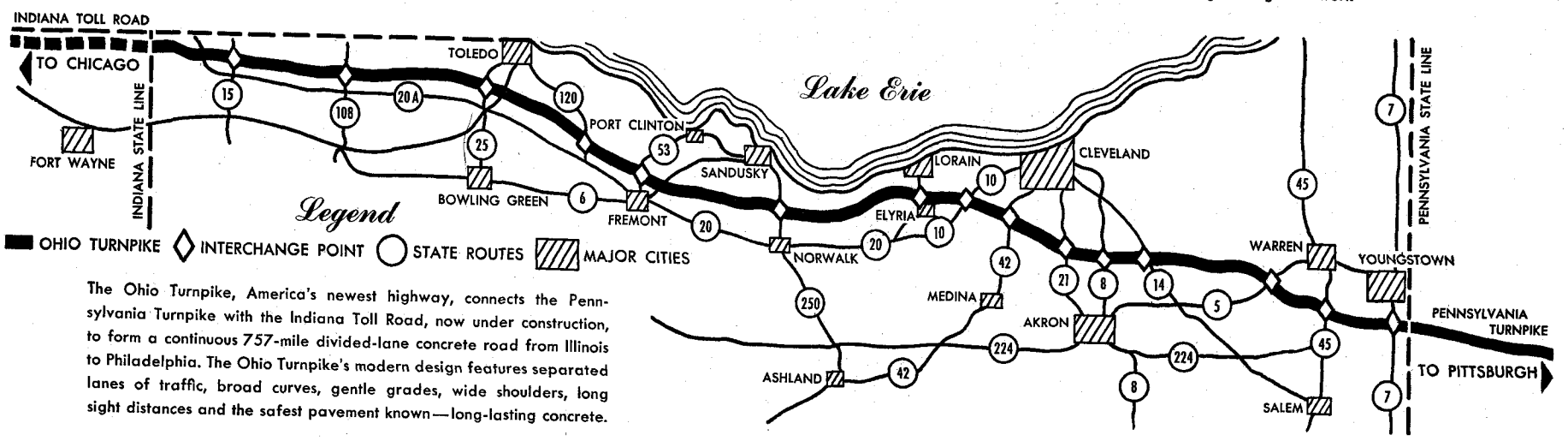

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Return of the Bank Robber

(Continued from Page 33)

Within four hours of the robbery the telephone rang in the FBI office. It was an official at the airport, reporting that a man was waiting for a plane there. His suit was brown, not gray; his tie was a four-in-hand, not a bow; he had no hat or horn-rim glasses; but—there was a small brown spot on the upper right side of his white shirt near the lapel. Within a few more minutes he was under arrest, complete with revolver and loot. The fussy little chap had been smart enough to change the rest of his clothes, but not his shirt. The brown spot was below the level of his own vision. He might have seen it in a mirror—but he didn't. He turned out to be a parolee with a criminal record dating back twenty years, with convictions for auto theft, armed robbery (2), and forgery. He was sentenced to twenty years in Federal prison for the Harrisburg job.

Curiously enough, even if there had been no spot he would probably have been identified within twenty-four hours. The number of left-handed men, under five and a half feet tall, with prior convictions for armed robbery, is limited. Consequently his photograph would have been one of the first rogues'-gallery pictures shown to the bank employees, who had got a good look at him while he was tying them up.

A far more elaborate case was the robbery of the suburban Floral Park, New York, branch of the Franklin National Bank, on August 18, 1953. The bandit got $190,319, said to be the largest cash haul ever made by a lone operator.

Eric Gronwall, forty-four-year-old manager of the bank, left his home in Bellmore, Long Island, that morning as usual at 7:30. Just as he was backing out of the garage a man appeared at the side of the car and said, "I would like to talk to you, Mr. Gronwall." He was a nice-looking young man, well dressed, of athletic build, with blue eyes and curly brown hair. He did not look so nice a moment later when he covered Gronwall with a revolver and slipped into the seat beside him.

"You are now going to drive me to the bank," said the stranger, flourishing his gun. As they set out on the sixteen-mile drive to Floral Park, the bandit gave further instructions. "Drive exactly as you always do," he said, adjusting the rear-view mirror so that he, not Gronwall, could see any following car. "No detours, no speeding, no jumping any red lights, no monkey business."

He went on to explain that, using Gronwall as a hostage, he planned to rob the bank and get clean away before opening hour. He knew that the vault could be opened at 8:15; that there was a lot of cash on hand ready for Federal Reserve shipment; and that the bank lacked modern protective alarm devices. He knew the names of many of the bank's employees.

"I know what I'm doing," he said. "I used to work in a bank myself, and I've been casing this one for months."

All went according to the bandit's schedule. He entered the bank with Gronwall. In ten minutes the tellers had dumped $190,319 into two large cloth sacks. The bandit was ready to go.

But Gronwall's ordeal was not yet over. "You're coming with me," said the robber, "and as for the rest of you, keep still for at least five minutes if you want to see Gronwall again—alive."

He gave a final wave of his gun and put it in his belt under his coat. He and Gronwall, carrying the two bags of money, walked briskly to Gronwall's car and drove away.

The bandit knew just where he wanted to go. He had Gronwall drive him on a winding course through quiet back streets; then down a deserted dirt road to an abandoned railroad tunnel. "Here's where you get out," said the bandit. Then he thought of something. He had been careful to leave no fingerprints in the bank, but how about the side of the car where he had been sitting? He took a pair of brown gloves from his pocket, put them on and wiped the seat, the window, the handle, the window ledge. "I almost pulled a boner," he said. "Now you get out, and stay in that tunnel for a while." Gronwall obeyed. The bandit slid under the wheel and drove away. The time was 8:30 A.M., just one hour since he had first kidnaped Gronwall at Bellmore.

It must have seemed to the bandit, looking back, that in one hour he had executed the perfect crime. And yet—during the first five minutes—he had made three little mistakes which, eleven months later, were to entrap him and two confederates, and send the three of them to Federal prison for terms totaling nearly sixty years. His three mistakes were (1) giving Gronwall a clear look at him in the bright morning light; (2) mentioning that he had once worked in a bank; and (3) adjusting the rear-view mirror—that produced the one fingerprint he forgot to wipe off.

Gronwall's car was found, abandoned, within a few hours after the robbery, and the fingerprint was lifted from the mirror. But it was a partial print of only one finger, so fragmentary that it was an almost impossible task to trace it among the more than 130,000,000 fingerprint cards in the FBI files. It would provide identification once the culprit was found; until then it was useful mainly for eliminating suspects.

The most promising lead seemed to be among the employees of the bank—obviously the robber had been given detailed inside information. But nothing suspicious was found in the backgrounds of employees.

On August 9, 1954, FBI Special Agent Jack E. Herington, in the New York field office, was routinely familiarizing himself with a newly published "I.O."—an eight-inch-square identification order giving picture, fingerprints and description of a criminal wanted by the FBI. You have seen such I.O's in your post office.

The I.O. which Herington was studying concerned one George Patrick McKinney, who had fled from California in 1952 to avoid prosecution for burglary. As he read the description, Herington, who had worked many a weary day and night on the Floral Park robbery, felt his skin begin to tingle. He read it again: "Hair, brown, curly; Eyes, blue. . . . Occupations, bank clerk. . . ." The rest of the description also checked. Herington reached into the Floral Park file and brought out the enlarged photo of the fragmentary fingerprint. It corresponded to one of the prints on McKinney's chart. Bank employees identified McKinney's picture as that of the robber. McKinney was the man. But where was McKinney now?

The answer came within twenty-four hours. The day Herington was studying the I.O. in New York, a woman in Florida was staring at the McKinney picture on a post-office wall. It looked to her like a Wade P. Johnson who had recently been operating an auto agency in Jacksonville. She reported to FBI agents. They found that "Johnson's" auto agency had gone broke, but they located him at a nearby medical center, where he had taken a job in the lab. He was definitely identified as McKinney.

It was quickly learned that McKinney's closest associate for months before the robbery was one Ronald Everett Martin. Martin, a twenty-two-year-old six-footer, was picked up in New York on August eleventh as he stepped into his air-conditioned, high-priced car. He had no prior criminal record. On the day of the robbery he had been in the hospital for an appendectomy—apparently the "perfect alibi." But since the robbery, though jobless, he had been living high, wide and handsome. Besides the car, he had acquired an arsenal of weapons, a motorcycle, a racing car, two airplanes, a mess of jewelry and a lavish sports wardrobe. He liked nice things.

Also, it was soon learned that Martin was acquainted with Clifford Donald Oberkirch, thirty, head bookkeeper at the bank at the time of the robbery. McKinney, Martin and Oberkirch had been seen together in a poolroom prior to the robbery. Oberkirch was a young man of good family, retiring, unobtrusive, known as a "model-boy" type. He had apparently lived in terror ever since the crime was committed. Once confronted with his link to McKinney and Martin, he broke down and confessed with seeming relief. For a promised 20 per cent of the loot, he had supplied the detailed inside information on which the robbery was planned.

McKinney was to get 50 per cent, Martin 30 per cent. Ironically, Oberkirch had been so frightened after the robbery he had even declined his 20 per cent share of the loot, reasoning that if he took the money (a) he would be unable to resist a telltale spending spree; and (b) his conscience would not permit him to pass the lie-detector test.

McKinney also confessed and pleaded guilty. Martin alone elected to stand trial. A Federal jury found him guilty of bank robbery and conspiracy. He was sentenced to twenty-one and a half years in prison, McKinney to twenty-two and a half years, and Oberkirch to fifteen years.

It took nearly a year to solve the Floral Park case. Most bank robberies are broken within days or weeks, and some fizzle out in a matter of minutes.

A man entered a savings-and-loan association in Milwaukee, put a gun on the president, Vincent Popielarsky, and demanded all the cash. Mr. Popielarsky noted that the visitor was wearing a false nose made of plastic, assumed that the gun was also plastic, and guessed that this was a practical joke. Not a man to have his sense of humor impugned, Mr. Popielarsky joined in the fun. He brought out a single penny and, with a bow, plunked it down on the counter. Here was something utterly outside the bandit's calculations. For a moment he stared aghast at the penny, then panicked and ran out of the bank.

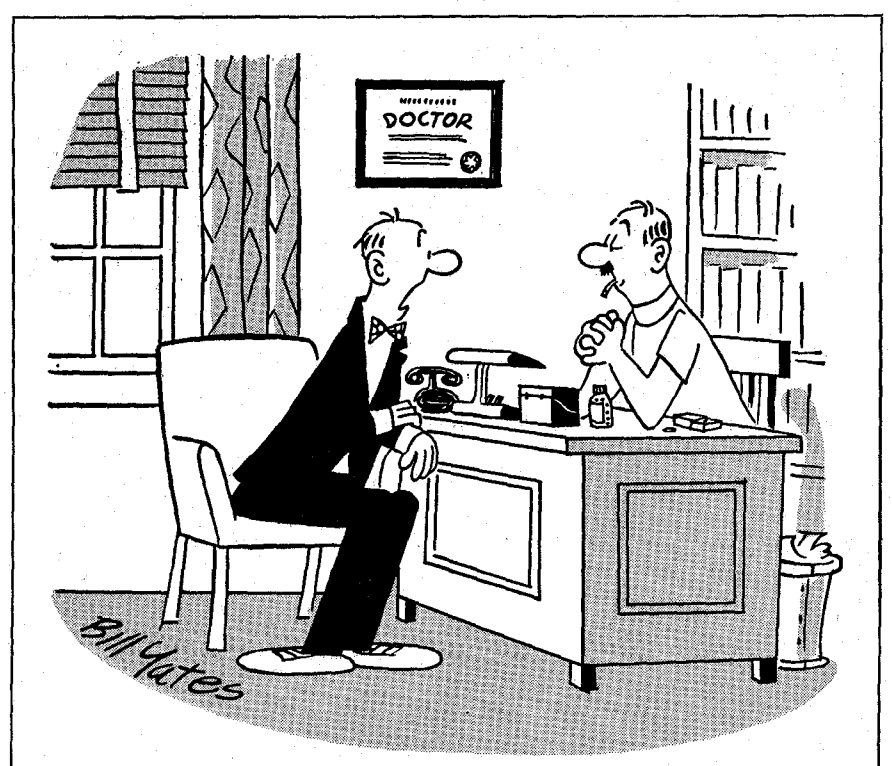
Another fizzle—this one with bloody and unusual results—occurred in the little Tennessee town of Middleton, pop. 430. Henry Bondurant, a practiced desperado from Memphis, decided that the bank of this sleepy little burg would be a push-in. He overlooked the fact that the Middletonians, while they may like their sleep, also like their hunting. On February 21, 1952, Bondurant swaggered into the Bank of Middleton and announced a holdup. When cashier F. L. Simpson courageously tried to slam the vault door, Bondurant expertly shot him through the hand and promised to kill anyone else who interfered. The bandit collected more than $18,000, a large score for a small bank, and headed for his getaway car. But the shot had been heard, and by the time Bondurant reached the street the embattled Middletonians were converging with their shotguns, fowling pieces and squirrel rifles.

They promptly shot the tires off the getaway car. Bondurant dodged to another car, then to a pickup truck, firing as he went. But the Middletonians were throwing much more lead. Within a few seconds the bold, bad Bondurant had collapsed, badly wounded, into the arms of a deputy sheriff.

During the running gunfight the loot was scattered up and down the street. Turning reluctantly from the chase, the good citizens of Middleton gathered up the bills and coins and carried them back into the bank. Officials of the bank made an audit; then, incredulous, they made another one. The bank had exactly eighty cents more cash than when the robbery began. So far as I know, this is the only time on record that a bank showed a profit on a robbery.

While some bank robbers are bright, apart from their chronic inability to figure the odds, one thing they usually forget is that bank employees are trained to remember faces. Some tellers develop a memory which is not merely photographic but color-photographic. This faculty, plus local ingenuity, solved a $50,000 robbery not long ago in Leaksville, North Carolina. A woman employee remembered the ringleader so precisely that a local artist and an undertaker,

(Continued on Page 150)



"So then I decided: it isn't natural to feel so good. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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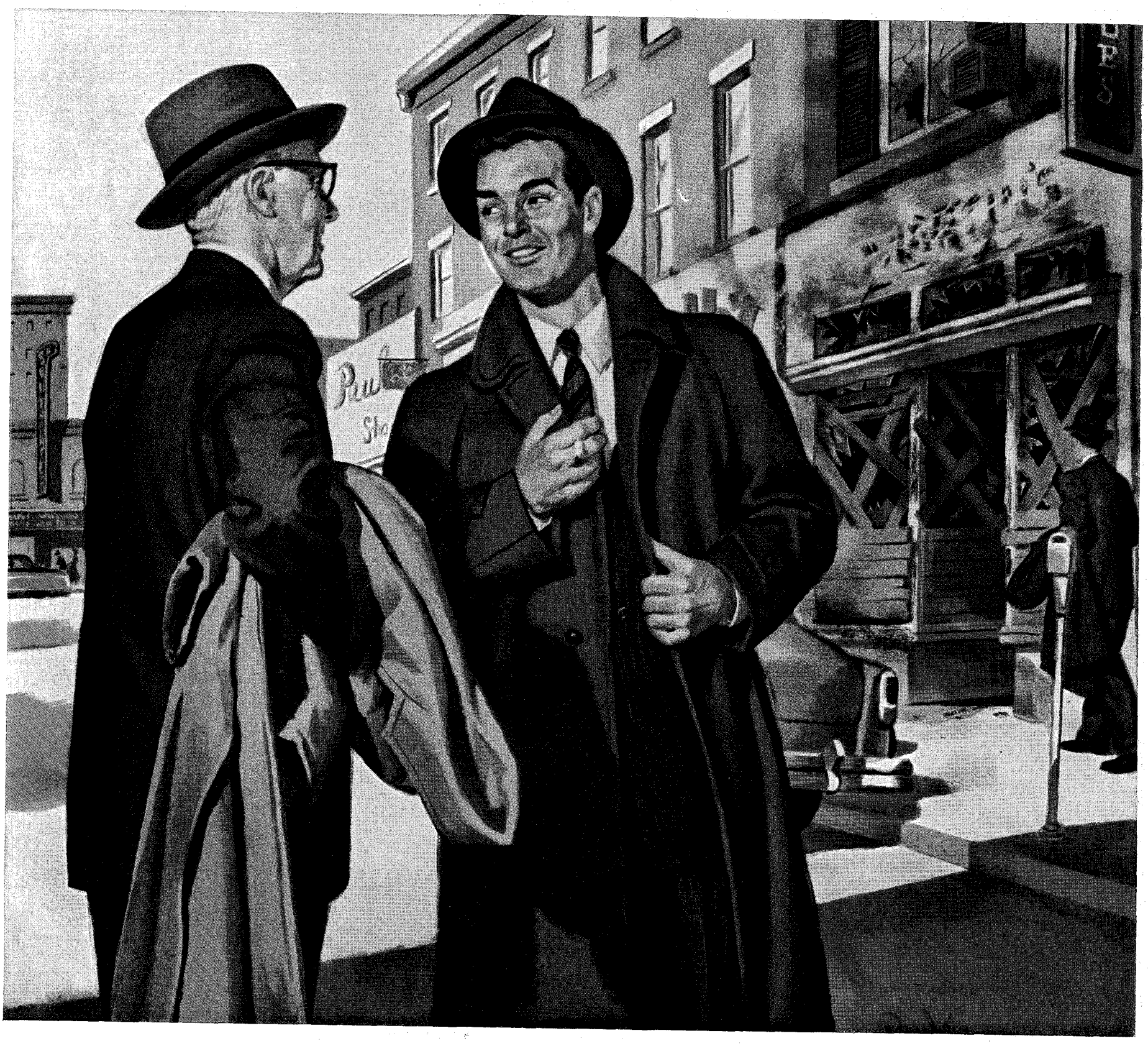

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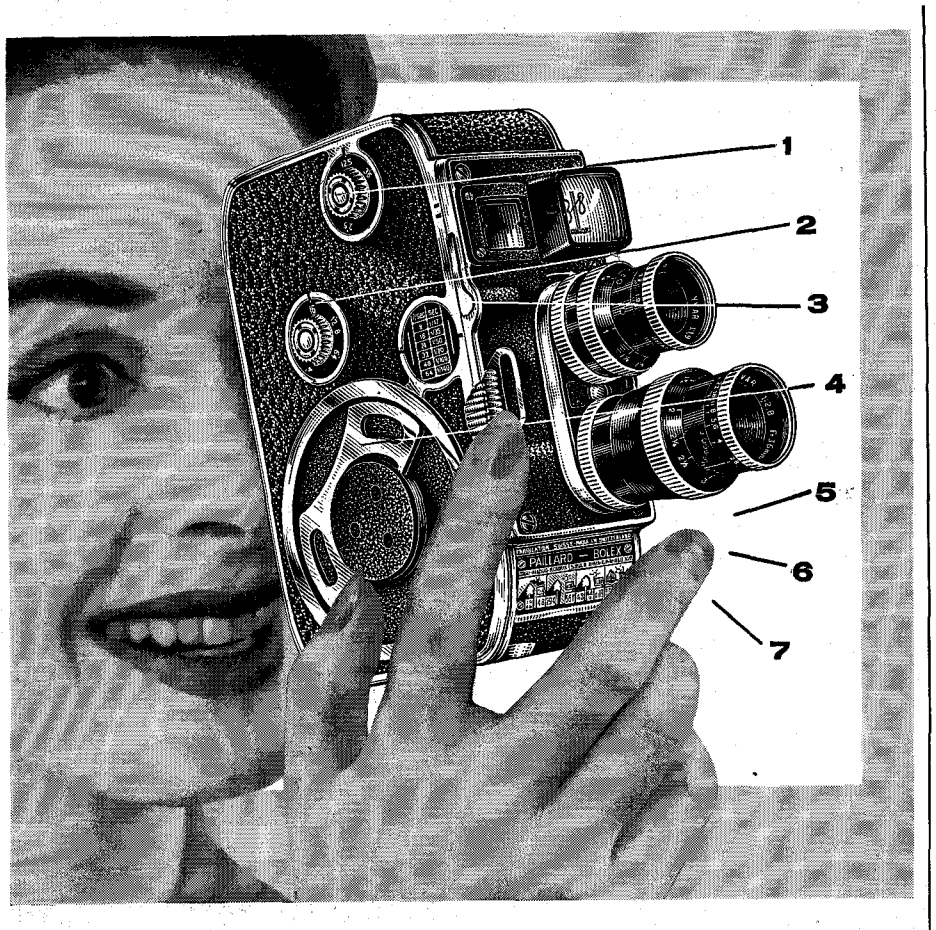

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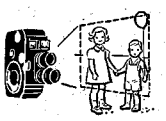

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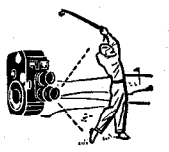

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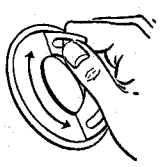

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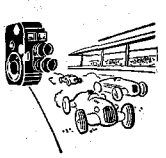

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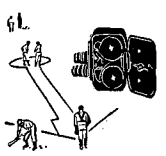

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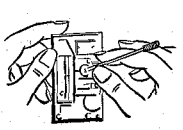

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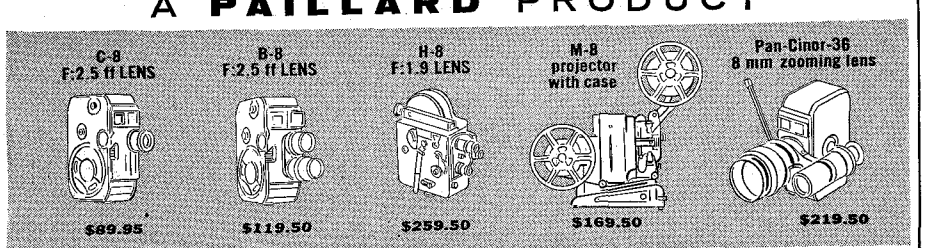

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B-182

(Continued from Page 148)

working under her direction, were able to produce a life-size effigy of the bandit, correct as to size, clothing, build and coloring of eyes, complexion, and reddish-blond hair. A prison guard, when he saw the image, exclaimed, "It's Peaches!"—referring to a former inmate of the prison Wade Darnell (Peaches) Hamlin. Soon afterward Peaches and his confederates were rounded up and given stiff sentences.

Prospective bank robbers will also do well to note that of the four biggest and most expert bank jobs pulled in the last couple of years, three have been solved and the fourth is well on the way to solution. The last mentioned was the biggest of all—the $312,219 robbery of the Chase-Manhattan Bank branch at Woodside, Queens, New York, on April 6, 1955. In this case the technique and inside knowledge displayed were similar to the Floral Park case, except for the number of bandits involved. It, too, was hailed as the "perfect crime," but rogues'-gallery pictures and other evidence soon began to break it open. Two members of the gang are already under arrest, both ex-cons; one of them the husband of a former woman teller at the bank. The two others, also ex-cons, are at this writing still fugitives from the FBI, the police, and the dreaded Identification Orders.

The three other big, "brilliant" bank jobs have been solved and the robbers are in Federal prison for long terms. One of these was the Floral Park case, already described. Another was a bank at Andrews Air Force Base, in the District of Columbia, taken for $124,638 on August 13, 1954. The third was a Bank of New Mexico branch at Albuquerque, robbed of $111,168 on September 14, 1954.

The three Andrews AFB bandits pulled off their huge haul with neatness and speed—and speed was their downfall. The driver of the stolen getaway car, Clarence D. McGann, stepped on the accelerator too hard and within ten minutes a county cop had stopped them for speeding. McGann offered a handsome bribe, but the cop escorted the car to the Upper Marlboro police station. Having, as yet, heard nothing of the robbery, he left the two others in the car and took McGann inside. As he was booking McGann for speeding and attempted bribery, he heard the radio announcing the robbery and describing the bandits. Shouting, "Hold this guy!" he dashed outside, only to find that the others had vanished with the car.

But with McGann in hand, the solution was only a matter of time. Even if a captive does not talk, minute investigation of his associations identifies his pals. The two other bandits were captured in December, Earl Kill Smith as he tried to escape across the border into Mexico, and Henry John Foster in a Harlem flat.

The robbers in the Albuquerque case, Henry G. Rixinger and Dennis L. Dages, were unaware that the bank had records of the serial numbers on much of the stolen $111,168, including some two-dollar bills. Having escaped safely to Phoenix, Arizona, the bandits played it smart. No lavish, telltale spending and gambling for them! They patronized the two-dollar window at the dog track, finding the two-dollar bills convenient for this purpose. Within less than three weeks they were under arrest; in two months more they had been sentenced to twenty-five years each.

Increasingly, banks are adopting this practice of keeping serial numbers on portions of their folding money—and the robber never knows which bills are hot. Increasingly also, they are installing better protective systems; particularly the type of alarm which can be set off by an imperceptible motion and which rings where the robber can't hear it—perhaps in a radio dispatcher's station. The electric eye is being put to work. Police and state troopers are devising more effective systems of concentric roadblocks, and in many cities drivers of radio cabs are training to help in the chase. Throughout the nation the FBI is continuing to turn up the heat. Everywhere the odds against bank robbers are toughening.

But since these gentry are notoriously weak on figuring the odds, possibly they can profit from the fate of Eddie Bentz. Back in the early 1930's FBI specialists considered Eddie the smartest bank robber in the country. He got so good that he would draw exact procedural and getaway charts, sell them to other gangsters for a cut in the loot, and then devote himself to golf or his collection of rare coins and books while the actual robbery was executed in a distant city. The FBI finally caught up with him, however, and sent him to Alcatraz for a long stay.

Three years ago Eddie emerged from Alcatraz. No more bank robbery, no more FBI for him! But in the spring of 1954 larceny again stirred in his heart. He journeyed from Chicago to the little town of Pulaski, Wisconsin, and knocked over a farm co-op for $1500. This robbery, while modest, was executed with all Eddie's old skill and aplomb. But somehow, in his flight, he lost an auto key ring with a little metal tag license number, Illinois 1954, #740835. Sheriff Reuben Lasee traced the tag to Eddie in Chicago. Eddie Bentz, now past sixty, looks on life's evening star through the bars of the state prison at Waupun, Wisconsin.

And so the great Eddie, long known as the kingpin of bank robbers, who has devoted forty-four years to the study of crime, again made his "one little mistake" and was caught by a sheriff named Rube. Children, let it be a lesson to you. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When you said that nothing was too good for me, I sort of interpreted it differently."

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Morals Squad (Continued from Page 30)

I could feel it still, all across my chest. "Now, forget it, Frank."

"I'll forget that," he said, pushing my chest with the thumb and forefinger which hid his cigarette. "Some things I'll never forget. Like who got me on the cops. Don't tell me about Civil Service and veterans' preference and I'm a smart fellow. Sure I'm a smart fellow, that's why I know who put the word in with the chief, Phil. A lot of guys passed, a lot of veterans who are still waiting. I'll never forget that. Never."

"Sergeant Nyack?" somebody asked.

I turned to see a uniformed cop. "I'm Nyack," I said.

"Lieutenant Lennon wants to see you, sergeant."

"Lennon? In Morals?" I asked. The cop nodded. "All right," I said. "I'll be there in a minute."

When Frank Cnobra left for his city-limits tour, I walked to Lennon's office in headquarters. George Lennon, with his crew-cut and two hundred pounds, with his war record and six children, was standing near the window of his office, his hands in his pockets.

You could have counted twenty slowly before he said, "Nyack, I'm in trouble. The numbers have started again on the Levee, as you probably know. I have information they are doing up to ten thousand a day down there. That's all the information I have. I've arrested runners, but they won't give me a word; plead guilty and do their ninety days. Somebody must be paying them awful good money to do three months. I don't know who the Big Bank is down there. I don't even know the district banks." He turned to stare at the commerce on State Street.

Is there a living American beyond ten who doesn't know the numbers? Who doesn't know you can bet anything from a penny to a million? In most towns of the republic a single bet rarely goes over a hundred dollars. You pick three numbers: 123, 456, 789, 987, 654, 321, 010—you can pick combinations for the rest of your life. You bet them, say for a dollar. The runner—the fellow taking your bet—has a pad, usually a grocery-order book. Using the carbon paper, he writes your number and the amount, in the space regularly reserved for milk, butter, eggs and coffee. He hands you the original, takes your dollar and moves on to the next sucker.

Late in the afternoon, the number is announced.

If you win, you get $540 for your dollar. You actually win $600, but 10 per cent goes to the runner who brought you luck, didn't he? A dime bet brings $54. A penny returns $5.40.

"The kids are betting now," Lennon said. He was sitting behind the desk while I sat to one side.

"The kids always bet, Lennon. I bet when I was a kid."

"That's why I asked for you, sergeant. I'm assigning you to the Levee indefinitely."

"You got the wrong boy, Lennon." I rose and buttoned my coat. "I'm upstairs in Homicide."

He pushed a letter at me. "Take your time." he said.

It was the chief's stationery. It was from the chief to Oscar Almquist, my boss, telling him I was going to Morals until further notice. I pushed the letter back at Lennon.

"No," I said. "I grew up down there," I said, while he sat back in his chair. "You want me to stool on my own people."

"People," he said. "Taking money from women and kids."

I held the desk with both hands, squeezing the wood to keep my anger deep, deep inside. "I'm not going to do it, Lennon, do you hear me?"

"I hear you," he said. He nodded, rising from the chair, looking across the desk and down at me. "Now you hear me. I'm ordering you to the Levee. If you're not down there in fifteen minutes I'm going upstairs to file charges against you. I'll testify against you, sergeant. I'll make you an ex-sergeant."

I had my hand in my pocket. I had the badge in my hand. I could feel it pressing into my flesh, making its mark on my hand. There was only one way he or anybody else could take that badge: cut my hand.

"I haven't been on the Levee in two years, do you know that?" I asked. "I—my wife—she didn't like the ——"

"I know," he said, his voice strangely soft.

"I'm working four to midnight," I said. "It's only one o'clock. I came downtown because—well, there's nothing else."

"You're on your own time as of now," Lennon said.

"Sure," I said, wondering if the boathouse was open yet on Lake Como. Or I could drive some golf balls. I was halfway to the door when he stopped me.

"There's a call box on River and Fourth, as you probably remember," he said. "I want you to pull it every hour. The alarm room will put you through to me, here or at home."

I was across the Loop in five minutes and turning into Washington Street behind the library. I crossed the boulevard at the Historical Society Building. Coming down into River Street I saw the water glistening in the sunlight, the High Bridge beyond, thin, frail, slender and always beautiful. I took my foot from the gas pedal, touching the brake once. I looked down into the Levee, remembering all the days of my life in a sudden burst that was almost physical in its impact.

"All right," I said aloud, to the chief; to Oscar Almquist, who could have fought for me; to George Lennon. who thought he could clean up the whole world and keep it clean, like a woman's kitchen. I rolled into the No Parking space at Fourth Street and I leaned against the call box while I smoked a cigarette. Then I pulled it.

Then I crossed the street here on the Levee which Martha would never even pass in a car. I went up River Street, past the bedding factory; past the Salvation Army furniture store; past Zanchik's Market with the tomato and cabbage plants in shallow wooden trays on empty orange boxes in front; past Okoneski's Shoes, four bits down, four bits a week; past all the classrooms here in the real school of my youth, until I reached the wooden diner flush with the sidewalk and one step up. I stood for a moment examining it, the paint peeling and bubbly, and, inside, the single sixty-watt bulb burning beside the pie rack.

The diner was empty. I remembered nine stools, and couldn't tell you now why I was surprised to count nine. I sat down, spreading my fingers on the cool counter top. I lit a cigarette.

When I exhaled I said, "How long are you going to hide, Fighter?"

"I'm not hiding, Phil," he said from the storeroom beyond the grill. "I'm washing so I can shake hands with the law." I hadn't seen Fighter Lendowski in two years. He must have got it on the telephone while I smoked at the call box. All right; so far, all right. I took the spoon out of the sugar bowl and was trying to balance it when he came out. He was no heavier. He was just a tall welterweight even now, ten years out of the ring.

"Officer," he said. He ran one hand across his apron before offering it to me. "Very decent of you to come down, Phil," he said. "Sure appreciate it. What's new?"

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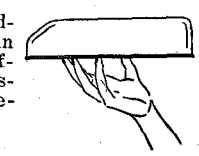

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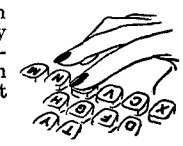

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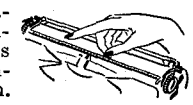

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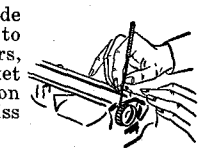

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"Nothing's new, Leo," I said, calling him by his real name. "What's the capital of Vermont?" I asked.

"Montpelier," he replied, both of us laughing now as we remembered Miss Geraghty in the fifth grade making him write it fifty times. "Montpelier; and how come you pulled the box across the street, Phil? There's no killing on the Levee."

I slid back off the stool. "I'm working Morals' Fighter. I'm on the numbers detail. I am the numbers detail."

For a moment, he was absolutely speechless. Then, "You?" he said. "They send you down? Are they nuts?"

"What do you think?" I asked, hearing the door behind me open. I turned as Water Boy Lapinski came past me, holding the World Over Dream Book open in his hands.

Water Boy, who was old when I was a kid, and had got his name feeding the dray horses at the old Superior docks, had the pocket-size paper book on the counter. "Hey, Fighter, I dreamed your car," he announced. "Hurry up, gimme the last three numbers of your license. Come on, come on, Fighter; I got to get my bet down!" He pounded the counter, impatient for his shot at infinite riches. He looked at me as Fighter reached for his wallet. He looked at Fighter. Then he swung to me once more, his eyes wide. "Phil! Phil Nyack!" he said, coming forward, his hand out and his toothless mouth moving. "What are you doing down here, Phil?"

"The numbers detail," I said.

He stopped short, stopped dead, like a kid caught sneaking into a movie. His arm dropped and his mouth was wide open in silent laughter. "You always was the ribber, Phil."

"I'm going, Fighter," I said. "I'll be at the river."

"Welcome home," Fighter said. "I mean that, kid."

"I know. I know," I said, pushing the door, turning right toward Fourth Street. I watched one kid in a tire and another pushing him, when Ann Kubichek said, "Philip. How are you, Philip?"

I knew it was her before I saw it was her. Do you ever forget, ever, the first girl you kissed? Do you ever forget the first girl you dressed up for, called for, sitting in the living room waiting? Ann Kubichek was the first. For a long time she was the first and only, and then—and then I went up River Street, as the Levee says of those who leave. Up River Street where Martha —— Ah, knock it off, sergeant.

"Annie, Annie," I said, holding her arms in my hands, examining her: bareheaded as always, black hair long in the sun, wearing the loose coat she always favored, and the saddle shoes she had adopted when we were in high school. "How are you, child?"

"Child," she said, smiling her slow smile for me. "You know how old I am, Philip. I'm fine. I heard about —— I'm sorry."

"Yes," I said. "How's the mamma? How's Chester? How's his wife?"

"Mamma's fine. Chester not so fine. His wife, fine. They live with us."

"All of you above the bakery? There wasn't room for all of you before he got married."

"There is now. Mamma made room for them. He quit the university, Philip. He makes the bread with mamma some nights. Other nights he comes home with the milkman."

"He's all right, Annie. He'll straighten out."

"Of course," she said. "You? How have you been?"

I grinned at her. "You'd never guess. You're looking at the numbers detail. Do I look like a Morals detective, Annie?"

"Yes, you do. Oh, Phil, I'm so glad. Smash it, Phil. Smash it. Everybody, even children. Chester—it's all he does. Phil, this is a good day for the Levee."

I took her hands. "Easy, Annie; easy. So Chester plays a little. Didn't I play when I was a kid? It's a phase."

She pulled her hands back and she stepped back. "A phase," she said. "You said it's a phase. You, the police. You're the same, Philip. The same as all of them. All of you with your code that is no code. With your honor that is dishonor, really. With your ——"

"Stop, Annie; stop it," I said, reaching for her, but she stepped off the curb and into River Street. She made me look down on her as though I had put her there. I didn't like that. She made me talk loud to stop her talking. I didn't like that. She made me look like a husband drinking up the pay check. I didn't like that.

"Say hello to the mamma," I said, turning away from her. My shoulders ached, and my back ached, waiting for her words to hit me, but there was only silence.

I crossed the intersection to the call box, found my key and lifted the earphone. "Central," said the police operator. What jobs those guys had: sitting on their consciences, answering call boxes and sending out for hot coffee in case the janitor turned the heat down.

"Phil Nyack here," I said. "Give me Lennon, in Morals."

"Lennon, right," said the operator.

"Is that you, Phil?" asked Lennon.

"No, no, it isn't, lieutenant. It's Admiral Byrd calling from Little America. How are the Dodgers doing?"

"What's new, Phil?" he asked.

"Fighter Lendowski still got the diner. Water Boy lost his teeth. Zanchik's Market got tomato plants. Annie Kubichek should be working for you. It looks like we might get a chill tonight. That's about it, lieutenant."

"Thanks, Phil."

"Don't mention it, lieutenant."

He clicked off, leaving me right back where Annie had left me. I slammed the door of the call box, standing for a minute looking down at the river at a tug pulling coal downstream. For a crazy instant I wanted to call Lennon back and ask if it was all right to eat, but I only tested the box to see if it was locked before stepping out into Fourth Street. A block away I went into the Rainbow Café, had a steamed Polish sausage, a boiled potato and three cups of the tar they called coffee, but that only quieted my stomach, not my head.

I walked down to the Cosmopolitan Club—eight pocket- and four snooker-pool tables. It was full of kids, including one behind the cigar counter.

"Want something, mister?" that one asked. His hair was black and long.

"Hooky Kryzak?" I asked.

"My old man," the kid said. "He's upstairs sleeping. What do you want, chum?" he asked, leaning across the cigar counter, the smile on his face as old as the oldest Oriental bazaar. "What do you need? I'll do as well as the old man."

"You'll do what, punk? How old are you, anyway?"

"What are you, a truant officer? Here, smart guy," he said, reaching above the cash register. "Here's my birt' certificate. I'm sixteen last December yet, so screw outta here." I started for the door, leaving with his taunts in my ears.

Walking to the river, I thought, *Maybe the chief will come to his senses and get me out of here.* I thought, *Maybe Lennon will have a brain storm and wise up.* I thought. *Where is Martha now, this very minute?* but was suddenly, without warning and as unexpectedly as a fish hitting your hook, tired of thinking.

I was almost to the pier when the first boy called through the backstop of the Levee playground. "Mister, you want to umpire?" he called.

I shook my head at him.

"Come on, mister, please," he called, and another boy joined him, a left-hander.

"Will you?" asked the southpaw.

I was licked when I paused. All in one leap there were a dozen of them, their fingers sticking through the wire-mesh backstop and their shrill voices pleading with me.

"Three innings," I said. "That's all. O.K.?"

"Sure, sure," said the southpaw. "Sure; come on, mister."

"Field your team, men," I said. I smiled at them. I had to smile at them. You would have had to, seeing them wearing their brothers' gloves, and their cracked bats that were taped. The ball was taped, and one kid, the center fielder, wore three white canvas work gloves on his left hand. I stood behind the pitcher, a tall lad whose father had already given him his summer shineball. His head was as white as an egg, and as bare.

For an inning and a half I was as happy, as free of worry, care, ambition, love, jealousy, as I had ever been. For those twenty minutes I forgot where I was, who I was and what time it was. I forgot Martha and Lennon and Annie Kubichek mad at me, until, running from second to third with a left-handed hitter who had socked one past the right fielder, I heard her calling me.

When the runner slid safely into third, I yelled, "Time out!" Looking up, I saw her coming at me from the Bon Ton Store warehouse, running at me and calling, "Philip! Philip!" as I went to her.

"Chester lost the flour money," she said, when I reached her. She couldn't stop shivering, there in the sun. "It was eight hundred and fourteen dollars this month. Everybody on the Levee knows mamma keeps it, cash, near the oven. The man came today to get paid. There was eleven dollars." She refused a cigarette. "Chester said he took it," she added. "He said so. I can't"—shaking her head—"can't ——" She fought for control. "Oh, Phil, I can't take any more," and now she really broke down. She let me hold her as how long ago, on what June night, where on the river had I held her?

I waited until she used her handkerchief and shook her hair back out of her eyes, stepping away from me. "Is he still in a phase, Phil?" She rummaged in her pocket and flung a crumpled ball of paper at me. "Does this look like a phase?"

I smoothed out the grocery-order slip, red-lined, numbered from 1 to 21. In the middle of the page, written in big, bold indelible-pencil strokes was "$100" and a line and "109," his number.

"He said he'd kill me if I didn't give it back," she said.

"Kill," I said. "Where is he?"

"I don't know now."

"Go home, Ann," I said, the slip in my pocket.

"I'll go home," she said in a dull voice, the emotions, rage and fear and sorrow, all spent now. "I'll go," she repeated.

When I reached for her arm, she pulled away once more, walking toward Wilwa, the garageman, to cut through that way.

I ran the three blocks to the diner, stopping in front of Zanchik's to catch my breath. I could smell the earth which held the tomato plants, and now, in later afternoon, I (Continued on Page 154)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Bob the Bookie called regularly on his clients, including bank teller Freddie Forsythe, to take their wagers. At first Freddie bet only two dollars; then five, ten, and even fifty and one hundred dollars. Unfortunately, he usually bet on the wrong horse. When a bank examiner suddenly checked Freddie's cash, Freddie was three thousand dollars short. As he was also hopelessly insolvent, the bank sued Bob the Bookie for the amount of Freddie's shortage.

"Everyone knows bank tellers don't earn much," the bank lawyer argued. "Therefore when Freddie bet as much as a hundred dollars a race, Bob the Bookie must have realized he was taking the bank's money. As anyone who knowingly receives embezzled money must repay it, Bob should make good the bank's loss."

"Why blame me?" Bob countered in court. "For all I could tell, Freddie might have got those wads of betting money from a rich uncle. I never once knew for a fact that he was taking it from the bank."

If you were the judge, would you make Bob the Bookie pay?

• •

Bob had to pay. The court said he must have recognized that Freddie was betting excessively, and could not escape his share of the blame by "shutting his eyes to the source of the moneys wagered."

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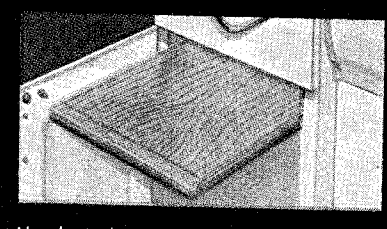

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You'll both enjoy

Now at your newsstand

(Continued from Page 152) could almost taste the flat, heady smell of the river.

In the diner, two girls were eating hamburgers. Fighter was alone behind the counter, making more hamburgers. I waited until the girls were gone. He had his back to me. "Who is Chester Kubichek's runner, Fighter?"

"You want to get a bet down, kid?" he asked.

"He made the mamma for her flour money. Eight yards," I said. "Who is it, Fighter?"

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Who is it?"

"I don't know," he said. "Where are you going?" he asked, but I didn't stop. I went out of there, running to the White Elephant.

All I had to do was open the door and look. He wasn't there. He wasn't at the Kit Kat Club a half block beyond. I went to the next corner, crossed Second Street and into the Saddle and Spur. Water Boy was at the free-lunch counter with a bowl of boo ya.

"How much does he owe you?" I asked the cook.

"Two bits."

I put thirty-five cents on the counter and pulled Water Boy off the stool. I had a golden retriever in the country that weighed more. "I ain't finished," he protested, and protesting, I got him outside.

"Who's your runner?" I asked.

He winked at me. "Mike, he works by Wilwa, the garageman."

"Thanks, Water Boy." I gave him half a dollar. "Get yourself another bowl of boo ya."

I used my car this time. I drove into the garage, summoning Wilwa to my window. "Where's Mike?" I asked.

He pointed at an overalled figure at the left near the back wall. "I don't want no monkey business here," he warned.

"Some monkey business you like, though, don't you, Wilwa? Like the kind you get a cut of, isn't that right?"

"Me?" he asked. "Not me," moving back as I got out.

The one named Mike was washing pistons. "Are you Chester Kubichek's runner?" I asked, standing beside him.

He didn't miss a stroke. He just turned to look through me. I showed him the badge. He didn't look through that. He laughed at it. He set the piston in the old wash tub of gasoline, wiping his hands on his overalls.

"Come on," he said. "I'm ready. I'm sick of this job anyway. Come on, officer. Aren't you arresting me? Don't you want ——" But he was talking to himself then. I didn't have much time. In another half hour I wouldn't be able to get the right time of day out of the Levee.

Don't ask me now what sent me to the Cosmopolitan Club. He could just as easy have gone to a movie in the Loop or bowling uptown. He didn't, though. He was there at a snooker table, with the red balls gone, the two and three gone, shooting for the brown, the four ball. He made it, into the off corner. He made the blue and he dropped the orange, the six, without even chalking up. His partner turned away, and Chester banged the end of his cue on the floor for the rack. He got me instead of the rack.

He was wiping his hands free of chalk, his cue lying atop the cushion, when he saw me. "Hello, Phil," he said, smiling. "I heard you were around. What's new?"

"Annie just told me what's new," I said. That took care of his smile. "Who's your runner, kid?"

He had his hands on his hips. He knew they were watching him. "Are you playing copper or what?" he asked.

I got his right hand in my right hand. I lifted the arm up and away from the body and back, all the way to his spine. I had his hand against his spine and my other hand against his chest, moving him now, back, back, back, past the snooker tables, against the faded rotogravure of Bronko Nagurski on the rear wall.

"Now," I said, pointing my finger at his face.

"Who do you ——"

I slapped him as hard as I could, holding his right hand against his back. My fingers ached from the slap. "Now," I said, "I'm going to break your arm." He let the air out of his lungs. I moved his arm an inch higher on his back. "You think I don't mean it, eh, Chester? You think I got pity for someone who steals money his mother earned. Earned," I said, and I moved his arm and he cried out.

"Fighter," he whispered.

"You lie!"

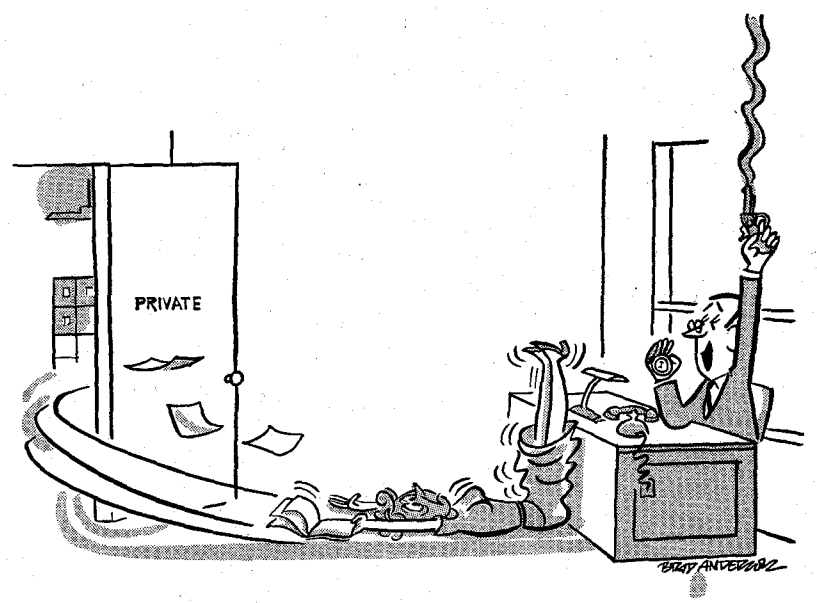
"Fighter Lendowski, I swear. Runner, district bank, Big Bank, he's doing everything. For the good sweet, let go my arm."

I let go his arm. I left him there against Bronko and went through the pool hall my car. Hooky Kryzak called to me fr behind the cigar counter, but I was tire Hooky—of Hooky, of the punks study here to waste their lives, of Fighter dowski, who would lie to me. To me, all the years we had, whether or not I seen him for two years.

In the diner, he was up at the end c counter and facing the length of it, newspaper before him, leaning forwa sat down on the fifth stool.

"Have any luck, kid?" he asked.

"You're a liar, Fighter," I said. "Yo Chester's (Continued on Page



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, that's good . . . very good."

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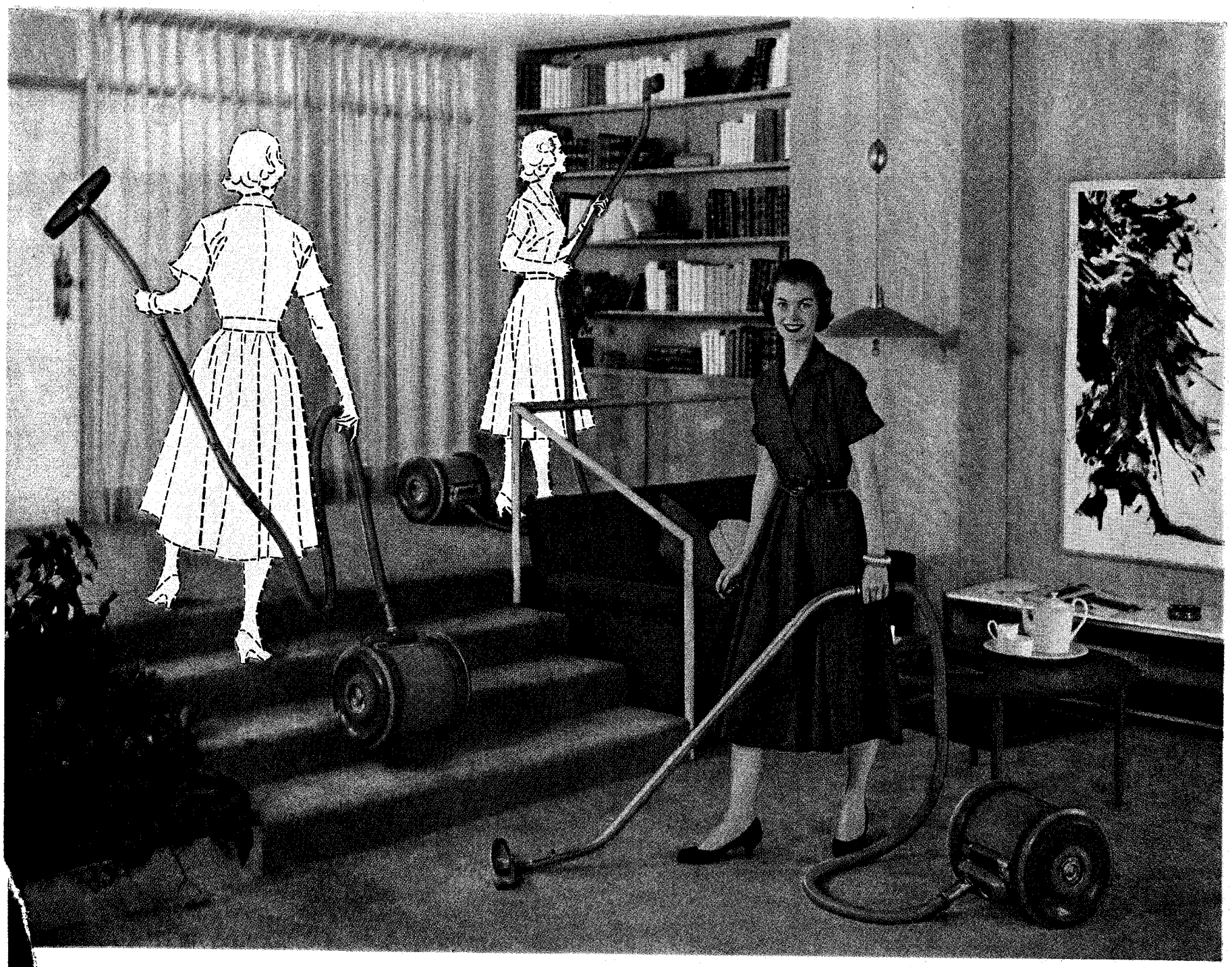

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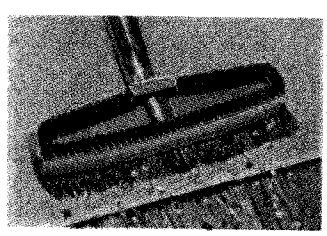
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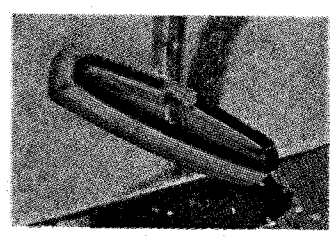
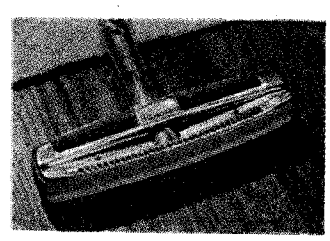

IT TURNS ITSELF OVER!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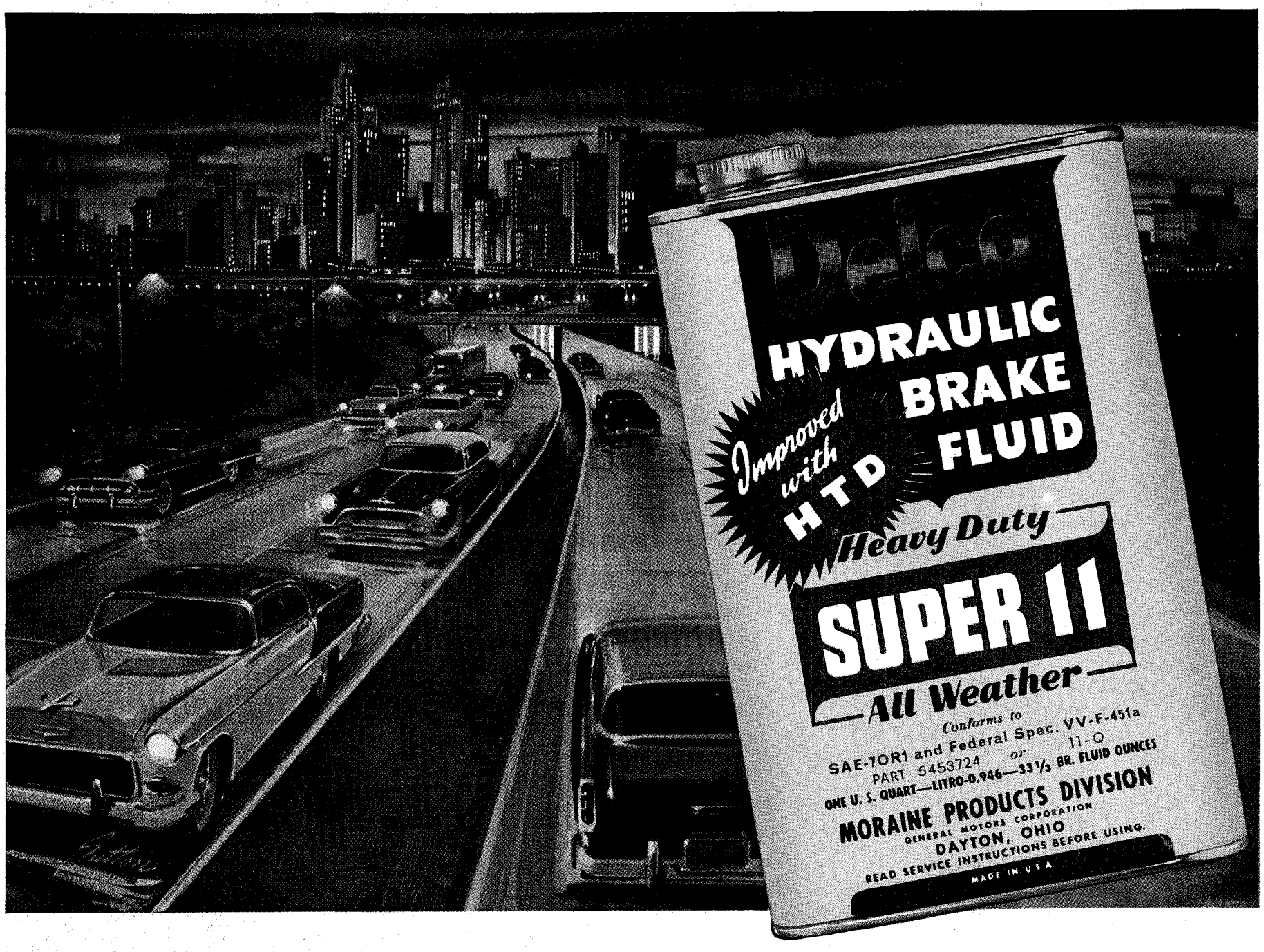

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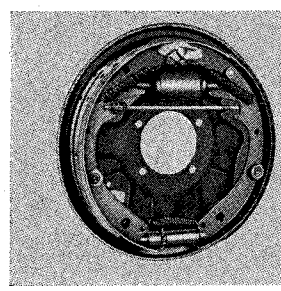

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(Continued from Page 154)

runner." I reached into my pocket, finding the slip, straightening it, pressing it smooth on the counter. I could hear him breathing. "Pay me, Fighter," I said. "I got number 109."

"Unh-uh. Number just came in. Number today is 450."

"Make it easy on yourself, Fighter. I want $803. That's what you took from Chester, who took it from the mamma." I slid off the chair and started forward, but he stopped me.

"Here's your money, flatfoot," Fighter said, lifting his arm and his hand with the Luger, the big, black, cold automatic with the silencer atop it like a weather vane. Why did I think of a weather vane when I could feel each hair on my neck? I could feel my legs all the way to my toes, my big toes. I could hear the oil cracking in his floor stove behind me, and I could hear Fighter. "You're going into the river, copper. I'm going to put you in there myself, you crummy, no-good, lousy, stool pigeon of a ——"

I heard the door. I heard Frank Cnobra say something. I saw Fighter moving away from the counter as I came forward, hitting him high on the temple, feeling it all the way back to the elbow. I hit him with my left fist as I got my right hand on the Luger, pushing, pushing it down at the floor and away from us.

Fighter yelled, "Get him, Frank! Get him! Get the stool-pigeon flatfoot!" I tried to turn, holding the gun, but was hit then from behind.

I heard sirens and doors opening, and tried to keep from falling, reached for a stool, but missed and saw the floor rushing at me, and then the blackness.

The first thing I saw was a stool, the thin stem and the seat reminding me of a beach umbrella on the river in July. Then another stool and the four legs of the pin-ball machine. I saw the plunger of the pin-ball machine and I heard George Lennon, "Take it easy, Phil."

I could have sworn it was George Lennon. Then I saw him, and it was George Lennon. Him and a diner full of cops, in uniform and in plain clothes, helping me up, flanking me as I wobbled, moving me back on a stool.

"How?" I said. "How did you ——"

"You didn't pull the box, Phil," George Lennon said. "I had a hunch, so I took the flying squad and two emergency cars with me."

"Yeah." If only the pin-ball machine would stay put just for a minute. "Cnobra," I said. My head felt like somebody was blowing sand in it. "Where's Cnobra?"

"Who do you want, Phil—Cnobra the cop or Cnobra who works for Fighter Lendowski? Fighter needed somebody who could get behind the betting windows at the track, wait for the figures bet on the last race at the Fair Grounds and call the Big Bank before the amount was posted outside. Cnobra was the boy, Phil," Lennon said. "He would take his lunch period at the Fair Grounds. Wearing the uniform, he would wander back of the betting windows to talk to the boys. He would wait for the number, memorize it and telephone Fighter here. Cnobra is a very smart fellow, Phil," George Lennon said.

They were up against the windows, both of them. I could look at Fighter, that was bad enough. I couldn't look at Frank. Couldn't. I'd made him a cop. I'd taken him out of the Cosmopolitan Club with my bare hands and dragged him to the auditorium the day of the Civil Service exam. I'd watched him on probation, the —— I started for him. I stumbled and a cop reached, but I pushed him aside. I straightened up, still wobbly, weaving, but I made it to the windows, to my cop—to the cop I had made.

It was possible to look at him then. "I made you," I said looking at him. "I was proud. I thought, 'We'll show them the Levee can breed more than hoodlums.'"

He wouldn't look at me, and I reached for the badge. I got the badge and twisted, pulling it and some of the blouse with it, but it came free. I gave it to George Lennon and I pointed at Fighter. "I want $803 from him, lieutenant. It was stolen from the mamma."

"I've got it, Phil," George Lennon said, reaching into a brown-paper bag. "Who is the mamma?"

"I'll put it all in the report. Do you want me at headquarters?"

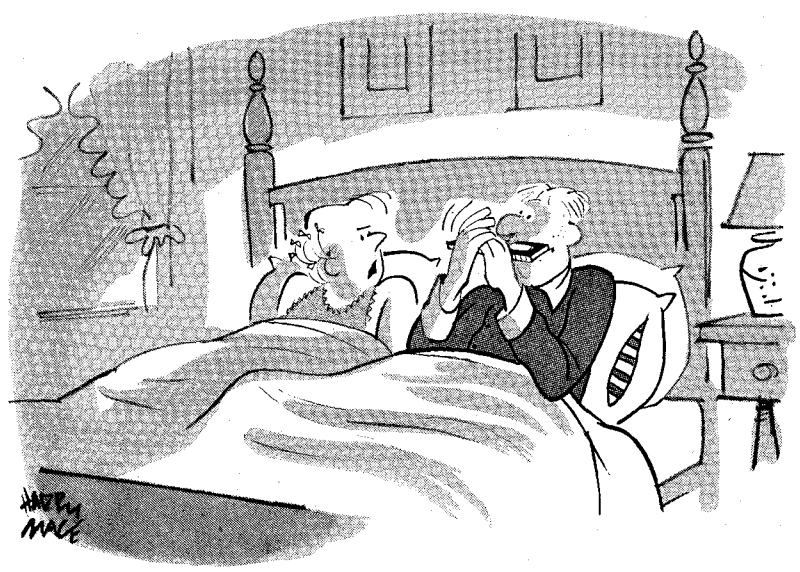
"Tomorrow will be all right, Phil. You'll have to appear in Municipal Court when we arraign them."

"I'll be there." I was steady now. The pin-ball machine stayed put. I took the money in my left hand. George Lennon went to the door with me. "Thanks, Phil."

"No," I said, shaking my head. "I'm the one to do the thanking. I'm the one who owes it. Not you."

"Fine, Phil, fine. I accept your thanks," he said.

He held the door for me. I took the step down to the sidewalk, leaning against the beaten walls of the diner for a moment. The evening wind felt clean on my face, and my head was almost finished spinning. I thought of Martha somewhere, but it made my head spin more. I stopped thinking of her, and my head stopped. I could feel my legs coming back to me and I turned toward the bakery—toward the bakery and toward Annie. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well it doesn't help me go to sleep!"

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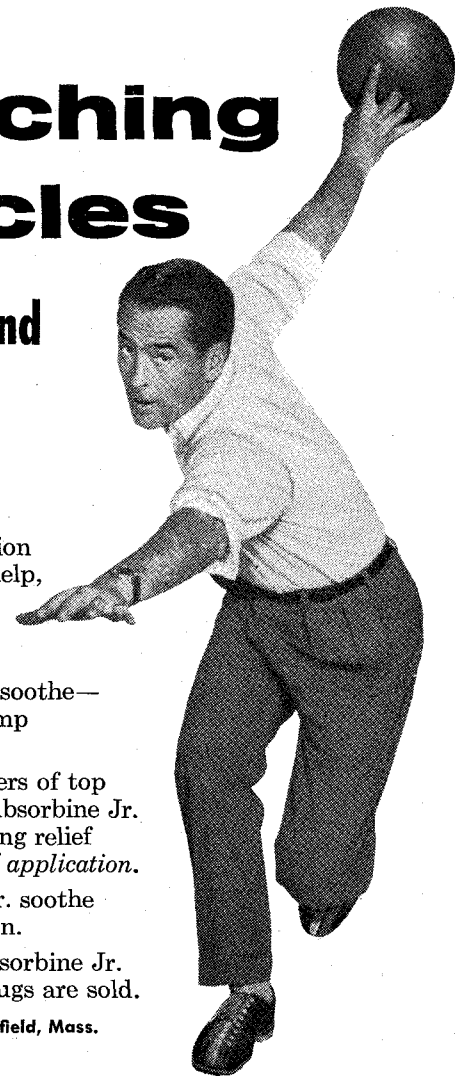

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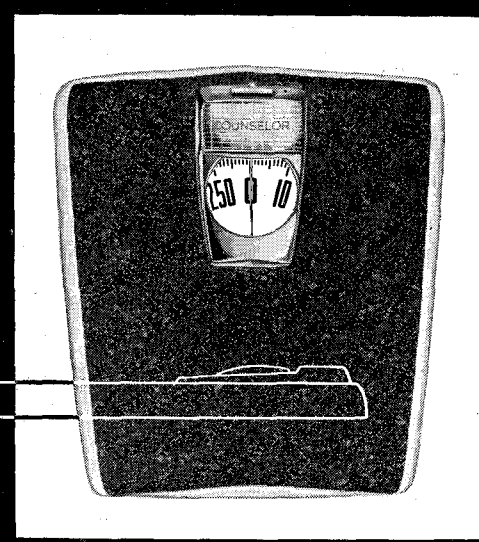

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How to Keep a Home Running

(Continued from Page 43)

husband recovering from a serious operation or living through the months-long convalescence of a disease such as hepatitis may herself come down with the miseries or worse if she has to be wife, mother, cook, maid and nurse twenty-four hours a day.

In those cases and others, the Homemaker fills a desperate medical need which is growing each year that modern medicine prolongs life. Today there is an enormous increase in chronic, or long-term, illness. One out of six persons suffers from a chronic disease; half of them under forty, when they still are responsible for supporting or running a home. Society does not have the institutions to let these people languish in wasteful boredom, nor does it wish to build a system of medical concentration camps. It is the goal of modern medicine, psychology and sociology to keep the home together, to make life as normal as possible for the person who is ill and for those around him. In the case of heart disease, arthritis, polio, alcoholism, multiple sclerosis, cancer, mental disease, diabetes, senility and blindness, a Homemaker can be as important as a miracle drug.

This Homemaker service is possible because the Essex County Homemaker Service has mobilized the good heart and good experience of women who have spent their lives homemaking. At the service headquarters, these women, who are now widowed or have grown-up families, are trained and sent where they are needed to do the tasks no one else can do. They will work as long or as short a time as they are needed, unlike nurses and domestic servants, who have to be hired by the week. Their pay is relatively low—$1.25 an hour plus carfare—and their services are many. As an informal, almost brand-new, social service, they are not bound by strict rules and can play each new situation by ear—or rather by heart.

Another safety device for the automobile is marriage.

JOE RYAN

One Homemaker entertains her elderly—and wealthy—bedridden charge by reading to her, singing hymns and old ballads, by doing a soft-shoe dance to music on the radio. She always sees that her patient hears her favorite radio programs, listens to the latest news and is up on the apartment-house gossip. But often the Homemakers' tasks are not so simple; one at least was saint-challenging.

A lawyer's wife had to go to a hospital for months, and she and her husband were frantic, for they have a three-year-old son who is both blind and a paraplegic. In came the Homemaker, a dedicated Negro woman, who not only cared for the child but helped him grow when doctors, psychologists, special schools and clinics had failed. She reached into his dark, twisted world and helped him live by music. She sang songs he could eat by and songs he could dress by and songs he could try to walk by. She taught him rhythm and rhyme. She made up an alphabet song so he learned his letters. In weeks she had built a whole new world for one little boy.

But Homemakers do as much for themselves as they do for others. Each community is filled with middle-aged but vigorous women who no longer have a family to care for and who feel unloved, unwanted and unneeded. They have only unprofessional skills: the ability to fluff a pillow cook a good solid meal, run up organdy curtains, entertain a two-year-old, and comfort and love and care for the patient.

When such women first join the service they are ashamed at how little they know; when they serve a short time they are proud of how much they know. They find that their unprofessional skills are professional. They discover that they are desperately needed.

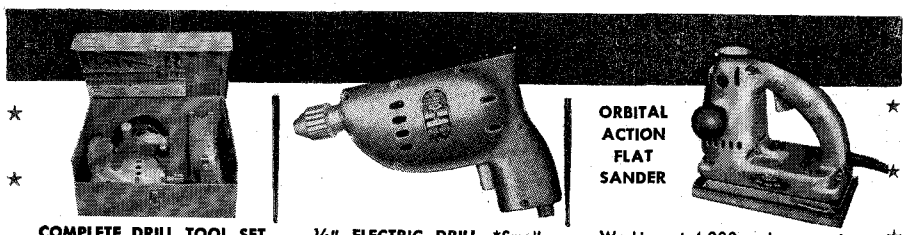
One Homemaker, Mrs. Harriet Rawcliffe, a short, pert woman in her mid-fifties, felt lost when her two daughters got married. She said, "My hands had nothing to do." As a Homemaker she found plenty to do. Even after taking care of children—her specialty—or cancer and heart-disease victims, she finds time for the Daughters of America and her Sunshine Society. And she has much more to share with her husband in the evening. She tells him about her cases and her problems.

The fact that Essex County has Homemakers at all is due to the courage, conviction—and sore feet—of Mrs. Thomas F. Delaney, onetime Executive Director of the American Board of Pediatrics, and Mrs. Asher Yaguda, clubwoman and wife of a prominent New Jersey physician. In 1948 they joined the Essex County Service for the Chronically Ill which was sponsored by the county medical society. Because of that interest, they stood through a four-hour New York legislative hearing on chronic illness. After the hearing they fled to the refuge of a downtown restaurant, more footweary than hungry, but over a tuna-fish salad they talked about the need for skilled women—call them "Homemakers"—to go into a home and help out in the case of chronic illness, and about the tremendous reserve of idle middle-aged women waiting for such a call. Suddenly Mrs. Yaguda said, "Oh, let's do it. Got a pencil and paper?" Mrs. Delaney had, and on the back of a large Manila envelope they wrote down the blueprint of the Homemaker Service. At that time they did not intend to run the service, just to sell it to an appropriate agency.

But an appropriate agency which would take on a new responsibility was hard to find. The two women pounded on the doors—and sometimes the desks—of organizations throughout the county: the Visiting Nurse Service, the Urban League, the family-service agencies and others. Each applauded vigorously and passed the buck. It would cost $10,000 just to open shop. It would take time and people and office space, and they had none to share.

Still Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Yaguda were convinced that their idea was a good one. They decided to go ahead on their own if the board of the Service for the Chronically Ill would agree. Again they had a tough job of selling on their hands. The service had been specifically limited to studying chronic ill needs, not serving actively. Most of the businessmen on the board were very much aware of the expense and complications of operating an agency which would recruit, train and control women sent into homes stricken by sickness. But two doctors, Dr. William H. Hahn, then president of the board and a leading New Jersey ophthalmologist, and Dr. Harold A. Murray, vice-president and medical director of Newark's St. Michael's Hospital, realized the importance of the service. They fought for it.

With the doctors' backing, the ladies Yaguda and Delaney persuaded the Contemporary of Newark, one of the nation's oldest women's clubs, to give them the proceeds of their annual bridge party. With the profits—$243.62—they talked an insurance company into giving them a policy which would cover the agency under the state's workmen's compensation and pub-



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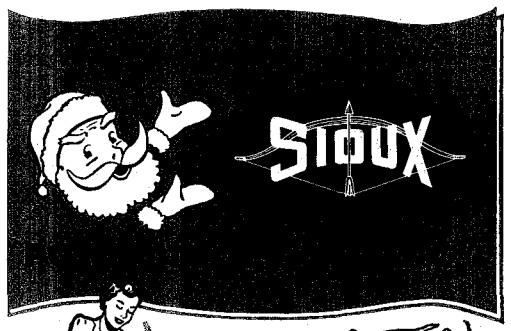

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Clears Worst Distress—In Seconds!

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New **Vicks Medi-Mist**
NASAL SPRAY

And for suffering of chest colds —also try dependable Vicks VapoRub!

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lic-liability laws. The first premium cost a whopping $200, but the policy convinced the board's skeptical businessmen. The service was under way.

A brief article in a Newark paper brought thirty applicants for jobs as Homemakers. Ten of them were chosen, given strict physical exams and sent through an evening course under experts lent by the Red Cross, the Public Service Company, the Newark Health Department. The course was divided into twelve hours. One lecture told the Homemakers what they could do—light laundry, cooking, marketing—and what they could not do—spring cleaning, taking out ash barrels, lifting patients. They were strictly warned not to do the nurses' job. They could not give medicines or hypodermics, but they could remind a patient when it was time to take a particular pill, carrying out a doctor's order.

Other lectures taught the basic principles of food planning, so that Homemakers could understand and follow the diets ordered by physicians. One of the most interesting parts of the course, taught by the local utility company, showed the women how to solve the mechanical mysteries of the machines which are part of every modern home. Experts demonstrated a wide variety of washers and stoves and irons and freezers and driers and mixers and dishwashers. They showed how to defrost refrigerators and how to use a garbage-disposal unit. They showed off vacuum cleaners and floor polishers. Other lectures emphasized that the Homemaker should run the home the way the head of the house, not the Homemaker, thinks it ought to be run.

In the spring of 1950 the first class was graduated and the service got a patient, a woman suffering from multiple sclerosis. Then months went by without another. Again Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Yaguda hit the road to sell their Homemaker Service.

They talked to dozens of social agencies and spoke before the staffs of the county's twenty-three hospitals. They even used a doll house to show doctors (male) the problems of a housewife (female). Soon the service began to pick up; last March alone it gave more than 3300 hours of care. In 1953 the legislature of New Jersey passed a Prevention of Chronic Illness Act and organized a volunteer State Health Department Committee—its chairman, Mrs. Yaguda—to advise communities how to set up similar services. So far, seven New Jersey communities have done just that, and requests for information and advice have come in from all over the nation. The agency staff increased; Miss Hila Thompson, a highly trained social worker, joined the service. Its course of training was taken over by Rutgers University and given as a statewide extension course.

The service is a success, however, because of the good works of the Homemakers themselves, under the daily supervision of Mrs. Gertrude Radell, a former Homemaker. She was widowed, with two children, one an infant, and learned how to make a home under the most challenging circumstances. In her hearty, old-shoe manner, Mrs. Radell bounces in and out of homes with friendly good spirits. She kids and comforts her Homemakers, letting her emotions recruit and assign them, making sure Homemakers don't become homebreakers. To one woman, leaving on assignment, she may advise, "You'd better bake a lemon-meringue pie for that woman's son. You'll have to get him to trust you." She may remind another that the partition of Ireland would be a good topic not to discuss.

She must always be ready to caution, to remind, to understand, for each case is a new one. Families are not the neat packages merchandised by Hollywood, but are combinations of human beings related by blood and need: an elderly brother and sister; two old men and a niece; two grandchildren, their mother and her father-in-law; a young woman and two old aunts. And each illness—old age, heart trouble, arthritis—reacts differently on the members of the family. Each has its own prejudices, fears, strengths, weaknesses. It is the Homemaker's job to make it possible for each family, such as it is, to live together in spite of the illness, whatever it is. That may mean taking care of an elderly mental case so that her family can live a normal life a few hours a day or it may mean taking care of the children so their mother can become the wage earner.

Many times the Homemaker comes into a home where an old couple, their bodies and their minds failing, are trying to stay together and escape an institution. In one such case a Homemaker came to the home of a French actress, Gay Nineties vintage, and her even older husband. The woman was bedridden; her husband's memory and eyesight were fading. The Homemaker organized the home, prepared food so that the old man's memory could be jogged by alarm clocks and pieces of lollipop sticks. When the first alarm rang the old man would shuffle to the clock and feel a stick there. If it was a long stick, he would turn on the oven; when another alarm rang later, he would go to that clock and find a short stick. It was time to turn the oven off, take the food out and serve his wife. Primitive, but it helped that family live out their life together.

Such help may take the strain off institutions, hospitals and asylums, whose facilities are crowded with people who have outlived their families or are just suffering from old age. Mountainside Hospital in Montclair, New Jersey, has been running a special extended care study using the Homemaker Service. They have discharged patients to the care of family doctors, visiting nurses and Homemakers, to make way for other patients. Hospital beds, wheel chairs, medicines, technical services are provided by the hospital, which has discovered that patients much prefer to be at home, where they can save money—and often get well quicker.

Perhaps the best description of the Homemaker Service is given by Mrs. Mamie Davis, a dark, bright, forty-five-year-old woman who prays for a "calmness" before she goes to work. Explains Mrs. Davis, "I always wanted to be a missionary, but I couldn't afford it. This is my missionary work."

THE END

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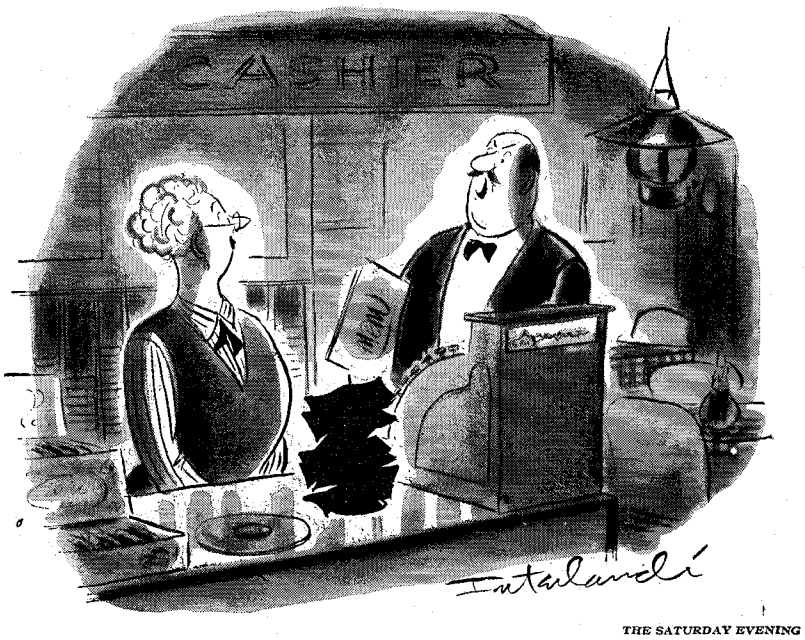

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You don't quite have the idea yet, Miss Quincey."

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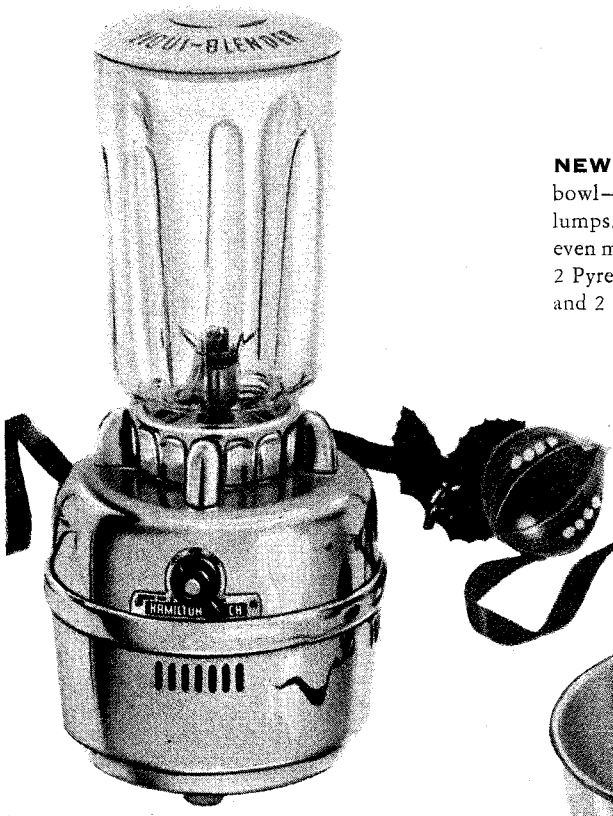

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NEW MIXETTE fits *her* hand, *her* kitchen, and *your* purse! Balance-tested for *easy* handling. New 3-speed control on handle. New finer-blending beaters with positive ejector. Stands on end for easy draining. White enamel, **$19.50;** chrome, **$21.50.**

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There'll Always be Water Wheels

(Continued from Page 38)

better profits than some of their competitors who use wired-in power."

Fitz sits in a high-backed swivel chair in a cluttered office in a building next to the water-wheel factory. Operations in the factory are of the precision type. Fitz himself, at seventy-three, is precise, dry, starchy. He doesn't carry an extra ounce of fat on his bones. He never pounds his desk. But he makes clear his profound conviction that small water powers and water wheels still have an important place in the nation's economy and will long have. He sees them holding their own and in some places coming back. "If," he told me, "you want to see what small batches of raindrops are doing for hundreds of farmers, and could do for thousands, with little cost or care, visit the Pennsylvania Germans."

I took the tip. Beyond the second creek south of White Horse, Fitz and I turned into a farm yard. The name on the mailbox was Stolzfus. The ground was soggy. Stephen Stolzfus nodded a shy welcome. "You'll need rubbers," he warned.

Stephen was wearing the flat black hat of the Amishman. He was about thirty. Big barns, large white house, well-manured fields were testimony to thrifty generations preceding him and continuing, and the water wheel was evidence of thrift plus determination to use a worth-while tool regardless of fashion or sales talk.

The creek was tiny enough in places for a boy to jump across. Yet a good-sized pond had been collected behind a three-foot-high dam, and water from it was turning two water wheels. The far one was a neighbor's, the near one Stephen's and his father's.

Stephen's wheel, made of steel, smooth-running and noiseless, was forty-two inches in diameter, with a fifteen-inch face, and was mounted in an open-top concrete structure just big enough to allow its running room. It was undershot—that is, the water hit it near the bottom instead of going over the top. Water poured with force from behind the dam, filling the buckets, and the weight caused the wheel to turn merrily. A crank and rod connected the shaft to a large triangular frame hinged at one corner. This rose and fell with the wheel's motion, and pulled a "telegraph wire" back and forth. The wire crossed fields to the house, 1000 feet away.

"Come along," said Stephen; "we'll see it do work."

On the kitchen porch he raised a trap door, revealing a forty-foot well. The back-and-forth motion of the wire was converted by simple gears into up-and-down power and applied to a pump. The latter was sucking up a small stream of icy water, emptying it into the four-inch-deep pan of a "cold box." Jars of foodstuffs stood in the water. "It keeps them as cold as a refrigerator," Stephen's wife said.

Overflow was piped to the barn. There it cooled milk in the milking shed; then went on to fill a stock-watering tank.

"A good system," Stephen said with pride. "We don't turn it off sometimes for a month."

"There is much upkeep?"

"Hardly any. A drop of oil once a month. Our wheel has been here since the early 'Forties. Neighbors have had theirs for fifty years."

Half a dozen of these miniature wheels were seen within a mile of Stephen's house. Hundreds are used.

Small water powers and the water wheels that used them are as much a part of American history as the pony express or the covered wagon. "The Industrial Revolution," John Fitz pointed out, "changed manufacturing from hand to machine work. It was powered mostly by water wheels." These wheels ground the pioneer's corn and wheat, sawed logs into boards, crushed apples into cider, made the country's first iron and the first mill-wrought fabrics, ground snuff, rolled hemp, made paper—the list of things done is a long one. Along the Brandywine a century and a half ago, men named du Pont set up water-driven mills to grind gunpowder ingredients—and a modern industrial giant was born.

Eli Terry, the Connecticut clockmaker, boldly pioneered the use of water power to cut teeth in clock wheels—previously done tediously by hand—and set the pattern for the modern clock-and-watch industry. Cities grew up on water-power sites. An ancestor of John H. Patterson's ground the grain brought in oxcarts to his water-powered mill on the Miami River, in Ohio. A century later, peppery "John H." was creating the National Cash Register Company on almost the same spot, and Dayton was growing up around him into a city of 250,000.

Small waters in those days were used intensively. Sometimes a creek was dammed a dozen times within a mile, and the water was used again and again. A traveler of 1840 reported that eleven mills of various kinds were going full blast within the limits of little Piqua, Ohio, all powered by water from the canal and river. A Massachusetts miller cursed with insufficient water at certain seasons built three identical mills within a hundred yards of each other on the same stream, and during low-water periods used the highest mill Mondays and Tuesdays, the middle one Wednesdays and Thursdays, the lowest Fridays and Saturdays. By Monday, enough water had accumulated for the highest mill, and the cycle was repeated.

The power picture changed with the coming of efficient steam engines, internal-combustion engines and electricity; and now, of course, there is talk of atomic and solar engines. "People thinking in billions," Fitz points out, "find it hard to value small waters. Only the mightiest, wildest rivers, such as the Columbia, Colorado, Snake, Tennessee or Niagara, they suppose, are worth harnessing."

But something important, he thinks, is lost by overlooking the little streams and the new developments that are making their use feasible again. He said, "A steel overshoot wheel"—the type that takes the water at the top and is better for a good head of water—"properly designed and installed, is far different from the wooden wheels which were the only ones our grandfathers had. Such a wheel can operate with upward of ninety per cent efficiency. We have built wheels forty feet in diameter. You'd think it would take tremendous strength to turn such a wheel. Actually, we consider them faulty unless a child can turn them by hand."

There have also been some extraordinary water-wheel developments. During the war, Fitz's company made 120 water wheels for the British Army.

What would a modern army want with water wheels? The British, Fitz says, parachuted them from planes to points behind enemy lines or into liberated zones. They were as tiny as they could be made and still do the work expected of them—in fact, they measured barely four inches across. Each wheel, including an attached electric generator, weighed twelve and one half pounds. It was called an impulse wheel and was a perfect little water wheel.

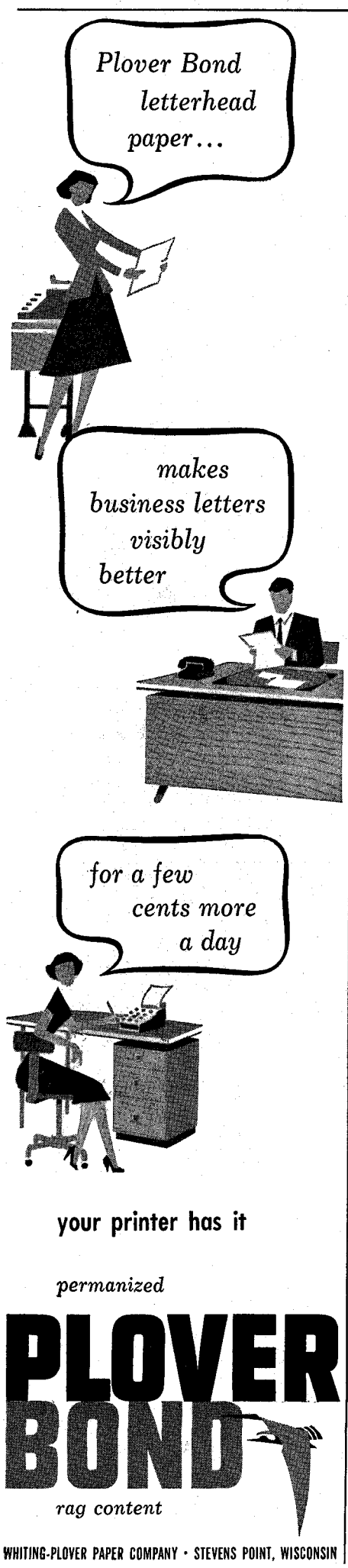
"The first thing people do in a bombed-out town," Fitz pointed out, "is restore the water supply. They have to, or die. Advance scouts usually found water in the mains of a ruined town or speedily got it there. These little impulse wheels can do things with a low flow. They are attached by a length of hose to any faucet. The water turns the wheel, the wheel operates the generator, producing electric current. We have tested the wheels at forty pounds' pressure, and they make 1800 revolutions per minute, producing enough electricity to keep three or four bulbs burning brightly.

"We weren't told how the British used theirs. The job was hush-hush. We supposed they charged storage batteries for walkie-talkie communication or things like that.

"Universities also use these impulse wheels. Theirs are usually larger. They use them in courses on hydraulics. We have recently shipped wheels to the universities of Louisiana and California, to the Naval Academy, and to the engineering college of Dacca University, in East Pakistan."

He explained what happened recently in Marietta, a Pennsylvania town of about 2400 located on the banks of the Susquehanna River. A water shortage was brought on by the town's natural growth plus the location there of the Marietta Transportation Corps Depot. The town's water came from fifty-two never-failing springs on the far side of the river, located in up-and-down country almost inaccessible except by jeep. The springs lie somewhat higher than the town, so that the water flows by gravity through pipes on the bottom of the river. In order to increase the supply, two wells were drilled near the springs, but on a slightly lower level. The wells produced much of the wanted additional water. But a problem was posed.

The springs flowed; the wells didn't. How to get the water out of the wells and into the town reservoir without keeping a pump tender at that lonely spot night and day? Two Fitz water wheels came to Marietta's rescue. Spring water, bubbling toward the (Continued on Page 164)



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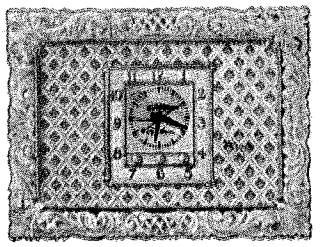

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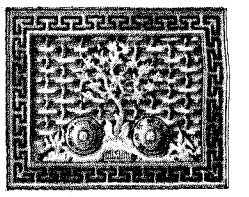

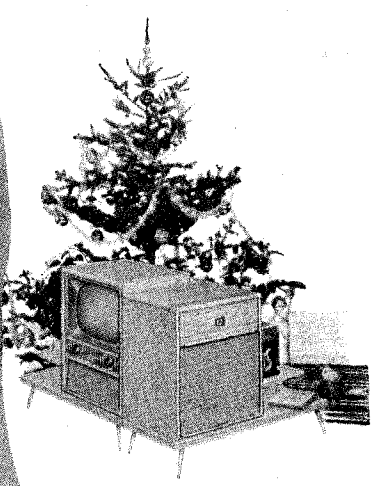

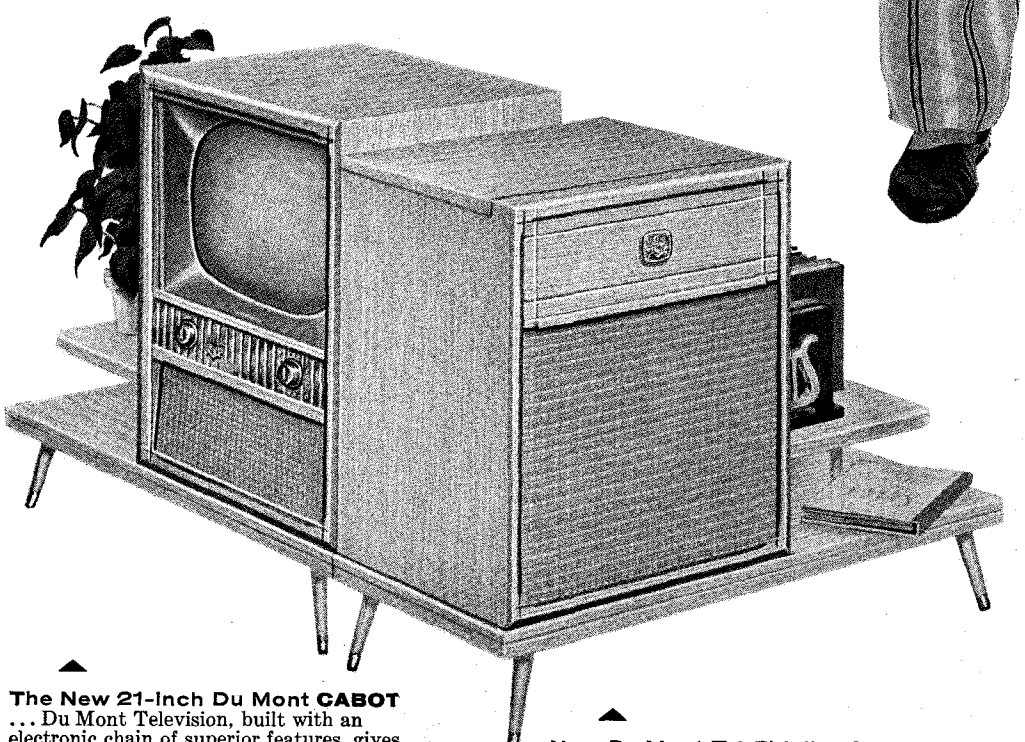

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(Continued from Page 162) town reservoir, powers the water wheels. The wheels, in turn, operate pumps which transfer the newly tapped water supply from underground wells to the reservoir. The operation is automatic and nearly trouble-free. H. B. Lenhert, Jr., superintendent of the Marietta Gravity Water Company, admits that somebody goes over once in a while to oil what needs oiling. Quite a few communities, Fitz says, use big water-power installations to pump city water supplies.

There are still enough of the traditional types of water wheels in use and needing occasional repairs or renewal, and enough people who are learning to use them for the first time, to keep the Fitz plant busy. Some users are hobbyists who have estates and gardens and like to keep the old alive just because it is old and, they think, picturesque; but, in the main, the wheels are used because they furnish power cheaply and at low upkeep. For a look at a workaday enterprise that has been going for a long time, Fitz suggested a visit to Codorus Creek.

This stream meanders in sweetly rolling Pennsylvania countryside not far from Gettysburg's famous battlefield. In 1790, when Washington was President, a thrifty Mennonite named John Hershey built a stout stone gristmill on the West Branch of Codorus. It was not big-time, but was a substantial mill of the kind needed by a prospering community. Hershey built for comfort, with two fireplaces, one upstairs and one down. People coming to have grain ground made the mill a gathering place. Men and boys sometimes fished while waiting. Wives and daughters chatted and knitted inside by the open fires if it was cold, while the buhrstones turned by the water wheel ground their winter's flour for wheaten bread and their corn meal for johnnycakes, mush or Indian puddings.

Farmers seldom paid cash for the grinding. As they emptied grain into the hopper, they expected the miller to catch some for himself. Hershey's "toll box" held an eighth of a bushel.

That's the way it used to be. John Hershey, the builder, died in 1796. His son, also named John, succeeded him. This John had a daughter named Nancy. A thrifty young man named Peter Menges lived on the adjoining farm. Peter looked at the miller's daughter and thought her the girl for him. Nancy thought so, too, and they were married. When John the younger died at age sixty, his son-in-law bought the property and became the miller, and the Hershey mill became Menges Mills.

Time brought change, storm, war. Armies came and went in that vicinity. The Menges cattle were driven for safety to Columbia, thirty miles away, crossing the Susquehanna on the old covered bridge shortly before it was burned. Through all changes, sons, grandsons and great-grandsons of Peter and Nancy kept and ran the mill. So they still do, 165 years after the mill was built. Rev. David A. Menges and his younger brother, Robert, who run the mill now, showed their visitor exactly how they manufacture their flour, which is well thought of in that part of Pennsylvania and over the line in Maryland. They take pains to supply products as customers want them. Corn meal, they say, is not the same for Pennsylvanians and Marylanders. The former want the corn roasted before milling, so that it tastes slightly toasted; and it must be rich-yellow corn. Marylanders, only a whistle stop away, don't call that corn meal. For them, no roasting, and the corn must be white.

The waters of Codorus flow under the mill building. Two water wheels under the main floor are visible through trap doors or by a trip downstairs. The water is controlled by gates, and the miller can operate one wheel, both or neither. For wheat, steel-roller grinders are used. For corn, the Menges boys use the upper and nether millstones of Biblical parable and their grandfathers' time. They dress the stones themselves, an ancient art. Blacksmith Erwin Zartman, in nearby Spring Grove, sharpens and tempers the quickly dulled dressing tools.

The Menges mill has never gone in for food-fad business, which keeps some old water mills going nowadays. Their products are standard stuff for kitchens producing some of the world's finest breads, cakes and pies. If you can do with a spot of spatter bread, they say it's hard to beat this recipe:

- 1 pint of corn meal
- 1 pint of milk
- 1 pint of boiling water
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon of melted butter
- 2 teaspoons of salt

Add the salt to the corn meal and scald with the boiling water. Stir until smooth. Add the milk, melted butter and eggs. Stir well and bake in a very hot oven in a greased baking dish for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve in the same dish.

No census is taken of mills of the Menges type, but many of them, unpretentiously profitable, are doing business in Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, the Carolinas, New England, Ohio, Michigan and some other states. Some, Fitz points out, have stand-by electric power, but they use water when they have water because it is cheaper.

Some of the most enthusiastic users of water wheels live in places where water power is about the only means of making modern living possible. Harry Morris, of

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Liberia, is one of these. Morris bought a water wheel from Fitz in 1950. He lives forty miles from Monrovia, the Liberian capital, and three miles from the village of Kakata, on his 1460-acre rubber plantation. A small tributary of the River Du turns the wheel. Replying by mail to questions I sent him, Morris listed the appliances for which his water wheel produces power—icebox, toaster, waffle iron, sewing machine, hair drier, vacuum cleaner, radio, high-fi set, tape recorder. "The freezer," he wrote, "just clicked off."

The power plant's "working force," he said, is a native boy who attends school in the morning and looks into the powerhouse each afternoon to see that things are running. Morris said he called the attention of Liberian President William V. S. Tubman to the possibility of installing a similar wheel at the latter's country home in the Bhong Mountains.

"The Catholic fathers of Saniquellie," he added, "at the tip of Liberia in the remote interior below the Nhimba Mountains, operate an undershot water wheel built by the fathers."

Nobody is saying, certainly not John Fitz, that power from small waters will ever regain the proud position it once held in American industry. But a nudge for its increased use again is arising from the odd fact that water wheels are taking on considerable stature as museum pieces.

Henry Ford gave this move quite a boost. He believed in small waters for small power needs and also considered it smart, when possible, to decentralize industrial operations. At a plant making valves and valve stems at Northville, Michigan, he re-established a water power which proved valuable for stand-by power, and furnished electricity for lights, cleaning and other night jobs. Ford liked museums; he thought they were the ideal way to teach history. At Greenfield Village, in Dearborn, Michigan, his gift to "history writing," new style, visitors see grain ground the old way at Loranger Gristmill. A number of places are preserving or restoring water-wheel mills for museum purposes.

A psychiatrist is a man who profits by your experience.

IMOGENE FEY

The outstanding water-mill restoration is at Saugus, Massachusetts. Here the American Iron and Steel Institute, cooperating with the First Iron Works Association, of Saugus, has done a job comparable to that at Colonial Williamsburg, in Virginia. Soon after the Pilgrim Fathers landed in Massachusetts, the destruction of the European iron industry in the Thirty Years' War made it necessary for England to seek new sources of iron in the New World. The first ironworks on this side was set up under the leadership of John Winthrop, the younger, about twelve miles north of Boston, at the point where the Saugus River meets tidewater. It operated from 1646 to about 1675, and for its time, was efficient.

When operations ceased, the plant disappeared from sight. People forgot it had ever been there. A paved street ran over the spot where oxcarts used to bring ore for dumping into the blast. About the only thing visible was the old slag pile, which was an eyesore. Restoration involved extensive excavation by archaeologists. Several hundred tons of artifacts were dug up, including parts of one of the original water wheels. A visitor today sees the plant as nearly as possible as it was three centuries ago. There are seven great water wheels of different types and sizes. They, of course, are made of wood, as were all the originals. Upon occasion, they still operate the mill.

Another important restoration is under way in Delaware. From 1802 onward, water from the Brandywine was the power source for grinding the basic ingredients of black powder: saltpeter, charcoal and sulphur. The Eleutherian Mills-Hagley Foundation was endowed in 1952 by the du Pont Company to undertake an authentic restoration. "We intend," says an official, "to replace machinery in enough structures to display the steps in early powder making and will power the mills with water wheels as they once were."

Here and there, private individuals get into the museum act. Several decades ago Ernest K. Ballard used to ride the logs being sawed into boards on the neighbors' water-powered, up-and-down sawmill. He never forgot the fun he had. He went into market gardening at Lexington, Massachusetts, when he was fifteen, and stuck with it till he was past sixty. Then he began looking for a place to retire to, where he could build an up-and-down sawmill.

He found the ideal spot in Island Pond Road in Derry, New Hampshire, where there had once been a sawmill. Ballard traveled far and near, getting facts, materials and equipment. Today he has one of the few up-and-down sawmills, with a water wheel and a saw resembling a logger's crosscut saw, that can still saw logs by water power. At eighty-four he is hard of hearing and none too spry, but he will almost dance a jig if somebody asks to see a log sawed.

As long as water runs downhill, John Fitz thinks, people will use the power of its fall. He has nothing against atoms. But he finds raindrops simpler. THE END

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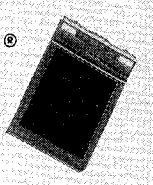

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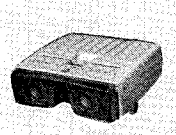

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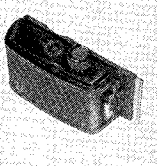

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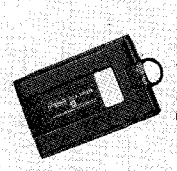

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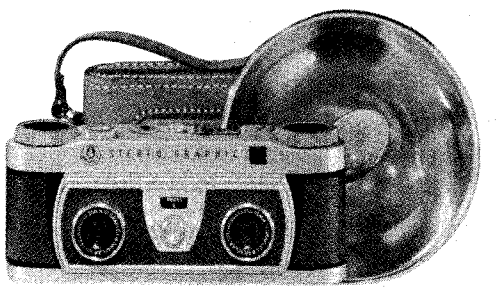

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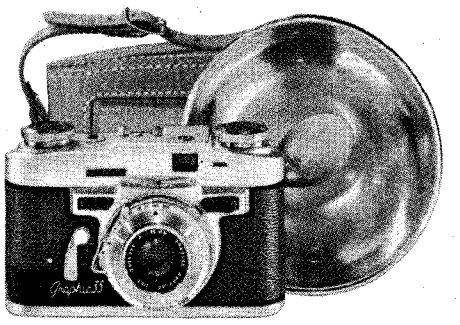

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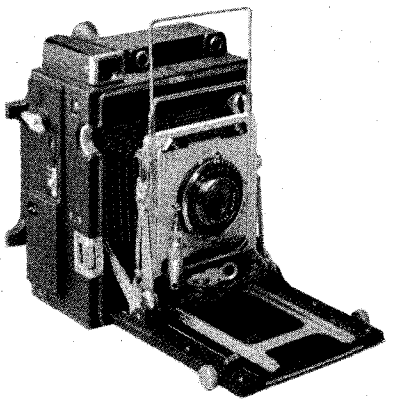

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The Overconfident Male (Continued from Page 35)

enough to see a girl when she walks by. As it is ——"

"You just haven't been seen by the right girl," Mrs. Flanagan said. "Someday a cute little creature will decide that you're the answer to her prayer, and you'll find yourself so hog-tied you won't know what hit you. And won't care either."

"Ha!" Peter said. "When I decide to get married, I'll get married to the gal of my choice, and no woman is going to trap me until I'm ready."

Mrs. Flanagan looked at Peter sadly. "You just go right on believing that."

"Certainly, why not?"

"So you won't be out of step with the other millions of married men when it happens to you." Mrs. Flanagan picked up the breakfast dishes. "I promised your mother I'd see to it that you got yourself a nice girl. Maybe I'd better get busy."

"Well, the best of luck with it. Right now I have an airplane to drive."

"When are these doctors going to start smelling up this place with their disinfectants?"

"They gave Bill Marion a thousand dollars earnest money," Peter said. "All they're waiting for is the title search and a deal with the bank for the rest of the money. Things should be pretty well buttoned up in about ten days or two weeks."

Mrs. Flanagan sighed. "Well, I don't mind being cast aside like a worn-out girdle. I can always go back to my sister's place in Nebraska. Of course, they're having a hard time making ends meet."

Pete grinned. "All right," he said; "now you've tried everything. Don't give me that I'll-eat-the-burnt-toast routine. I've already lined up a place to rent over on Westwood Drive. It has a separate little apartment."

"Huh," Mrs. Flanagan said, unimpressed.

"With its own television set. So on fight nights you can still get that tear jerker."

Mrs. Flanagan thought it over. "Nuts. I like it here better."

"I don't intend keeping this monstrous pile of lumber and stone, and that's final," Pete said. He put on his coat and his uniform cap and left.

On his way to the airport he stopped at Bill Marion's office. Bill was the real-estate agent handling the sale for him.

"Look, Pete," Bill said. "There are rumors around town about some old will of your great-grandfather."

Pete explained about the will. "No one has showed up in seventeen years. It was merely a sentimental gesture."

Bill scratched his head. "Yeah, but suppose somebody did show up? You'd have one devil of a time getting him out, you know."

"Nobody's going to show up!" Pete yelped. "Just forget about it!"

Bill shrugged. "Well, it isn't up to me anyway. But they're going to come across it when they make the title search, and I don't know whether those doctors will want to pungle up forty-five grand if the joint's going to be filled with skeletons."

"It isn't going to be filled with skeletons. It isn't going to be filled with anyone but doctors. Nobody even knows about it any more, and I'm not even sure that it's legal."

Four days later, Peter, with a full load of passengers, mail and air freight, and weary from staring at the gauges, made an instrument approach into the field and touched his wheels on the runway. He drove the airplane around into his assigned space and cut his engines. He took off his headset, rubbed the back of his neck.

Tim McCullough, his copilot, shrugged himself into his uniform jacket and put on his cap. "Look, Pete, the girl's blond, she's beautiful, and I told her you'd shot down a flock of MIG's over in Korea."

"I never saw a MIG in my life, and you know it," Peter said. "I have to see Bill Marion about my house."

"Can a house do the samba? Can a house twine its arms around you?"

"Can a dame put forty-five thousand bucks in my pocket?"

"You got me there," Tim said, "but she could take it out in a hurry."

They left the airplane and checked in at operations. Afterward they walked across the parking lot to Pete's car. They climbed in, took off.

Pete dropped Tim off at the Aero Club. "You're sure you won't change your mind? This girl ——"

Pete shook his head.

"You'll be sorry when you're old and friendless and alone sitting in a darkened room counting your money."

"I'll take the chance," Peter said. He put his car in gear and drove home. In his driveway was a beat-up coupé with California plates. He got out of his car, picked up his bag and brief case and went up the walk.

He pushed open the door and yelled, "Mrs. Flanagan!"

She came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. "Don't make so much racket," she said. "Nancy is taking a nap."

"Nancy? Who's Nancy?"

Mrs. Flanagan reached in the pocket of her apron and handed Peter a telegram.

He unfolded it and read: DUST OFF THE SABERS AND KEEP THE POWDER DRY. THE GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF SILAS MCNAIR ARRIVES AT FIVE. It was signed, NANCY MCNAIR.

"Oh, no!" Peter moaned. "She can't do this to me!" (Continued on Page 168)

Rhyme of Complete Indifference

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

It's none of my doing if the floor
Sighs for the sound of your vanished tread,
If the chair wants you back in its arms once more,
Or the pillow cries to cradle your head,
Or the book you were reading bears your mark
And mopes on the shelf day after day.
My heart isn't broken, my sky gone dark
Because you've chosen to go your way.

Poor foolish things! It's their private woe
If they feel your presence is needed here.
But as for me—well, I hope you know
I never give you a thought, my dear!

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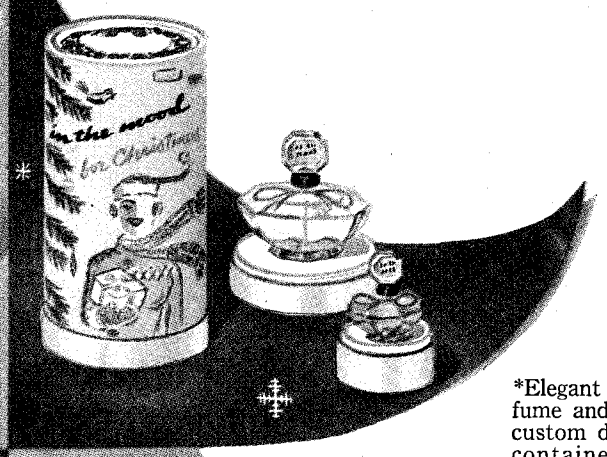

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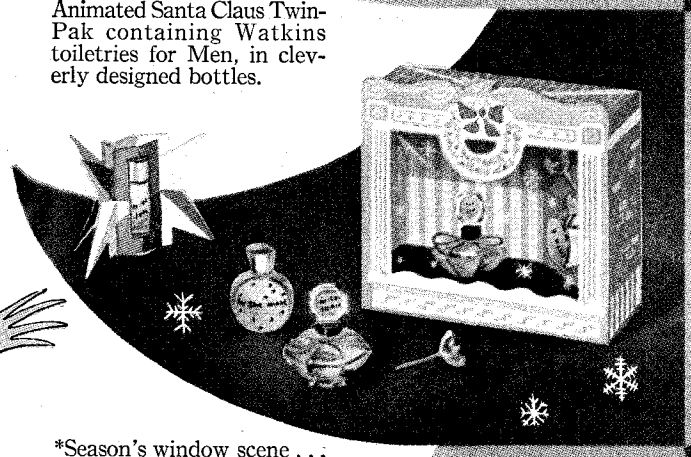
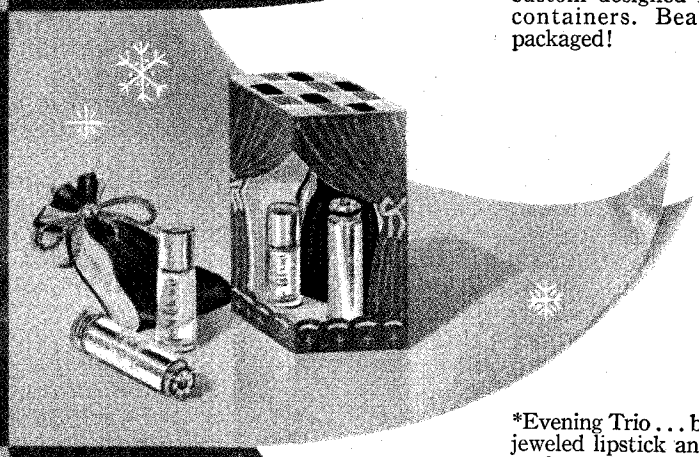
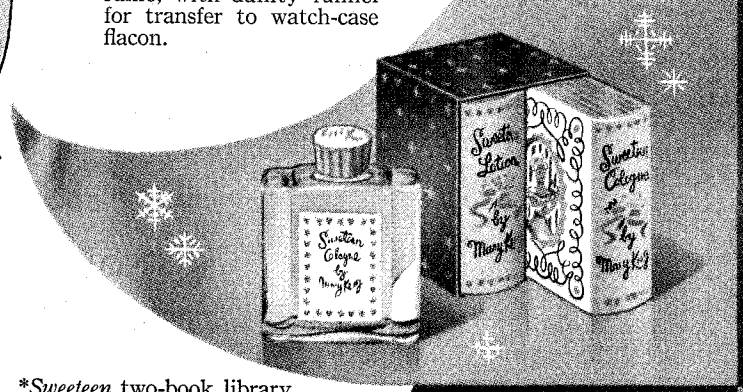
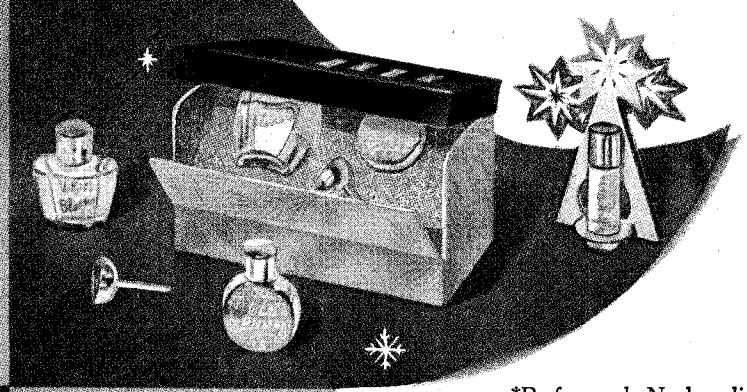


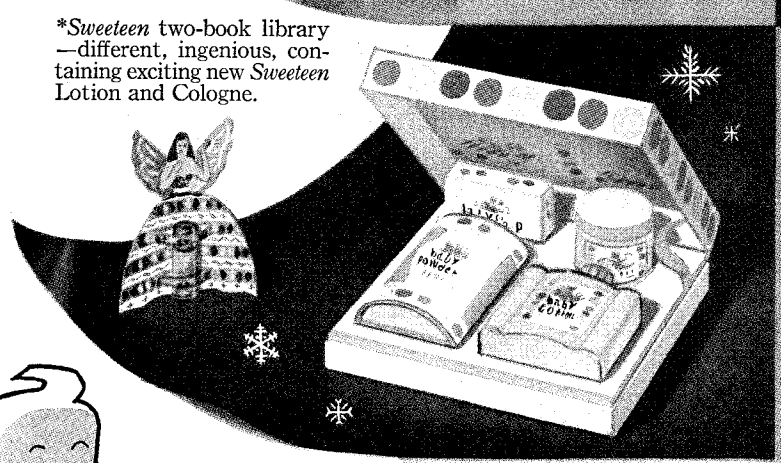
*Season's window scene . . . romantic *In the Mood* Perfume, with dainty funnel for transfer to watch-case flacon.



*Evening Trio . . . brilliantly jeweled lipstick and vial of perfume, in gay satin bag.







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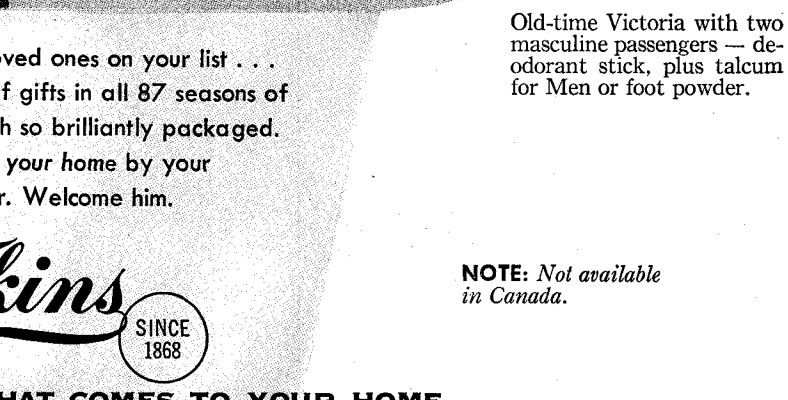

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(Continued from Page 166) "Maybe she can't, but she did," Mrs. Flanagan replied.

"Where did this dame come from and what's she doing here?"

"She came from Sacramento," Mrs. Flanagan said, "and she has a job with a doctor as an office nurse. Dr. Phil Houston, to be exact."

Peter started waving his arms. "That's all I need. Phil is one of the guys buying this place for a clinic." He looked at Mrs. Flanagan hopefully. "Maybe she's staying just until she finds a spot of her own, huh?"

"I dunno. She mentioned something about squatter's rights."

"Listen, Mrs. Flanagan, we have to get that dame out of here. Tell her we have termites, tell her we have Civil War ghosts, tell her the roof leaks. What does she look like, by the way?"

"You'll see her at dinner."

"Well, I'll have a serious talk. I'll just explain that I'm selling the place and she wouldn't crab a forty-five-thousand-dollar sale just for a place to hang her nylons."

"Maybe not, but I wouldn't bank on it. Women are unpredictable."

"Women," Peter said with emphasis, "are a pain in the neck."

"I know," Mrs. Flanagan said, "but you're stuck with us until they invent a substitute. Go and clean up for dinner."'

He cleaned up, changed clothes and then went downstairs. The girl was seated in a great wing-back chair in front of the fireplace. She glanced up and said, "Hi!"

Mrs. Flanagan had not prepared him for this. The girl was wearing a black sweater and a gray skirt and there were small pearls around her neck. Her skin was as dark and creamy as a chocolate milk shake, and her eyes were deep black pools of mystery. She seemed vaguely familiar somehow.

"You're Miss McNair?" he said.

"Uh-huh," she said, "and you must be Peter Mason." She smiled at him. She got out of the chair, came toward him and held out her hand.

He clutched her hand, warm and soft and strong, as a drowning man clutches a lifeline. "Haven't I seen you someplace before?" he said.

She retrieved her hand. "You know, that isn't a very flattering approach. If you had, you should remember. And if you haven't, it means that I look like a number of other women. No woman wants that. She'd like to think that she looks like no one else in this world."

In the kitchen, Mrs. Flanagan dropped a pan. The clatter brought Peter back to reality. "Miss McNair," he said, "I'd like to explain about that old will."

"Why, I think it's just about the most exciting thing I ever heard. Why, just the sound of the words, 'their heirs forever,' has a ring you don't forget."

"That's just it. Everyone has forgotten it."

"Up until now. When I saw the place I nearly flipped. It's beautiful!"

"Gloomy, though," Peter said.

"I could stay here forever."

Peter gave a slight leap. "You could?"

"Absolutely forever." She stretched her arms wide. "Imagine being married in a place like this. Imagine coming down that long, winding staircase, draped in folds of white satin, my man waiting right over there, and the guests ——"

"You're getting married?"

"I certainly hope so."

"When is the wedding?"

"I don't know. I haven't found a man yet. In Sacramento I had an apartment with three other girls and the competition was rougher than professional football. If you showed up with a man who looked as if he had enough money to pay for the license, you couldn't have driven the other girls out with a shotgun."

Peter stared at her. "Is that so?"

"Uh-huh. I'd meet a man, and while I was deciding whether he was good marriage material, some other girl had tied him, branded him and was already changing the way he cut his hair.

"But I shouldn't have that trouble here. For one thing, a man would have to be made of wood if he didn't get romantic in this setting. A couple of months playing the princess in this castle and I'll get my confidence back."

"Miss McNair," Peter said, "you aren't going to have a couple of months."

"Why, Mr. Mason!" Nancy said. "I'll have to think about your proposal three or four minutes, but right now I don't mind saying ——"

"I am not proposing," Peter said, louder than he intended. "This place is for sale, the earnest money is up, the title search is on. In a month or so this house will be a clinic. Four doctors are buying it."

"They must have rocks in their heads. This place looks as much like a clinic as I look like Rocky Marciano. Besides, what about the heirs forever? Me, for instance."

Pete shuddered. "Miss McNair, no doubt those old men put that stipulation in their wills in good faith, my great-grandfather carried out those wishes. However ——"

"Slice it thick or thin," Nancy said, "you have no moral right to sell. Why, think of the heirs who may not have a roof over their heads. They just haven't had the word."

"Miss McNair," Peter said desperately, "this is ridiculous."

"I have a kid brother getting out of the Army in a week or two. He's an heir forever. And my older brother and his wife and three children are complaining about high rent. They're all heirs forever. It might be kind of cozy, having all the family here."

Peter groaned.

Mrs. Flanagan came into the room. "Well, I see you two have met."

"Uh-huh," Peter said.

"We have met the enemy, but he isn't mine," Nancy said. "Matter of fact, I wouldn't have him with mayonnaise."

"Miss McNair ——" Peter began.

"Dinner," Mrs. Flanagan said.

"I'm not hungry," Peter muttered.

"Since when?" Mrs. Flanagan said.

Peter ate his dinner wordlessly; Nancy McNair ate her dinner wordlessly; Mrs. Flanagan carried on a monologue about the weather, the price of the Swiss steak they were having, about what a nice town this was and she hoped Nancy would like it. After dinner, Nancy said she'd help with the dishes. Peter said he was going out.

"Going out?" Mrs. Flanagan said. "Where?"

"Anywhere," Peter said.

He got his hat and coat and left the house. He drove downtown and stopped at the Aero Club. In the men's lounge, Tim McCullough was engaged in shaking the bartender for a drink.

"I knew it," he said, when he saw Peter. "I was telling Jerry that you wouldn't be content to sit in that moldy old mansion counting your nickels. Have a drink, Pete."

"No, thanks; just had dinner."

"Look, I'm going to pick the girls up in half an hour, and this blonde ——"

"I have a girl out at my house."

Tim stared and looked pained. "This isn't like you, Pete."

"She's an heir forever."

"She's a what?"

"I told you about that old will—remember?"

"So what?" Tim said. He tasted his drink. "So she stays a day or two."

"She has a job here. She's staying, period. Says she has squatter's rights, and also wants to get married, but that'll take a little time."

Tim nearly choked on his drink. "Pete, go back and get your clothes and move in with me, get a hotel room, or, better yet, see the chief pilot and get transferred to Kansas City."

"Why?"

"Why!" Tim screamed. "Because you got a tiger in the house, that's why. You're single, you're getting forty-five grand for that house, you're O.K. on your physical, you have all your hair and teeth, and except for that busted nose, you aren't bad looking. You got a dame camped in your house who's looking for a husband, and if you can't figure it out from there, you don't deserve to be an air-line captain."

"You're nuts," Peter said. "I just met the girl today and you have me married to her."

"What does this doll look like, Pete?"

Peter described her.

Tim squinted at him and held up a hand. "The next step will be to give you some strong competition, and then what happens, Jerry?"

"Zip!" the bartender said. "The Little Church Around the Corner."

Bill Marion came walking into the bar. "Hi, Pete, Tim, Jerry. . . . Say, Pete, the architect and the contractor want to come over tomorrow and take some measurements and do a little figuring. O.K.?"

"Well, I don't know, Bill," Peter said. "Can't they wait awhile?"

"Wait awhile? Why?"

"Well, Mrs. Flanagan is cleaning house."

"Can't she clean house while they're working?" Bill said.

"Mrs. Flanagan is fussy when she's cleaning house. Some other time would be better, Bill—some other time."

Bill looked at Peter queerly. "Something wrong, Pete? You seem nervous."

"Me, nervous? Don't be silly." Peter made a convulsive movement and knocked over Tim's drink.

Jerry repaired the damage and poured Tim another drink. Bill peered at Peter. "Anything go wrong out at your place?" he said.

"What could go wrong?"

"Oh, I don't know. Termites, leaky roof, foundation collapsing, house filling up with skeletons from that old will ——"

"What makes you say that?" Peter yelped. "Just because this dame ——"

"Dame? What dame? You keeping some dame out there?" Bill looked shocked.

"No, I'm not keeping some dame out there," Peter yelled.

"O.K., O.K.," Bill said. "Don't blow a fuse. Only thing worries me is if these doctors cool off on the deal I don't know where else we could unload that hunk of rock for anywhere near forty-five grand. And if that 'heirs forever' thing comes to a head, I don't know what will happen."

"Bill," Peter said, "just leave everything to me. I'll get it all straightened out."

"Straightened out? What has to be straightened out?"

"Nothing," Peter said. "Just don't get nervous about this deal."

"I'm nervous?" he said.

"Look, I'll see you guys later. Something has come up. I have to go home."

Bill, Tim and Jerry stared at him as he left the Aero Club. He drove home and on the way had a consultation with himself: *Lay down the law, Mason. Be polite, but firm. Point out that this deal won't wait while she plays princess in that castle. And remember not to get tangled up in extraneous conversation.*

Firm in his resolve, Peter marched into the house. "Mrs. Flanagan!" he yelled.

Mrs. Flanagan came out of the library. "Now what?" she said. "Bobo Olson has this bum on the ropes and ——"

"Stop talking like a sports writer!" Peter yelped. "Where's Miss McNair?"

"She got all gussied up and Craig Osgood called for her."

"Craig Osgood!" Peter said. "That guy isn't the marrying kind. He wouldn't marry that poor little girl if we threw in this house and a key to the savings-and-loan company."

"I never knew a man who was the marrying kind," Mrs. Flanagan said, "but there are an awful lot of husbands. You can wait for her. I'm going in and see the tenth round."

Peter went into the big living room, turned on the lights, put a log on the fire and picked up a book. At eleven o'clock he went upstairs and got into his pajamas, robe, slippers, and went downstairs. At one o'clock he went back upstairs.

At two o'clock he heard a car outside, heard a shouted, "'Night! It was fun!"

He got out of bed and went to the head of the stairs. She came up the stairs, glowing like a neon sign, wearing an off-the-shoulder (Continued on Page 170)

"You don't know my wife. It's not the thought that counts—it's the gift behind it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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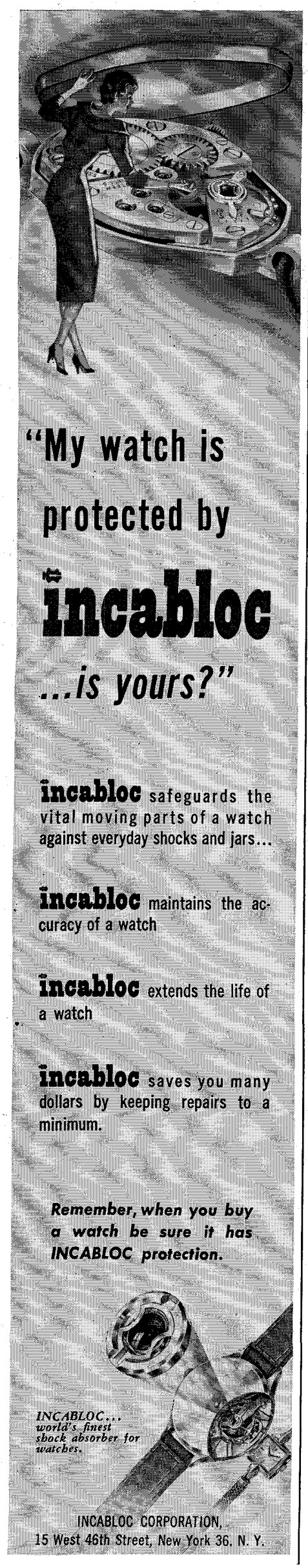
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(Continued from Page 168) cotton in which she looked like an angel without her halo.

"Where the devil have you been?" he roared.

"You certainly are a bear before you've had your hot milk," she said. "Want me to fix it?"

"Miss McNair," he said grimly, "it is now two in the morning. I have been waiting since eight this evening to tell you that you must find some other place to stay. I do not want to be harsh and inhospitable, however ——"

She patted him on the cheek. "Then don't be. And as you said, it's two in the morning, and in that robe and slippers you look like my father and sound like him."

"I'm not as old as your father!"

"No, but you act like it." She went by him on the stairs and then turned. He was two steps below her. She bent down and kissed him lightly on the mouth. "Sleep tight; don't let the bedbugs bite." She went on up the stairs.

Stunned, he watched her disappear, and realized that his heart was giving a fair imitation of a pile driver. The taste of her mouth was still on his lips and the scent of her still cloyed the air around him. He went upstairs and got into bed. *Feminine tricks, pats on the cheek, kisses. Ha! You're wise to her, Mason. In the morning she goes. She's camping here, uninvited, and is trying to get you so mixed up that you'll be reluctant to order her out. Be firm, Mason.*

In the morning, when Mrs. Flanagan poured him his first cup of coffee, she said, "Olson breezed in—unanimous decision."

"Fine, great," Peter said. He sipped his coffee morosely.

"Something wrong?" Mrs. Flanagan poured some beaten eggs into a pan.

"Oh, no," Peter said; "nothing's wrong. Everything is fine—just dandy. I can't toss her out the door, I can't resort to legal action, and apparently she doesn't intend moving under her own power." He frowned. "I wonder where she met that Osgood character?"

Mrs. Flanagan stirred the eggs. "I called him. I suggested she might be lonesome and gave him a brief description. I'll say one thing for that boy—you don't have to blueprint the next move for him."

"Meaning, of course," Peter said, "that I should have a major overhaul on my brain because I didn't ask her to go out before he did."

"Here's your breakfast," Mrs. Flanagan said. "I doubt whether she'd go out with you anyway."

"Oh, is that so? And why not?"

"She said you seemed a bit stuffy for an airline pilot. She had an idea they were a bit more of a *preux-chevalier* type."

Peter squinted. "What?"

"Don't ask me. That's what she said."

"You know," Peter said, "it seems to me, the more I think about it, that I've seen that girl somewhere before."

"Didn't you use to fly that San Francisco-Portland run? And didn't you sit down at Sacramento? Maybe that was it."

"Maybe."

Peter was just finishing his after-breakfast coffee when Nancy came into the kitchen, as fresh and crisp as a bowl of lettuce, wearing matador pants, ballerina slippers and a white blouse.

"Morning, everyone," she said. "Sleep well, Peter?"

"No," he said.

"I did. It certainly picks a girl up to go out with an attractive man without putting on her brass knuckles to fight off the other females."

"He's too old for you," Peter said.

She stared at him. "Well! You're waiting up for me nights, and now you're picking out my boy friends. Next thing you'll be telling me I wear too much lipstick. How is it now, dad—about right?" She pushed her face up close.

She was so close that if he bent forward just slightly —— The thought nearly broke him up. He pushed away from the table. "I've had enough."

"What are you going to do today, dad?" she said.

"Stop calling me 'dad'!" he yelped.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to play some golf, go for a swim, and in the afternoon find you a place to stay."

"Why?"

"Because you can't stay here, that's why. Didn't I point out to you that I'm selling the place—that it's going to be a clinic?"

"Seems to me you did mention it in passing. How about going swimming?"

"Nothing doing."

"You certainly are a sourpuss in the morning, as well as at night. . . . Has he always been this way, Mrs. Flanagan?"

"No, just the last few days."

"Maybe he's cutting a wisdom tooth," Nancy said.

"I am not cutting a wisdom tooth," Peter said, "and I am not a sourpuss, and, if you insist, I'll meet you at the pool about two."

"Now there's a gracious invitation," she said, "and it's a good thing I'm not sensitive. A thing like that could put you right on a psychiatrist's couch."

"A thing like you," he muttered, "could put a psychiatrist on a psychiatrist's couch."

He left the house and drove over to the country club, where he picked up a game with three friends of his. His mind being on other things, he shot an eighty-three and lost four dollars.

He took a shower, lost another two dollars playing pitch in the locker room, then changed into his shorts and walked out to the pool. He finally spotted her, sitting on the grass, surrounded by young men.

He walked around the pool, approached Nancy's entourage and said, "Hello."

The young men looked at Peter as if he had just crawled out from under a rock. Not stated, but implied, was the conjecture as to what Nancy could possibly see in him.

"Well, it's about time," she said. "We're all going to play follow the leader." She stood up and slipped off her robe. No one said anything. Peter went into shock. His pulse rate was rapid but weak, and his face was pale. She was wearing a candy-striped bathing suit which covered a fair amount of skin. The uncovered portion was tanned, sleek and superbly streamlined.

"I'm the leader," she said. She climbed the ladder to the three-meter board, stepped forward, hit the board and executed a beautiful half gainer.

Peter went to a chair and sat down.

She came up, shook her head and said, "C'mon, dad."

"You think I'm crazy?" he said. "When I fly I want engines. I'd break my neck."

The young men all did fair imitations, and then Nancy, with the energy and ease of a young seal, swam the length of the pool under water. Peter went into the locker room and took a shower. He changed into his clothes and then went up to the bar and watched out the window as Nancy made like Esther Williams for an hour. Finally she wore everyone out, climbed out of the pool, and fifteen minutes later appeared up in the lounge. Some of the young men were getting rather tense about who was going to take her to dinner.

"I'm going home," Peter said.

"Fine," one of the young men said.

"I'd better go with him," Nancy said. "I have to stick close or he's liable to put my bags outside and lock the door."

"Very funny," Peter said. They went outside and climbed into Peter's car. He got under way and stared gloomily out through the windshield.

"You act as if you're jealous 'cause I found some men to swim with."

"That's ridiculous," he said. "I am not jealous. I merely ——"

"Want to get rid of me so you can sell your gloomy old house. All right," she said, "I've had it. Take me home so I can pack."

Peter realized suddenly that, although he had been trying to get her out of the house, her leaving wouldn't give him the pleasure that he had thought. "It isn't necessary to rush off in the heat of the day," he said. "Tomorrow is soon enough. I thought maybe we could have dinner and go somewhere and dance."

"Phooey!" she said.

They drove home in silence. Peter morosely steered his car into the driveway.

Mrs. Flanagan met them just inside the door. "Have fun?" she said.

"I'm sorry, grandma," Nancy said, "but I just can't do it. I've met some dense men, but this airplane driver takes the cake. When I was a kid, I thought he was romantic. Brother!"

Peter stared at her and then snapped his fingers. "I knew it! I knew I'd seen you before. You stayed here when you were a kid. Pigtailed, skinny ——"

"She was twelve years old," Mrs. Flanagan said. "If you'd bothered to look, you'd have found that there was no Silas McNair in that old agreement. I wrote Nancy to come up and stay with me. I told her she'd like it here, that you weren't a bad guy—single, solvent and eligible. I take it all back. My granddaughter and I wouldn't have you if you threw in the house."

Peter looked at Nancy and he was miserable. "Look, Nancy, I ——"

"I promised your mother I'd find you some nice girl," Mrs. Flanagan went on, "but my granddaughter's too nice for you. You're getting cranky, set in your ways, money-hungry, and you're about as romantic as the kitchen stove. . . . Come on, Nancy, let's pack and let Peter sit and count his money."

"Now wait a minute ——" Peter began.

"Yes, wait a minute," Nancy said. "He really isn't that bad. When he gets used to having me around and quits fighting it, he may turn out all right. Let's not be hasty."

Things seemed to be picking up a bit. Peter brightened. "You can't blame me, Mrs. Flanagan. I thought she was one of those heirs forever. And by the way, what was the idea of passing her off as ——"

"Because," Mrs. Flanagan said, "if I had told you that my granddaughter was coming to visit, you'd have treated her just like my granddaughter."

"I don't get it," Peter said.

"That's all right, Peter," Nancy said kindly; "men never do."

The next day Peter and Tim were driving an airplane out of Portland, en route to Los Angeles.

"Say, Pete," Tim said, "what's with that dame out at your house?"

Peter grinned. "You know what? She wasn't an heir forever at all. She's Mrs. Flanagan's granddaughter."

"Holy Toledo!" Tim yelped. "I told you so! Didn't I tell you that you had a tiger in the house? Didn't I?"

"Uh-huh," Peter said happily, "but I bet you she purrs just like a kitten."

THE END

Anyone who doubts the value of an education should try putting a youngster through school.

G. H. PATT

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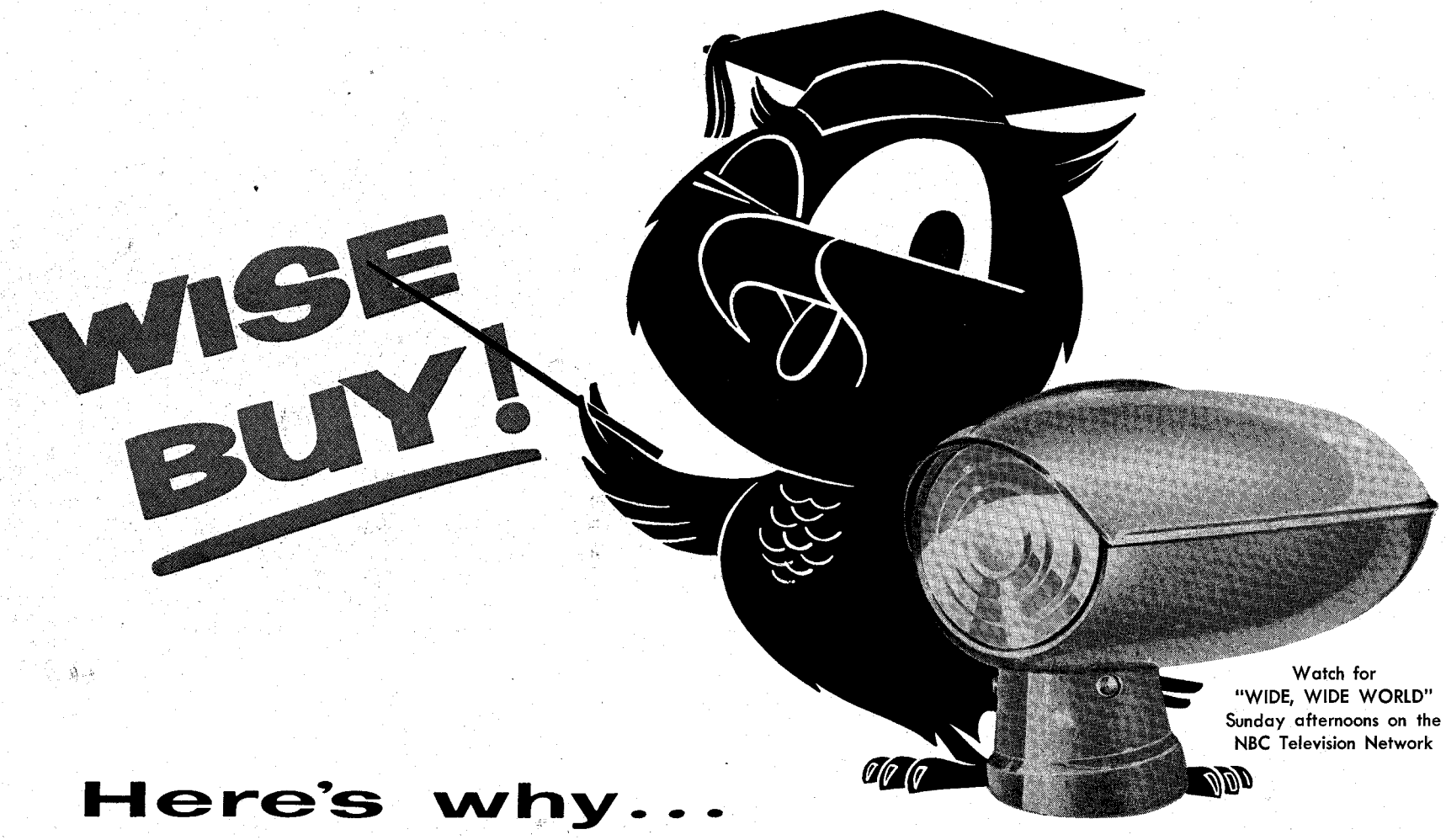

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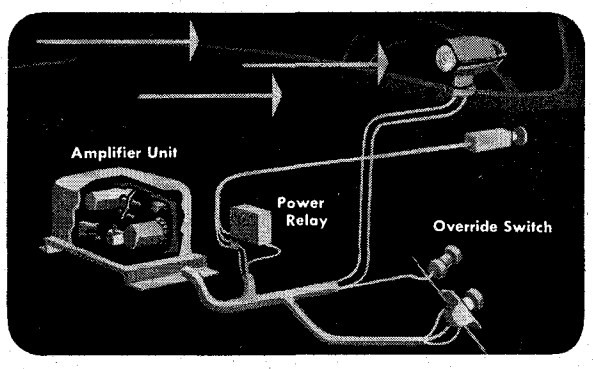

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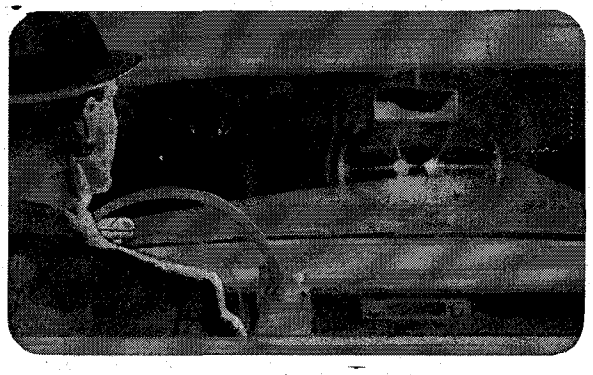

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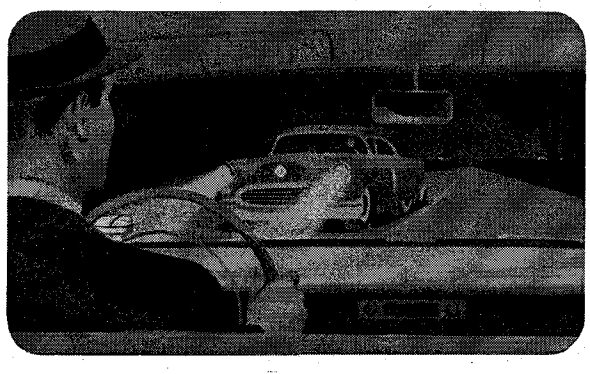

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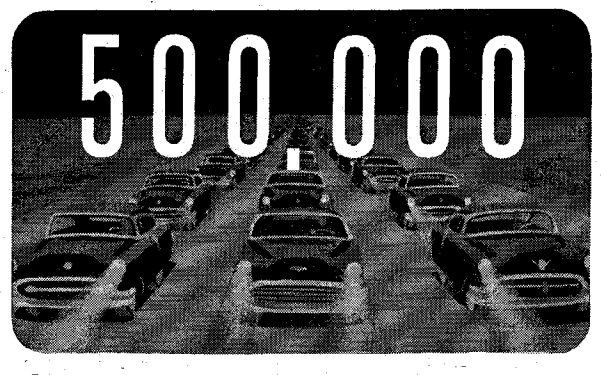

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This is My Story (Continued from Page 36)

done that, I said to myself. *Everything was going fine, and now you've loused it all up.* I had just ruined my whole life, and I knew it. Feeling very sorry for myself, I shed a few tears, and the tears melted the snow as it fell on my face.

After a while I resumed my trudge through the snow over to my apartment at 21st and C Street, N.W., cussing myself every step of the way. *I'll be thirty-one next August, and here I am all washed up,* I kept thinking. When I got home I called Scoop Russell on the phone. He was the vice-president in charge of the NBC operation in Washington and was my friend.

"You and your big mouth!" he said, when I had blurted out the story. "You can't go around telling off your boss like that! What's the matter with you? You never learned *that* in the Navy or the Coast Guard!"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

New House

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

The cat and the woman
Came into the house.
She looked at the view;
He looked for a mouse;
She swept up a room
And arrayed a shelf;
He sat in the sunlight
And washed himself.

She straightened a picture;
He studied a crack.
Then they heard the
milkman
Somewhere out back.
As they hurried together
To the kitchen door,
She hummed to herself,
He purred once more!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"I know," I said miserably. "I guess I got a little too big for my britches."

"Well, I'll tell you," Scoop said: "Come into my office around ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Maybe I can figure something. But you know this chain-of-command business: I'm going to have to back up your boss!"

"Yes, I know," I said. "I'll be in at ten."

Next morning, Scoop said, "I've been thinking about it and I don't know what I can do. Go in and apologize to the man. Maybe you can fix it up yourself."

So I went in to see Kenneth Berkeley, the manager, whom I had told off so earthily the night before. "Sorry I blew last night," I said. "Guess I was tired."

"Oh, that's O.K., Arthur," he said, wearing that same sweet smile. "Nothing personal at all—but we don't want you around here any more!"

At that point Scoop stepped into the office. "All right, boy," he said. "You've been working too hard anyhow and you're tired. Go take a rest for yourself. Look around for another job if you want to, but until you get one you'll stay on this payroll!"

You just don't ever forget a guy like that.

Perhaps eighteen months after the auto accident, I had been awarded some money by an insurance company, and I had used part of it to finance a small flying school. I headed for that school now. I was stiff in one hip, but I could fly if I could stretch my right leg out; so I told myself: *The hell with broadcasting. I'd rather fly anyway. I'll just get into the flying game for good. I won't eat very well, but it will be fun and I'll do all right. I'll teach flying, that's what I'll do.*

And I really did think I was all washed up with the radio business. I was so thoroughly steeped in the doctrine of the invincibility of the National Broadcasting Company that I thought any other facilities were just "waste time," as the Hawaiians say. The identity of the performer didn't amount to a hill of beans, unless he was a big shot on the network, of course, and even then CBS artists didn't shoot half as big as they might if they had been on NBC. That's what I had been taught, and that's what I believed.

Well, the darnedest things happen! Three or four days after I started messing around out at the airport—old Beacon Field, just south of Alexandria, Virginia—word was brought to me that Harry Butcher, the CBS headman in Washington, was trying to get in touch with me. I knew Mr. Butcher slightly. I had met him at a cocktail party in the company of George Allen and a Maj. Dwight D. Eisenhower. (Later, you will remember, Harry Butcher became naval aide to General Eisenhower in World War II. At the end of the war, he wrote a notable book, My Three Years With Eisenhower, which appeared serially in The Saturday Evening Post.) I thought it was nice of Mr. B. to think of me, but I doubted that I wanted to bother with anybody from CBS.

The local newspapers were having a lot of fun with this thing too. WHERE'S GODFREY? queried the headlines. NBC SILENT. CBS WANTS HIM. FANS ASKING "WHA' HOPPEN?" Don Craig, my old columnist friend on the Washington Daily News, played it up big, and other papers also filled a lot of space with it.

Finally, after a few days, Mr. Butcher and I got together. In fact, he came out to see me at the airport. "What's the matter with you?" he said. He looked around at our sorry little aircraft. "This isn't for you. You should be *on the air—not in it!* Come on and work for CBS on WJSV. We can use an announcer like you."

"No, thanks," I replied. "I'll never be anybody's announcer again."

"Well, never mind the announcing," he said. "How about doing a morning show for us like you were doing on WMAL?"

"Now you're making sense," I said. "But on a commission basis. I want a guaranteed salary and a commission. I'm tired of making money for somebody else and reaping peanuts for myself."

"Great!" he said. "How much do you want?"

Even my best friends have a hard time believing the sequence of events that follows, but it's the truth, so help me!

"I want a guarantee of at least fifty dollars a week," I said cagily, "and a dollar per spot participation—so I can make seventy-five dollars." I figured he'd turn me down, but what could I lose?

"All right," he agreed. "Fifty bucks a week guaranteed. You'll get one dollar per spot announcement up to a maximum of seventy-five dollars. Anything over that, we get. Shake?"

"Shake," I said. "But wait a minute—for how long?"

"I'll give you a six-year contract."

"No, thanks," I said. "Six years is too long. How about six weeks?"

"O.K.," he replied. "Anything to get started. Six weeks, starting January fifteenth?"

"It's a deal," I said and he was gone. I remember sitting astride one of the wheels of a C-3 Aeronca and musing, *I'll call my program the WJSV Sun Dial. I won't issue certificates: I'll issue licenses. You'll have to have a License to Listen. Let's see: Sammy Schwartz will come in; Zlotnick, the furrier—we'll get the sponsors!*

Get sponsors? Holy catfish! Two or three days before I started on the fifteenth, about 80 per cent of my previous sponsors quit WMAL and signed up for my program on WJSV. Over at NBC, of course, all hell broke loose. They tossed all the announcers and personalities they could scare up into the breach to hold the line, but within ten days the last sponsor quit and came over to us. In desperation, Berkeley went to New York and hired a man to put me out of business. I can't remember the lad's name, but there was a story in the paper that NBC was importing a well-known entertainer from New York to "take over" in the morning. I'd had it and I knew it. How could I possibly buck anybody from New York? I went to Mr. Butcher.

"I've got an idea," I said. "This new man's going to start on a Saturday morning; why don't I go on the air Friday at midnight and stay on all night long?

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Give the one-step General Electric Mascot exposure meter this Christmas... the meter that helps your picture-taker get perfect pictures every time. Aimed at scene, Mascot meter instantly shows exact camera setting for correctly exposed pictures. No "calculations", or "decisions" to make... it's the meter *everyone* can use. See this perfect Christmas gift at your photo dealer's today!

For free leaflet on G-E Mascot meter, write General Electric Company, Section 583-11, Schenectady 5, N.Y.

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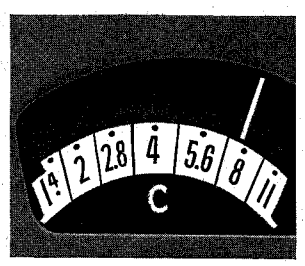
EASY TO USE! Simply aim Mascot meter at scene . . . for movies, stills, stereo, black-and-white and color.



EASY TO READ! Shows correct f-stop on big, clear dial. Then set camera at this same number and shoot.

AN EXTRA TOUCH! Give official G-E field case. Top-grain leather, long-life protection. Just open flap to use! $2.00†

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maybe the listeners will tune me in early Saturday to see if I'm still alive after the all-night deal, and forget all about this joker."

"O.K.," he said—and I remember his exact words—"it will be good for at least a line in Variety that for the first time in the history of radio a station is going to be on all night."

I went on the air at midnight Friday, January 26, 1934, in the transmitter shack located in a swamp in Virginia. The studio in the District of Columbia was closed that late at night.

"I'll give you a telephone beside the mike and one engineer," Harry told me. "That's all I can do."

I went on with one engineer and one phone, and I said: "This is Arthur Godfrey. I'm going to play some records, and I'm going to be on all night with you. We're doing a test to see how far we can get listeners." When one o'clock came I was playing records and saying, "The phone number is Metropolitan 3200. If you have a favorite record, call in." I complained a little about being out in a swamp with no coffee, and presently the phone rang and a voice said, "You want coffee? I'll bring you some."

"Come out the Mt. Vernon Highway," I said. "I'll be waiting."

What happened next is one of the all-time believe-it-or-nots of radio. Before dawn there must have been 3000 or 4000 automobiles out there with coffee, sandwiches and cake. It was hard to believe so many people were up at that hour. The U. S. Park police and the Virginia police were yanked out of bed to direct traffic. And by the time that night was ended, I had talked on the phone to at least one person in each of the forty-eight states, plus a dozen from Canada, a couple in Panama, and one or two in South America. People even called by radio phone from ships at sea, and telegrams and radiograms—and, later, mail—came in from all over the world.

Around one-thirty a woman with a cultured accent called from New York. "Howdja do, Mr. Godfrey," she said. "This is Helene Frank, of New York."

I gave her back the same broad *a*, and my end of the conversation went out over the radio to the listening public. I said, "Howdja do, Miss Frank. Godfrey's my name. I'm one of the Philadelphia Godfreys."

"I had nothing better to do," she said, "so I tuned in, and I find your program intriguing. Would you mind playing one of my favorite recordings? Thank you veddy mitch." She named the recording she wanted and hung up. Half an hour later she got through to me again. "Hello," she said. "This is Helene."

"Oh, yes, Miss Frank," I said.

"Not Miss, Arthur," she begged. "Helene to you." (She pronounced it to rhyme with rain.)

Forty minutes later, she was back again. In the interim she'd mellowed considerably. "Hello, dahling," she said. "Let's have a perfectly maaad affair!"

Remember, the phone was smack in front of the mike, and listeners could hear my end of all conversations, and occasionally I'd hold the phone up close to the mike so they could hear what the gal was saying. That woman really was a caution! Little did either of us imagine that our shenanigans over the phone would move a famous columnist to write about them.

Finally I got a telegram from Walter Winchell. WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THE GIRL? it asked. PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO TALK. I didn't believe that wire was from Winchell at all, but about 4:30 A.M. the phone rang. "Hello, Arthur. This is Walter Winchell."

I still thought somebody was ribbing me, so I said, "Yeah, this is Ben Bernie!"

"It really is Winchell," he said. "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea; let's go to press."

That sounded like him, so I said, "Yes, *sir*, Mr. Winchell. What can I do for you?"

"I've got some friends in my apartment," he said; "among them is Ben Bernie. I want you to give Ben a good needling for me." I didn't know it then, but also in his apartment were Ruth Etting and some others. Ben had been telling them, "I know the kid who's doing this all-night stunt. He was my announcer in Washington a couple of weeks ago."

So I broke out some of the Old Maestro's records and had a ball with him. Since I was running the turntables myself, I could fool around with records according to whim. Remember how Ben used to say: "Yowzah, Yowzah, ladies and gentlemen. This is Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro—with a bit of a tweeet, tweet," and so on? Well, I knew every line of his records backwards, and I'd come in over the top of the music with him and heckle him as if we were in the studio together. He used to talk his lyrics rather than sing, if you recall, and I knew what he was going to say—so it was easy for me to open my mike and ask him a silly question here and there, and make it seem that Ben was answering me. He told me afterward how amazed he was that night—he couldn't figure out how I was doing it.

All sorts of crazy dream-boat things happened during those nine hours on the air that night. Winchell got everybody he knew out of bed to tune in and listen to his discovery. For weeks after that he used to stay up until I started my regular program every morning at seven, and he'd listen until the signal faded out with the rising sun.

'BOTANY' '500', tailored by DAROFF
INK BLUES
For you, from our famous "Gallery of Fashion"... blue in any hue... ranging from the blackened midnight tones to the lighter, brighter shades! INK BLUES—a new approach to the flattering color that suits most men best! All in the exclusive Daroff-tailored "Modern Look."
'BOTANY' brand '500'*
tailored by DAROFF
For the name of your nearest dealer, write—
H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue,
New York 10, N. Y.
INK BLUE SUITS featured in Worsteds, Sheen Gabardines and Flannels.
TOPCOATS featured in Coverts, Gabardines and other fine fabrics. $65 up
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST
*'BOTANY' AND '500' ARE TRADEMARKS OF BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.
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The lad NBC imported from New York? I honestly don't know what happened to him. I never heard of the poor guy again.

The day after my all-night stand I got a wire from Winchell: ENJOYED PROGRAM VERY MUCH. AM WRITING UP ROMANCE IN COLUMN TOMORROW. In his column the next day I read: "Add romances that started at 5:00 A.M. over the air (via WJSV in Alexandria, Virginia) when Arthur Godfrey, who is too big time for there, and Helene Frank, of New Zealand and here, let America listen while they cooed."

I never heard from Miss Frank again. When my program faded at eight o'clock, she faded too.

A day or two later, Winchell wrote more about me. "This Godfrey, down in Washington, is strictly big time. He belongs in New York, where people can hear him." Immediately, I had seventeen offers of jobs by mail and telegram. Several agents came around, and each of the networks, a couple of movie companies and a number of night clubs wanted to discuss contracts. There was one offer with a check attached from a place called the Nut Club, in New York's Greenwich Village. I called Walter, and he said, "Sign nothing until you see me. When can you come to New York?"

Most women have no quarrel with bachelors . . . until they marry one.

KENNETH L. KRICHBAUM

"Any time," I said.

"I go to bed about seven or eight in the morning," he said, "so I sleep until five in the afternoon. Come up at five P.M. and we'll have breakfast together."

I flew up and went to his penthouse apartment, on Central Park West. We had breakfast in his kitchen. I put all the offers I had on the table. "I recommend the Nut Club," he said. "The way I picture it, you set up your record-playing machine in the middle of the room and all the folks move their chairs up close."

"You mean people sitting around looking at me?" I asked. I was genuinely appalled. "I couldn't do that! I'm no performer. I've never been in show business to amount to anything. I don't know how to be a comic. Audiences scare me."

"You should scare," Walter said. "You've got it, boy. I listen to you every morning. I stay up to do it." He'd been writing something about me almost every day. Only one other guy was getting more publicity in his column than I was. That was Hitler. Walter gave Hitler hell all the time.

"I can't get up in front of people," I said. "I'm a radio man, not a night-club performer. I worked in one once. Never again!"

"O.K.," he said, "so you want radio. All the networks are about the same, but I think the best one for you is NBC." I didn't agree. I had a low opinion of all networks, but I thought that CBS at least tried. I told him I was already working for a CBS station, and that I had a six weeks' deal with four weeks to go. When he heard that I was making seventy-five dollars a week, he hit the ceiling. "If you don't go back there and make seven hundred and fifty within a couple of weeks, I don't want anything more to do with you."

"How do I do that?" I asked.

"Ask for a raise," he said.

So I went back and talked to Harry Butcher. "You tell Winchell to mind his own business," Harry said. "He may know how to run New York, but Washington is a small town. The sponsors here can't afford the kind of money that you're talking about."

Next time I saw Walter I told him about it. "Listen, kid," he said. "In this business you've got to make it while you're hot, 'cause you'll be cold a long, long time! Don't let those guys give you that 'can't-afford-it' line. Nuts! You must be bringing in at least a quarter of a million bucks a year to that station for time they couldn't give away if you weren't there. They're paying you a lousy four thousand for it, and you ought to be getting at least that much a month. They know that, but they're not going to give it to you until you force 'em to! Sometimes you have to get nasty with people and swing a club!"

"Where am I gonna get the club?" I asked.

"Your audience is your club, kid," he replied. "And me!" he added, smiling.

Whereupon next Monday morning I became the most irresponsible, insolent, no-good character poor Butch had ever run afoul of. I didn't show up mornings—and that cost him a small fortune in client refunds. I wouldn't answer the phone when he called. I did everything I could to get in his hair and worry the daylights out of him. It worked. After a few days he said, "O.K. I give up. What do you want—a hundred a week?"

"No, Harry," I said. "I want a lot more than that. But I don't want any salary at all or any guarantee."

"What in heaven's name do you want, then?" he asked, wide-eyed.

"Twenty per cent of the gross take on the show," I said, "and I will dictate the price to the clients."

"Screwy and unreasonable!" he cried—but he agreed and I became a gentleman once more. I began to make some real

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are wonderful gifts to give because they're gifts you'd like to get!

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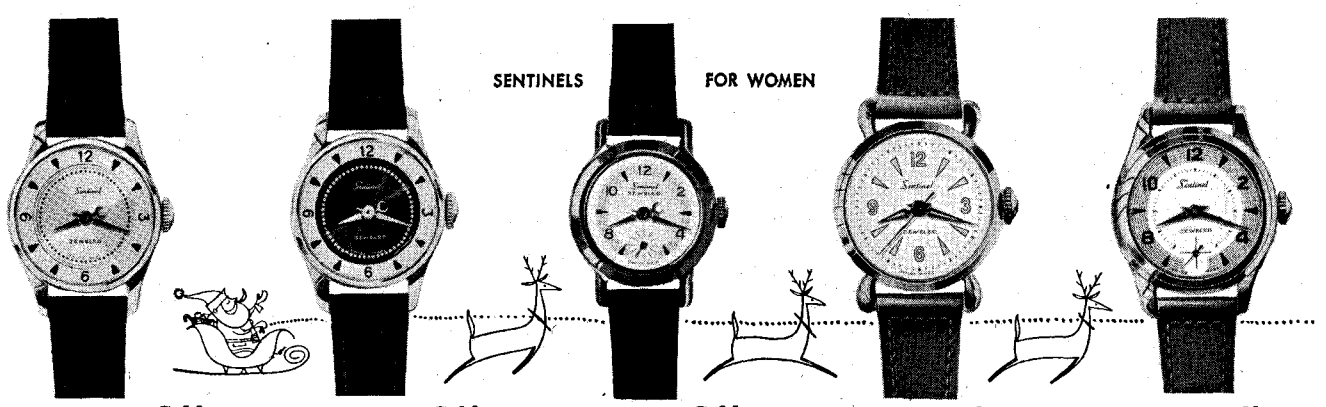
- shock-resistant
- guaranteed a full year



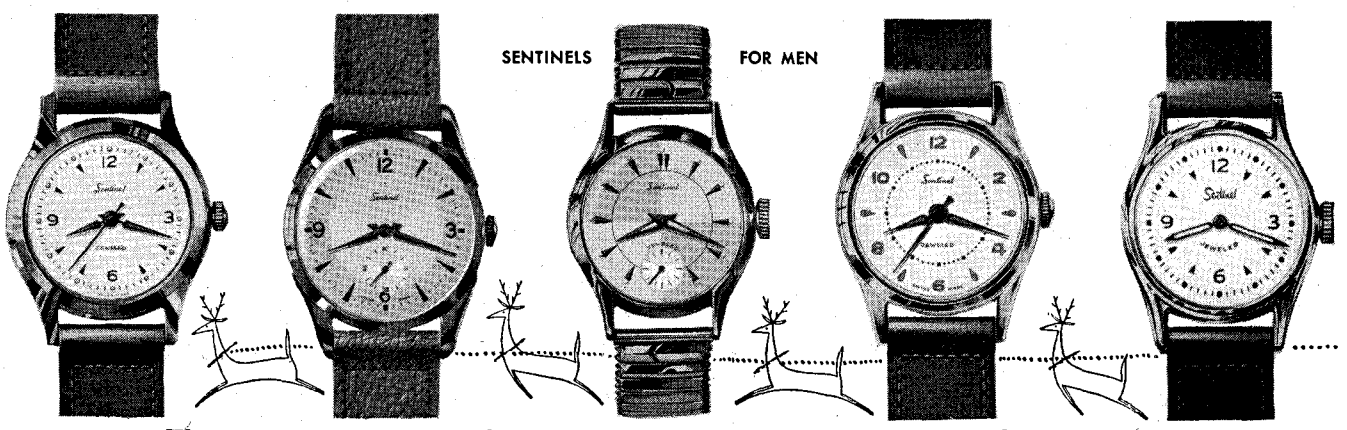
SENTINEL IS11C — Golden color case and dial, golden champagne center. Suede strap. **$9.95**

SENTINEL IS11B — Golden color case and dial, black center. Black suede strap. **$9.95**

SENTINEL IS10 — Golden color case and numerals. Silvered metal dial. Suede strap. **$9.95**

SENTINEL IS8 — Chrome case. Luminous. Golden color minute markings. Leather strap. **$7.95**

SENTINEL IS6 — Chrome case. Golden color hands and numerals. Leather strap. **$6.95**



SENTINEL IS4 — Waterproof, dustproof* with stainless steel back. Luminous. Golden color numerals. **$10.95**

SENTINEL IS15 — Wafer thin golden color case. Silvered metal dial, golden color numerals. Second hand. **$10.95**

SENTINEL 10W33 — Golden color case with expansion band. Luminous. Stainless steel back. **$7.95**

SENTINEL IS1 — Chrome case. Luminous dial. Sweep second hand. Gray padded leather strap. **$6.95**

SENTINEL 10W9 — Chrome case with stainless steel back. Silvered metal dial. Leather strap. **$4.95**

*Waterproof and dustproof if crystal, crown and back remain intact and, if removed, expertly replaced.

SHOP NOW for your SENTINEL gifts . . . at your favorite Drug, Hardware, Tobacco or Jewelry Counter, wherever timepieces are sold! If your dealer cannot supply you, send money order or check, including 10% Federal Excise Tax, to The E. Ingraham Co., Bristol, Connecticut.

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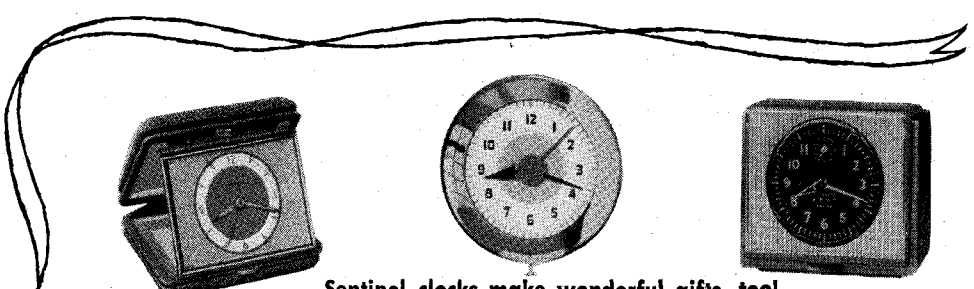

. . . Sentinel clocks make wonderful gifts, too!

SENTINEL Wayfarer — 40-hour travel alarm that's ready to go anywhere! Golden color luminous dial and hands. Genuine leather case in pigskin, tan, maroon or blue. **$5.95**

SENTINEL Wafer — Self-starting electric kitchen clock, red sweep second hand. Metal case in copper, chrome or white. **$4.95.** 8-day movement — **SENTINEL** Cook. **$4.95**

SENTINEL Memo *Chime Alarm* — Self-starting electric with unique chime bell that rings once, twice, three times, then repeats. Two-toned Lustrex case. **$5.95,** luminous **$6.95**

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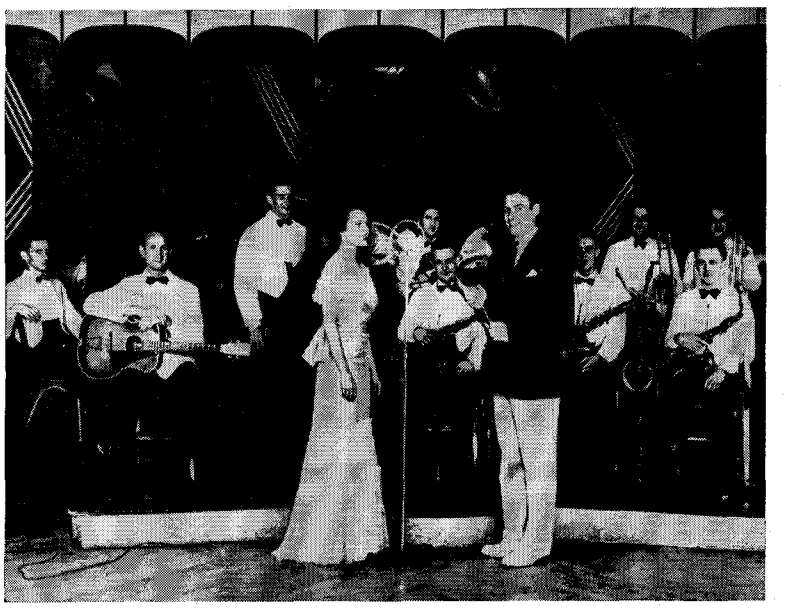
money, too, just like Walter had said I would. In fact, it wasn't very long before the gross income to the Washington station from my programs was over a half million dollars per year. In those days only the top network stars made the kind of money I was now making. Walter showed me how to do it on one little station in one little town: hence my devotion to WW over a quarter of a century.

I made several false starts and laid as many eggs in New York before I finally got going nationally; however, during all that time I held on to my little early-morning show in Washington. In fact, I "piped" it down from New York for years after I was firmly established in my present bailiwick—more for sentiment than anything else.

There I found in progress a meeting of the brass, headed by a distinguished-looking gentleman, a Mr. Carmichael, now long since retired. I was told that they were mighty pleased with my work, that they had actually been auditioning me for a possible permanent connection. They said the Philadelphia series was about to be concluded for the summer, and they were planning a half-hour weekly program in the fall, using Andre Kostelanetz, Nino Martini and Rosa Ponselle. Was I familiar with their music?

"Oh, yes, indeed! Oh, yes, indeed!" I said, rattling off some titles.

"We think you could successfully 'sell' this type of good music to the average listener," they said. (Up to that time, it was



Arthur Godfrey really had his heart in his work when he was maestro at Washington's Club Michele in the '30's. Arthur owned half interest in the place.

The "anything else," of course was money, and my critics have said it is amazing how sentimental I can get over those greenbacks.

Nevertheless, I couldn't get going in New York in 1934. I doubt if anyone else ever had as many opportunities, but all I could manage to do was stumble over them. Paramount Pictures, for instance, showed enthusiastic interest for a time and then forgot about me. The Broadway impresarios I met through Walter Winchell couldn't see me for looking. I floundered around like a wet haddock on a slippery foc'sle.

Then out of left field came a bid to do a big night-time commercial. The Chesterfield folks were sponsoring a radical departure in radio entertainment in those days: the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, presented in three fifteen-minute programs, 9:00 to 9:15 P.M., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Norman Brokenshire, the announcer, had fallen ill, and I was shoved into the breach. I steadfastly refused to read commercial copy, and so, to the consternation of the entire Columbia network, I was placed in a small cubicle on the twenty-first floor of the CBS Building in New York, wearing a pair of phones. In one hand I held a sheet of paper listing the title of the musical selection the maestro had chosen and in the other hand a package of Chesterfield cigarettes. I greeted the audience, introduced the orchestra in Philadelphia, the selection was played, and I adlibbed the closing commercial, extolling the virtues of the cigarette that satisfies—I had been smoking them, too, for three or four years.

I did the show about two weeks, maybe three, and then one Wednesday night right after the show, I was summoned to the New York offices of Liggett and Myers.

generally conceded that "serious" music was not too popular. The late Dr. Walter Damrosch had not yet completed his Music Appreciation series.) "But we will have to clear you with the artists. We doubt that Miss Ponselle and Messrs. Kostelanetz and Martini know anything about you other than what they have read in Walter Winchell's column, and they are understandably worried about what you will do with their music. Will you then, kindly go back to your hotel tonight and write a sample of what you might say in introducing these people and that kind of music on this sort of program?"

"I certainly will," I said, "and have it ready for you in the morning."

Mr. Carmichael said, "I would be pleased to see what you have written at nine-thirty tomorrow morning here in my office."

"I'll be here!" I almost shouted, and as I left a Mr. Ben Few, then Mr. Carmichael's administrative assistant, showed me the office I would occupy and stated his pleasure in having me with them.

I hurried back to my room at the Governor Clinton Hotel and worked feverishly all night, completing something I thought presentable just in time to rush over to the CBS studios to pipe my early-morning show down to Washington. I signed off at 8:30 and lay down on a couch in the reception room to rest a little. Shortly after nine o'clock the receptionist called me, saying Liggett and Myers was on the phone. It was a woman's voice I heard saying, "Mr. Godfrey, Mr. Carmichael has asked me to inform you that it will not be necessary to see him this morning or at any time. Your services are no longer required; we have made other plans. Good day!"

Well, you know what you could have knocked me over with! To this day I do not

If it weren't for brand names

You'd have to be a jeweler to pick a good watch

In your jeweler's showcase stand row on row of beautiful watches.

As a customer, it's your job to get the most watch for your money.

How can you know you are right? On an important purchase like this, what gives you the courage to point at one and say, "I'll take this"? In fact—how can you be sure about anything you buy?

Isn't it because you follow the first rule of safe and sound buying:

A good brand is your best guarantee

No matter what kind of a product you want to buy, you know you can bank on a good brand. You know the company stands back of it because its reputation is at stake. You know, in short, that you are *right*.

To become an even better buyer, get to know more good brands. The pages of this magazine are a good guide. Let them help you cut down on your buying mistakes, get more for your shopping money.

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know what happened. Obviously, somebody suffered a pretty radical change of mind. Usually these things can be taken in stride, since we old-timers in radio know—even if the public doesn't—how large a part whim and fancy play in this business. (Which is why I always chuckle a little when I read about those twenty-million-dollar, ten-year deals.) But this particular blow hurt, because Mr. Winchell's detractors now laughed openly in his face with such minor-trade-paper headlines as GODFREY MYTH EXPLODED and CHESTERFIELD GETS THE LIGHT. After headlines like that, it is amazing how fast your "friends" develop poor eyesight when they see you coming. I was three years getting over that belt, and I might add that I switched to Camels that very afternoon. I never smoked another Chesterfield for twelve years—but that's another story.

In the meantime, I had stupidly signed a seven-year sustaining-artist's contract with CBS, for network appearances from New York, and this also came to very little. It was separate and distinct from my Washington operation, and the $100 a week that it brought me didn't even pay my expenses to and from New York every week. I was still doing all right in Washington, but I couldn't seem to make much of a dent in the Big Town. Incidentally, it was on those trips back and forth to New York—sometimes three a week—that I gathered much of my early instrument-flying experience. Such grand old-timers as Johnny Armstrong, Dick Dyce, Dick Merrill and Red Richardson were young Eastern Air Lines pilots in those days. On lots of trips I was the only passenger, and those boys gave me many an hour's instruction on the gauges. They're all senior captains now on Eddie Rickenbacker's line.

After the Chesterfield debacle, CBS assigned me to an afternoon half-hour musical program entitled Manhattan Parade. Among the musicians on that program was a lad named Jerry Colonna, who played the trombone.

One day, in the middle of a musical number, Jerry blew a clam on his horn, and I said, "Jerry, that horn needs a gargle. Why don't you use Listerine?" It even got a laugh from the great stone faces in the cast—some of whom didn't care too much for my patter—but we laughed too soon. The vice-president in charge of programs was in the control room, and he said, "Why, that so-and-so mentioned the name of a product advertised on NBC."

That V.P. called in his production men and said, "I don't like this Godfrey. I want you fellows to listen to him and report to me what you think." My own production man told me about it. "My boss says he doesn't like you. You know, of course, what I am going to have to say."

Two or three days later, early in June, 1934, I got my yellow slip. And, you know—not a newspaper printed a line about it! I was through with New York. I devoted all my energies to the programs in Washington, and this time I recorded everything I did and studied it. I sat for hours with my secretary, Mug Richardson, listening to those recordings. Mug was all the staff I had, and what a gal she was! For nearly seventeen years she was my loyal, devoted friend and severest critic and a constant source of encouragement. An excellent secretary to begin with, she became my "right-hand man." It took three people to replace her when she quit in 1950. Many's the night we'd sit until midnight or later trying to figure out what was good about what I did—and what wasn't. It seemed to us that all I had to offer was the ability to be easy, relaxed and uninhibited in front of a mike. The moment I was conscious of an audience, I stank. If somebody wrote so-called humorous material for me, I was terrible, but if I ad-libbed I got by.

When I'd been back in Washington for a while, a night club called the Club Michele offered me a 50 per cent interest in the place, and I took it to see if I could learn to work in front of an audience. I was the maestro and I had my own orchestra, called Arthur Godfrey and All the Little Godfreys. In addition to my morning radio show, I had a local program at night with the orchestra, called Godfrey's Gazette. On Thursday nights, Godfrey's Gazette bucked a fellow named Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees on the national network.

Rudy was at the height of his career, and was the country's No. 1 entertainer. He will still tell you that Washington was the only town in the United States where he had trouble; and the reason for it was a fellow named Godfrey, who hadn't cut the mustard in New York. I have a nice telegram from him in my files. My sponsor for Godfrey's Gazette was a guy named Joe Cherner, an automobile dealer who sold "Chernerized" secondhand cars.

Our sock act was a girl I'd hired to represent "the used-car special of the week." I called her Miss Used Car Special. When that babe walked on and I'd ask, "Who are you?" she'd say, in Mae West tones, "I'm a 1934 Ford V-8 De Luxe 2-door sedan." She made that simple bit of information sound so sexy it could have been illegal.

"Pretty classy chassis you've got there," I'd say. "Have you ever been Chernerized?"

"Have I been Chernerized!" she would exclaim. "You should have seen what that handsome mechanic did to me this morning! I've had my valves ground and my carburetor tuned, and my body has been

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when you need help with your insurance

Whether you have an insurance claim, or some other insurance problem, the local *independent* agent is the man best qualified, by training and experience . . . and is ready, at all times, to help you.

Great American

GROUP OF Insurance Companies

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Get more for your money—and *sound* protection—through an *over-all* insurance program. See your local agent or broker.

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polished until it glows." People began to tune in to hear the latest thing done to Miss Used Car Special. Who wanted to listen to Vallee when there was stuff like that around?

So from about June, 1934, to January of 1937, I eked out a couple of thousand dollars a week in purely local activities—which wasn't bad eking in those days. In addition to the Sun Dial from seven to nine-thirty A.M., I founded a Moon Dial, eleven to midnight—the same show, only in a mellower mood and sponsored by National Beer. I not only signed the station on in the morning, I put it to bed at night, and in between times I did theater appearances, local commercial programs and night clubs.

Then came 1937, and with it a lift from Shirley Warde, a woman in the CBS sales-promotion department in New York. She worked hard to sell me. She did an extra-special job on Pat Geyer, of Geyer, Cornell and Newell, a New York advertising agency. Somebody there said, "We need a man who can talk to people with the old personal touch like F.D.R." Shirley said, "I know just the guy." Then she called me and said, "I'm mailing you a lot of material. Digest it; then sit down and tell it to me on a record."

I talked five minutes on a record and sent it to her. Geyer liked it and I went to work for him as master of ceremonies of the Professor Quiz Show. I remained for twenty-six weeks, pulling down $750 per program on that show. Even so, it was a bad deal for me, as I seemed to be at a dead end, with no room for expansion. Consequently, I asked for and was granted a release from my contract, whereupon I used the entire income from the show to finance a trade-relations campaign. I hired Bob Taplinger, the publicist, and I entertained lavishly around New York—time buyers, account executives, advertising men and their clients—and I soon earned the reputation of being unusually easy with a buck in the town's fancier *bistros*. It wasn't all for naught, either. Out of it came a very pleasant and long association with Erwin, Wasey Advertising Agency, through whom I was hired in 1938 to replace the late Singin' Sam for Barbasol.

That nighttime series soon folded, however, and I wound up doing transcribed fifteen-minute shows for Carnation Milk. The Carnation show came along fine, and with each renewal of the contract the network added more stations; then suddenly, and almost as inexplicably as the Chesterfield fiasco, I got a cancellation by registered mail. This was a real shock, because it followed by only a week or two a most enthusiastic sales meeting in New York, at which the very man who fired me spoke long and joyfully about my success in selling his product, and announced that he had just given me the program for another year. Well, as I said before, that's radio. It isn't all beer and skittles, even for those of us who get the big pay checks.

For four or five years I'd tried to talk CBS into letting me do a morning show in New York, and year after year they'd say, "Your stuff is all right for Washington, but it won't go in New York. That cornball material about the farm and those local cracks are not for the big time."

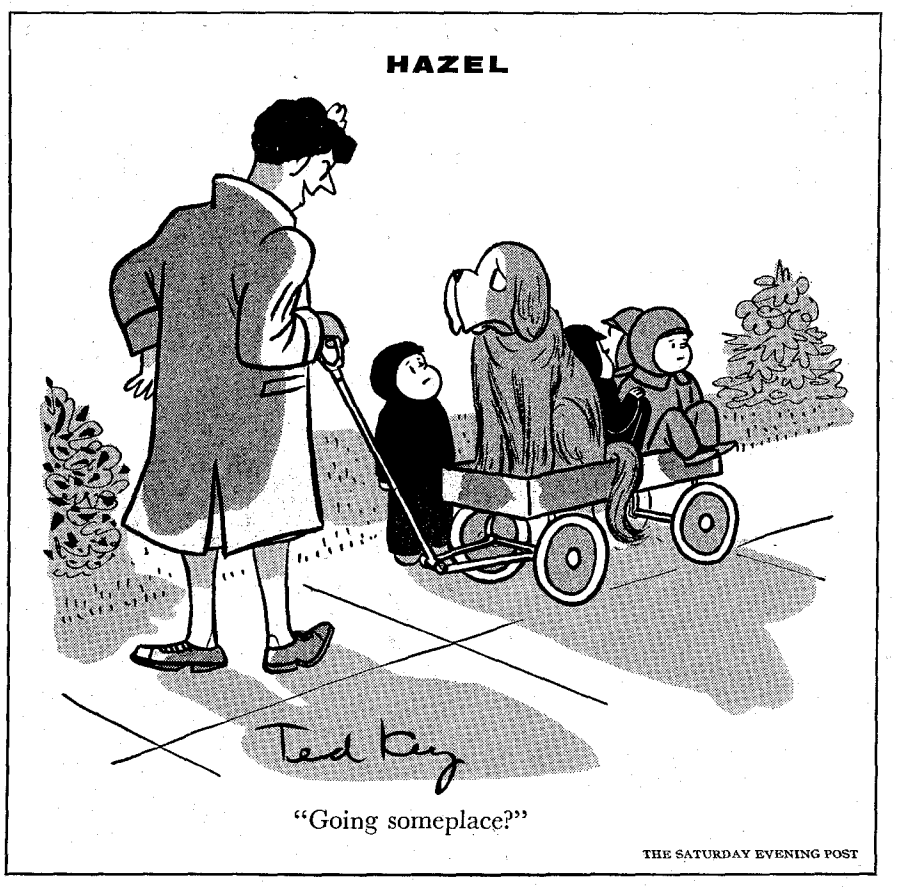
Then one day my engineer asked me, "Hey, Arthur, want to hear yourself?" A guy who had been an announcer-producer in our Washington station had been hired by CBS to work from New York. We listened to him. He had all the gags I'd been using. He even had a License to Listen, like the one I'd invented, and he was saying, "Everybody's a mugwump"—my own precious words. He had me down pat; he even had my tone of voice.

"H'm-m," I said, "too cornball for New York, eh?" And I got a friend of mine to see if NBC was interested in taking me to New York. "Tell them," I said, "that all I want is to be on the air opposite this CBS thief, so I can knock his ears off."

The fantastic contract that NBC offered me is still in my files. Actually, it was the result of my stalling. I didn't really want to go to NBC, but, recalling Walter Winchell's formula, I needed a club to beat CBS over the head. The contract, for twelve months, guaranteed $65,000 a year, plus a commission. In my kind of work it takes at least a year for the listeners to get to know you, but the sponsors holler if you haven't got a rating in four weeks. So I insisted on a year's contract.

When things got that far, I went to Harry Butcher, the head of CBS in Washington, and said, "It's been nice working with you, but I'm about to leave you. For years I've wanted to do a show in New York, and you guys said I was too corny. So what did you do? You put a man up there in New York who steals every gag I ever had." I handed him the draft of the terms to stay with you. I don't want a guarantee of any kind. I will work for you on a New York show for nothing until it catches on, provided I have one year in which you won't interfere with me. If I live and the station is still there, I'm to be on the air from six o'clock until seven-forty-five every morning. I want twenty per cent of the gross take of the show, rates per advertiser to be decided upon by me and your station manager, Art Hayes. I want to do the show from Washington, and as soon as I can get enough clients interested in both places, I want to make it a two-station network."

I needed a solid year, because morning radio is a habit. A person turns on the radio and he wants to hear his old pal, Joe Smith. He doesn't want to hear a new guy named Joe Blow. "We're going to get an LT rating (that's Less Than 1 per cent) for six months anyhow," I told Mr. Klauber; "then it'll start to build, and by the end of the year I'll be turning in some helpful in-



"Going someplace?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

contract with NBC. He looked unhappy. "Give us until Monday," he said.

"I promised the NBC people I'd see them Monday," I said.

Harry dug up all the CBS brass hats he could find in New York and brought them to Washington that Sunday. Meantime, I told the friend who had been negotiating for me to hold off on the NBC deal. "Tell NBC," I said, deadpan, "that I want a paragraph in my contract which stipulates that my program will be broadcast from a studio with a southeastern exposure high in the RCA Building, because I want a view of the rising sun. And I don't want any air conditioning. I want God's pure air."

Believe it or not, NBC agreed to those terms. Then, on Sunday morning in the Willard Hotel in Washington, I met the CBS delegation, headed by Ed Klauber, the CBS executive v.p. Mr. Klauber read the NBC offer, and said, "We are prepared to make you a similar offer."

"You're late, Mr. Klauber," I said. "NBC sees the possibilities of a Godfrey New York show and they've made me an offer. Now you say that you'll make me a similar offer. I am prepared to listen only to a better offer."

"You are hard to get along with," he said. Then, reluctantly: "Suppose we double the money NBC's going to give you."

"You really think that you want me that much now?" I asked. "O.K., these are my come. At the end of five years we'll have quite a show."

They agreed.

Naturally, the NBC people didn't like it when they learned that I'd used them as a club over CBS's head, but my excuse—if any is needed—is that the networks do that kind of thing to each other every day. If you want to get anywhere in this game, you have to learn how to play it.

Although CBS had promised to leave me alone, I got plenty of pressure from the New York office. "Arthur," the brass hats said, "we want to talk with you for an hour or so."

I knew what they had in mind, so I suggested, "How about coming for a sail on the Potomac in my sloop? There'll be no telephones and nobody to bother us."

I put them into the boat, hoisted sail, cast off and sat there with the sheet in my hand.

"Your program has been on now for several months," my visitors said, "but you're not getting anywhere. So our plan is this: After you've been on a half an hour, we'd like to stop your show and put on another type of program, a musical thing, until seven-thirty. You can pick up again from seven-thirty to seven-forty-five. In that way we'll attract an audience to listen to you. Of course, when you get to going good, we'll take it out."

It wasn't hard to figure it. They wanted to put a musical half hour in the middle of my program and expand it clockwise and counterclockwise, until I was squeezed out. But each time they tried to explain it, I pretended we'd hit a bad puff of wind and the boat was unmanageable. I'd come up with the tiller hard, the sloop would heel over and the spray would wet my guests. I'd say, "I can't hear"; then I'd get the boat straightened out and I'd ask, "What were you saying?" They'd give me the story again and I'd get another bad wind puff. Finally they said, "Maybe we'd better go back in. We've got to make a train. We'll talk about it when you come to New York."

It didn't matter, for before the year was out the program was on a paying basis. I caught on slowly in New York, but when I began to build, I built fast. By the end of my second year that one station, which had been a liability, had become a highly profitable operation. Before anybody else got to work in the morning, my two programs, in Washington and New York, were paying the CBS staff salaries, all the rent, all the expenses and overhead. What they made the rest of the day was pure gravy. By 1945, between New York and Washington, I was piling between four and five million dollars annually into the CBS treasury.

I'm sure it must be understood, however, that one doesn't build that kind of accomplishment on pure zaniness and phonograph records, no matter how entertaining. I have always tried, through my programs, to be of genuine service in several ways. The majority of listeners, of course, were tuned in for only part of the time. People were getting up, preparing breakfast and going off to work at that hour of the day—6:00 to 7:45 A.M. in New York, for instance. Most of those who remained at home went back to bed for an extra wink when they could. The program was designed to entertain you for anywhere from three to thirty-three minutes.

Most of the early-morning disk-jockey shows today adhere pretty closely to that pattern: the correct time every two or three minutes, the weather report, so you'll know what to wear for the day, important news headlines, advertising copy and records. In addition to that, I used to include complimentary announcements of the various affairs going on in the surrounding area—church socials, businessmen's meetings, school activities, civic programs and the like. Also, for example, I became deeply interested in the Red Cross Blood Donor Campaign and founded an organization called the GAPSALS, which stood for Give a Pint—Save a Life Society, thus helping the Red Cross to meet its quotas for the wounded during the war.

In other words, I tried very hard to make myself useful to the nation and to the communities in which I was broadcasting, and I tried to do it while being, in a measure, entertaining. The formula was so successful that there is scarcely a radio station in the country today which doesn't maintain a similar morning program. Perhaps you will forgive me if I am a bit proud of these brain children of mine. In most cases, the lads who run these early-morning, so-called "musical-clock" programs perform a real service for their communities. All too often, they get very little recognition by the press or even, for that matter, from their own stations; yet morning audiences are almost fanatically loyal to them, and their sales efforts in behalf of their sponsors are often remarkably successful. Some of the great personalities of America are "hidden" in the early-morning programs of radio stations. And every once in a while one of them emerges from comparative obscurity to national prominence—much to the surprise, and sometimes chagrin, of the wisenheimers. That is what happened to me.

This is the fifth part of Arthur Godfrey's own story. Part six will appear next week.

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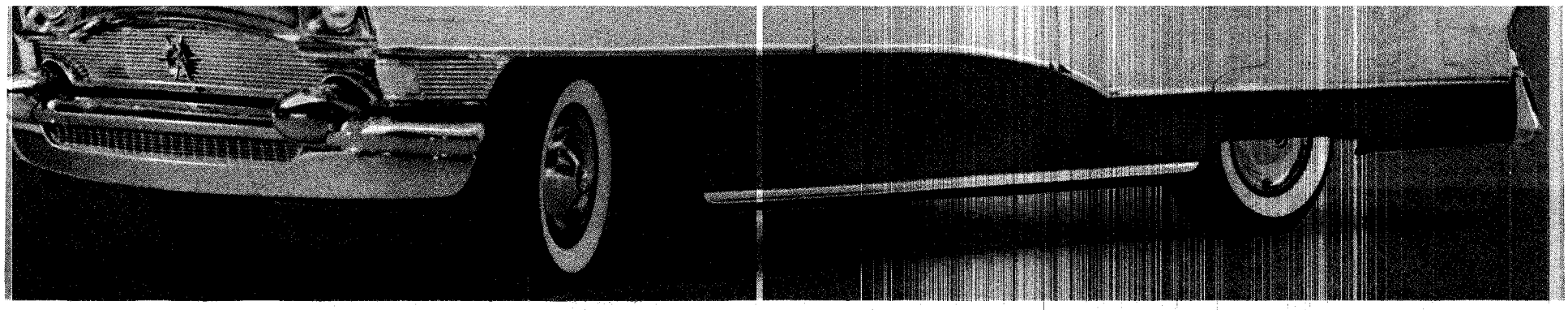

The Clipper Custom 4-Door, 275 horsepower

It's New... America's finest medium-priced car... and it brings you Torsion-Level Ride

The strikingly styled new Clipper is the only car in the medium-price field to bring you famous Torsion-Level Ride—*the only car that could!*

Now, you can thrill to the remarkable smoothness and extra safety of this luxury car feature without paying a premium price. Now, you can enjoy the only new ride in the Clipper field! Nothing on coil or leaf springs can match its performance—so advanced it *even beats riding on air*, so accepted in the high-price field it greatly enhances your Clipper's resale value.

Clipper is out front, too, with new, sensational engines . . . up to 275 h.p., *the most powerful in the field*, with the highest compression ratio, 9.5 to 1! A new rear axle ratio gives the economy of overdrive with the finest of automatic transmissions—Clipper Ultramatic.

Clipper styling is distinguished, the interiors are handsome, the silhouette is fleet-looking and clean . . . the touch of Packard craftsmanship apparent everywhere.

The 1956 Clipper is exciting to see, thrilling to drive, satisfying to own. Be sure to see America's finest medium-priced car soon!

PACKARD-CLIPPER DIVISION • STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORPORATION
Where pride of workmanship still comes first.

No more uncontrolled "heeling over" of car on sharp turns, no disturbing jolt and jounce over bumps and dips, no more severe "nose dive" from sudden stops.

Clipper's Torsion Suspension absorbs road shock before it can reach you . . . maintains smooth, level stability and comfort impossible with coil and leaf springs.

Drive the new 1956 Clipper

Built by Packard Craftsmen

The Clipper Super Hardtop, 240 horsepower

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Get instant starts
in any weather with a
STEWART-WARNER
Electric
FUEL PUMP!

If cold weather makes you "wonder" every time you step on the starter—be sure—get a Stewart-Warner Electric Fuel Pump. Ends stalling, insures fast starts. Supplies an *instant* steady flow of gas the moment you turn on the ignition, operates independently of your engine. Supplies gas as needed, eliminates "battery grind." Installation is simple on any car or truck.

STEWART-WARNER

Also manufacturers of Speedometers, Tachometers, Gauges for Automotive, Farm & Marine use.

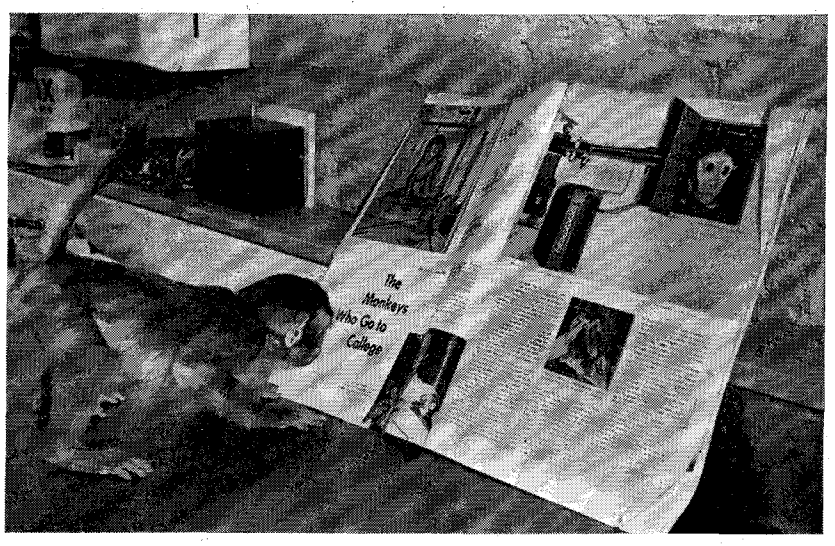
1840 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois

world's favorite
golf cart–
Bag Boy®

Bag Boy is the ideal gift in a golf cart for yourself or your friends. It's great to know that you have the very best. Bag Boy pulls easier, lasts longer, looks better. Pro shops, department and sporting goods stores have them. Master Deluxe $39.95, Deluxe $34.95, Special $29.95, new *golf seat* $11.95. For information write Bag Boy, 601 N.E. 28th Avenue, Portland, Oregon, or 3012 N. Central, Chicago, Ill. Engineered by **JARMAN-WILLIAMSON CO.**

Keeping Posted

The Post Adds Another Reader



A monkey named Grindstone, and several of his friends, were praised in the October fifteenth Post for the way they are helping University of Wisconsin psychologists learn more about human behavior. Grindstone was profoundly interested in author John Lewellen's article, as is plainly visible above.

Such a Way to Make a Living!

Sports connoisseur Bill Heinz, who writes about football this week, finds himself wondering whether he came by his interest in that game naturally or unnaturally. Reminiscing on when he was a younger fellow in Mount Vernon, New York, he recalls, "At our house, once the leaves started to fall, the Saturday-afternoon ritual was always the same: my father would tune in a game, settle into his easy chair, and promptly fall very fast asleep."

Then, just as regularly, Bill's aging German grandmother would appear in the doorway, shake her head, cluck to herself gloomily, and mourn, "Ach, here come der yard lines again."

Well, the unfootballish lady is ninety-five now, but as the widow of a bricklayer, she still can't quite figure out how a smart, able-bodied man like her grandson earns a living without making something with his hands. She refuses to classify drubbing a typewriter as making something with the hands. So her errant grandson fears that when she hears he got paid for page 47, "she will conclude that, though she live to be a hundred, life can hold for her no more surprises."

He Who Benefits From Hurricanes

Let us continue the chronicle of Edwin Lanham and his hurricanes, for it's nice to know that somebody gets some good out of the miserable things.

In the year 1909 (as has been told here) Edwin and his family were on a cruise ship which, on the boy's fifth birthday, was grounded on a Bahama reef by a hurricane, everybody eventually being removed safely in lifeboats. Edwin kept this odd birthday present in mind and, when he got around to it in 1952, wrote a serial about a hurricane-grounded ship, ONE MURDER TOO MANY, for the Post. Having been a seafaring man for several years, then a writing man at Clinton on the hurricane coast of Connecticut, Lanham has been beset by many such disturbances; and now we come to last year's Hurricane Carol.

The eye of that thing passed over Lanham's house. But the house was enough of a windbreak so that he could stand on his sea wall and, through ten-power glasses mounted there, observe what happened to three boats anchored on the lee shore of Duck Island, a mile across the raging water. He watched a catboat sink; a large schooner moved to a more protective anchorage; the third craft, a small blue yawl, was at the mercy of the ghastly wind. Lanham relates, "The little yawl dragged the length of the breakwater in the first phase of the hurricane; then, as the wind shifted, it dragged back again, with the figure of one very lonely man huddled in the cockpit. When the hurricane passed, the yawl sailed away, another triumph of man against the elements—and I had an idea for a serial." (DEATH IN THE WIND, page 50.) Lanham never learned the man's name; he only heard, by rumor, that the man's wife was below-deck with a dislocated shoulder. Query to anybody: Who was that valiant sailor?

Lanham adds that during H. Carol *two orphans of the storm*, a dog and a cat, staggered up to his door and wanted in, and to this day are still in. Every day the cat playfully attacks the dog, and the dog gently takes the cat's head in his mouth to calm the critter down. They dine off the same plate, and Linda, the author's daughter, considers both of them wonderful.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"This is My Story"

Why did Arthur Godfrey give the bounce to Julius LaRosa (above), Marion Marlowe, the Mariners and others? That comes next in the famous redhead's autobiography.

The Strange Case of the Falling Rock

That bloody picture of photographer Werner Stoy fits in nicely with Dr. Nils P. Larsen's account, on page 20, of weird illnesses and deaths that occur in Hawaii, maybe through witchcraft, maybe from scientific causes that the puzzled doctors just can't figure out. Doctor Larsen tells of once exploring an ancient Hawaiian burial cave which had been uncovered by a mountain landslide—doing it despite earnest warnings that the *kahus*—spirits—don't like this at all and might react very roughly. While Larsen was in the cave, he was stricken ill, was violently sick for ten days and lost ten pounds, and he never did diagnose what ailed him.

So, or let's say anyway, Doctor Larsen thought it would be nice for Stoy to photograph one of the old caves; wherefore, roping themselves to a party of guides, they climbed a fearful Oahu cliff, clambered into a burial cavern, and Stoy made shots of the disintegrating, hand-hewn coffin boards and the human bones. On the perilous way down the cliff, a rock just about the size of a man's fist descended from aloft and conked Stoy right on the head. Most fortunately it wasn't a direct hit, but a ricochet. "So the only damage," Stoy writes philosophically, "was a large hole in my scalp."

Doctor Larsen, who was lower on the rope and thus protected by Stoy's head, received the blood-strewn photographer on the jungle floor and, using herb lore, wound strands of maunaloa vine around the patient's skull. The doctor says, "The Hawaiian belief about the ancient burial caves is that if one seeks them without necessary reverence, without the proper attitude, something is bound to befall him. Something must have been wrong with Stoy's attitude." Consequently, something befell right on him. While Stoy was being bandaged, he groaned, "Can't I set up my camera and have one of the boys snap this?" That's a proper attitude, isn't it?

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MAKE IT A BIG RED LETTER DAY.

© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

America's *Best* Filter Cigarette!

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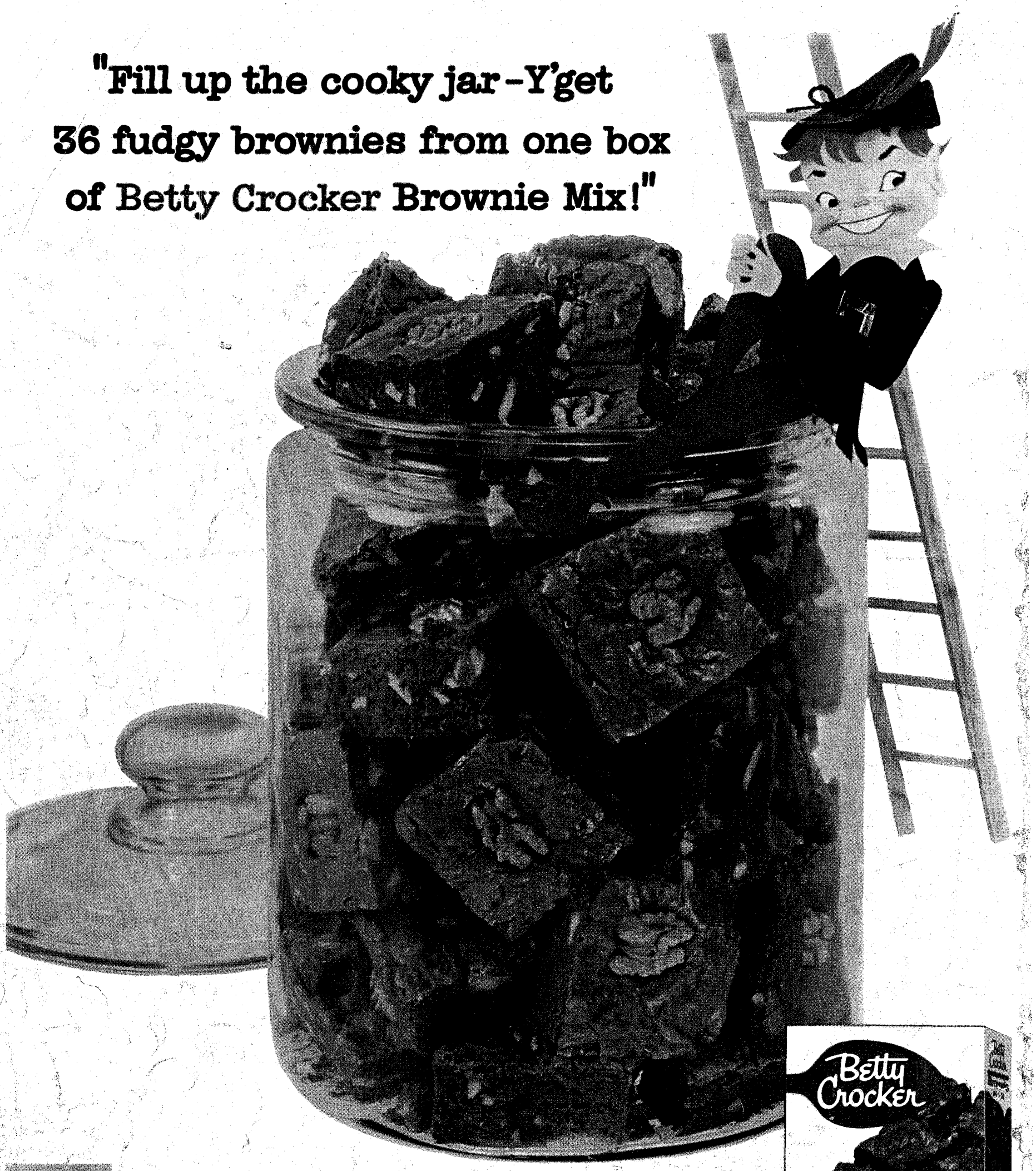
"Fill up the cooky jar–Y'get 36 fudgy brownies from one box of Betty Crocker Brownie Mix!"



Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

Here's the new, quick, easy way to give your family all the brownies they want—all the time! You get a batch of 36 from each package of our new Betty Crocker Brownie Mix. And you can make 'em fudgy and chewy or tender and soft like cake—both easy, easy recipes are on the Brownie Mix package!

Try your own toppings! *After brownies are baked, top them (in pan) with 16 chocolate peppermint patties, return to oven to soften and spread with a spatula after they melt. Try the variations on the package. Bake some Betty Crocker Brownies today, won't you? And be sure to bake plenty—a cooky jar full!*

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